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MVF

HUNT'S

YACHTING MAGAZINE.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

"The security of the Kingdom is increased by every man being more or less a Sailor."—CAPT. MARRYAT'S *Pirate and Three Cutters.*

LONDON:

HUNT AND SON, 6, NEW CHURCH STREET, WEST,

EDGWARE ROAD.

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co., STATIONERS' HALL COURT.

1854.

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LONDON.

PREFACE.

In publishing a work exclusively depending on the support of a particular class of readers, many difficulties are encountered, which we have laboured to surmount, and we hope with satisfaction to our patrons.

Since our commencement we have been honored with contributions from many able yachtsmen; and to them, and our subscribers, we tender our grateful thanks.

This volume is embellished with many plates and engravings, notwithstanding the expense; and having received promises from additional contributors and artists, every exertion in the subsequent Volume will be made to render it more useful, instructive, and entertaining than its predecessors.

December 1st, 1854.

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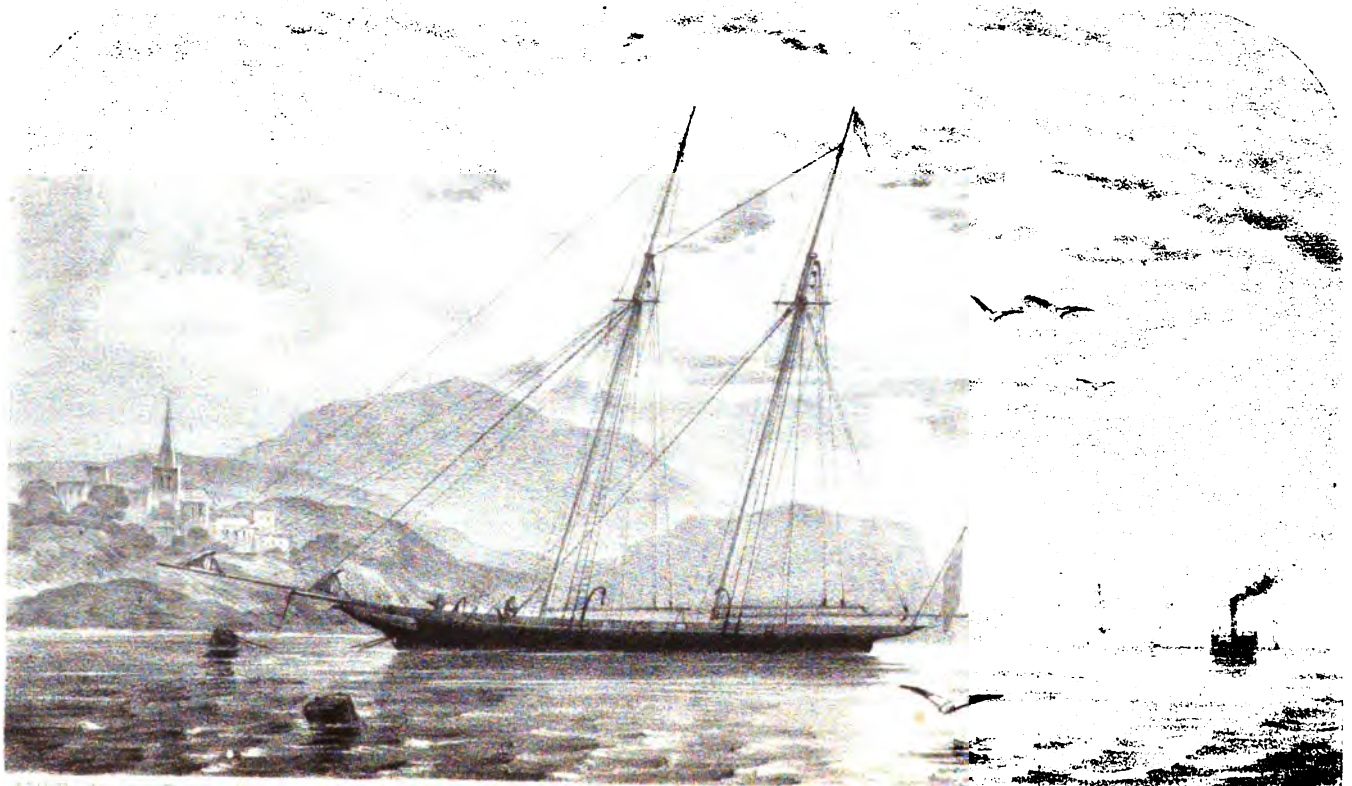


HUNT'S

YACHTING MAGAZINE,

JANUARY, 1854.

THE GORLITZA, Schooner, 131 Tons.

This beautiful yacht of English workmanship and ingenuity, was built by the celebrated Mr. W. Camper, of Gosport, a gentleman who has been extensively engaged in yacht building, and who has been fortunate in launching some noble specimens of Naval Architecture. The Gorlitza was built for Prince Labanoff de Rostoff, Commodore of the Imperial Yacht Club of St. Petersburgh: this nobleman takes great delight in yachting, and we believe through his instrumentality the above club has obtained great perfection.

This yacht is built of oak and teak, all copper fastened, her interior fittings are of a substantial and neat description, the bulkheads of her main cabin, are of polished maple, with mahogany sofas, &c.; she has ample stowage for four months' provisions, and carries between seven and eight tons of water, she has a spacious forecastle and galley, pantry, steward's cabin, dining cabin, mate's cabin, master's cabin, three state rooms, after cabin, and two water closets: sail room, and store room.

Her dimensions are as follow:—

	ft.	in.
Length over all - - -	88	6
Keel for tonnage - -	76	0
Breadth extreme - - -	19	5
Depth in hold - - -	18	8
Burthen in tons - - -	131	0
Draught of water, aft - -	10	8
Ditto forward - -	8	4

A SUMMARY OF THE REGATTAS OF 1853.

A LIST of winning yachts during the last season cannot fail to be acceptable to our readers, as it will enable "racing owners" easily to refer, during the forthcoming summer, to the "doings" of their antagonists; and will assist them in calculating their chances of conquest or defeat. For if a good practical yachtsman only *knows* what craft he has to contend against, he will become sufficiently enlightened as to the best method of arranging his plans for success.

In *Bell's Life* of December the 4th, was a most excellent table, entering more fully into the details than our limited space will admit of; and altho' we differ in one or two instances respecting the winner we are satisfied our *Leviathan* friend will not censure us for it.

During the past season we took notes of the winners, and like every fond parent we prefer our own offspring, as we exhibit more easily the regattas at which each event came off.

We have appended a separate Alphabetical List of Winners, with the amount each won, and as our Magazine should be found in every yachtsman's library, it will serve as a guide to the racing records of bygone days.

Those marked • are challenge cups.

ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON.—COWES.

Date of Sailing.	Winning Yachts.	Rig.	Tns	Owners' Names.	Valu. £	Losing Yachts.
Aug 15	Mosquito.....	cut	50	Londesboro', Lord	100	Arrow, Julia, Aurora, Osprey
" 17	Gloriana.....	cut	134	Gee, J., esq.....	100	Shark, Viking
" 19	Julia	cut	111	Peareth, W., esq.	100	Sylvia, Arrow, Osprey, Aurora Borealis
" 19	Sylvia	slp	150	Depau, L., esq.....	50	2nd class
" 23	Alarm.....	sch	248	Weld, J., esq.....	50	Aurora Borealis

ROYAL CORK YACHT CLUB.—QUEENSTOWN.

Aug. 4	Djalma.....	cut	5	Hargrave, A., esq	10	Experiment, Midge
" 4	Sverige.....	sch	280	Bartlett, T., esq...	100	Isidora, Gitania
" 4	Meteor.....	cut	33	Longfield, Capt...	40	Firefly, Forest Fly, Pauline
" 5	Marina.....	cut	52	Foster, W. J., esq	60	Cynthia, Enchantress, Tar
" 5	Imp	cut	10	O'Brien, H., esq...	20	Fanny, Fayaway

ROYAL HARWICH YACHT CLUB.—Harwich.

Date of Sailing.	Winning Yachts.	Rig.	Tns	Owners' Names.	Valu. £	Losing Yachts.
July 16	Alpha.....	cut	10	Bayley, J., esq.....	10	Mischief, Wee Pet
Aug 29	Volante.....	cut	48	Craigie, J. L., esq.	50	Pauline, Maud
" 29	Kitten	cut	10	Harvey, T., esq ...	10	Alpha, Mischief

ROYAL MERSEY YACHT CLUB.—Liverpool.

June 4	Surprise.....	cut	16	Rigge, H. F., esq..	40	Coralie, Seabird, Stanley
July 18	Cynthia.....	cut	50	Roe, H., esq.....	100	Irish Lily, Tartar, Pauline Coralie [Lily
" 19	Coralia	cut	35	Byrne, A., esq	100	Cynthia, Tartar, Irish
" 19	Truant.....	cut	10	Jackson, N., esq...	10	Giraffe, Breeze

ROYAL NORTHERN YACHT CLUB.—Greenock.

July 8	Irish Lily.....	cut	80	Hillas, R. H., esq.	25	Marina, Onda, Coralie, Viola
" 7	Onda.....	cut	20	Laurie, R. W., esq	30	Viola, Evadne

ROYAL SOUTHERN YACHT CLUB.—Southampton.

Aug. 12	Vesper.....	cut	15	Roberts, P., esq...	20	Mazeppa, Exquisite
" 13	"	cut	15	" "	30	Exquisite and another.

ROYAL ST. GEORGE'S YACHT CLUB.—Kingstown.

July 26	Volante.....	cut	48	Craigie, J. L., esq	150	Marina, Irish Lily, Onda Cynthia, Coralie
" 26	Onda.....	cut	22	Laurie, R.W., esq	30	Kelpie
" 27	Volante.....	cut	48	Craigie, J. L., esq	50	Onda, Tar, Firefly
" 27	Cynthia.....	cut	50	Roe, H. esq.....	60	Marina
" 27	Imp.....	cut	10	O'Brien, H., esq...	10	Avenger, Truant, Nautilus
" 28	Cynthia.....	cut	50	Roe, H. esq.....	65	Atalanta, Rose

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB.

May 3	Mosquito.....	cut	50	Londesboro' Lord	100	Volante, War Hawk, Pauline
" 3	Phantom.....	cut	25	Lane, S., esq.....	50	Thought (2nd class)
June 1	Rosalind.....	sch	100	Paget, Lord A.....	100	Sverige, Vestal, Violet, Sappho, May Fly
" 30	Mosquito.....	cut	50	Londesboro' Lord	60	Volante, Phantom,
" 30	Volante	cut	48	Craigie, J. L., esq	50	2nd prize
" 30	Phantom.....	cut	25	Lane, S., esq.....	40	3rd prize
" 30	Vampire.....	cut	15	Wheeler, C., esq..	30	Vesper } 2nd Class
" 30	Vesper.....	cut	15	Roberts, P., esq...	10	2nd prize } 2nd Class

ROYAL VICTORIA YACHT CLUB.—Ryde.

Date of Sailing.	Winning Yachts.	Rig.	Tns	Owner's Names.	Valu. £	Losing Yachts.
Aug. 9	Vestal	sch	74	Bowles, B. G.	50	Novice, Derwent

ROYAL WELSH YACHT CLUB.—Carnarvon.

Aug. 25	Kelpie	cut	22	Dane, P.	25	Stanley, Jilt, Stranger, Viola
" 25	Queen Victoria	cut	19	Maddocks, T.F., eq	18	Diamond, Dart

ROYAL WESTERN YACHT CLUB.—Plymouth.

July 21	Memei	cut	48	Vivian, Lord	50	Mona, Rapid
" 26	Fawn	cut	25	Filles, H.	30	Annie, Elfin
" 26	Blue Belle	cut	32	Roebuck, Capt.	50	Annie, (plate)
" 26	Pixie	cut	15	Moore, W. T.	50	Idas, (vase)

ROYAL YORKSHIRE YACHT CLUB.—Whitby and Hull.

July 26	Aurora Borealis	sch	250	Beckmann, Capt.	100	Whim, Phœbe, Lilla, Maud
" 27	Lilla	cut	20	Gee, J.	63	Whim, Maud, Phoebe
" 27	Whim	cut	62	Bamford, C., esq.	25	2nd prize

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB.—Thames.

May 31	Kitten	cut	10	Harvey, T., esq.	10	Mischief, Alpha, Romp,
" 31	Mischief	cut	10	Kirby, J. R., esq.	5	2nd prize
July 16	Phantom	cut	25	Lane, S., esq.	40	1st class, Maud, Thought
" 16	Vampire	cut	15	Wheeler, C., esq.	30	2nd class, Kitten, Pearl

PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB.—Thames.

May 18	Truant	slp	10	Jackson, N., esq.	15	Julia, Idas, Britannia Albatross
" 18	Julia	cut	8	Hutchinson, J., esq	10	2nd prize
" 18	Calliope	cut	3	Tuckwell, W., esq	5	3rd prize
July 15	Valentine	cut	8	Wallis, W., esq.	10	Julia, Calliope, Undine,
" 15	Blue Eyed Maid	cut	4	Tuckwell, W., esq	5	Idas, Ruby
" 15	Idas	cut	6	Knibbs, E., esq.		Ruby
Aug. 29	Britannia	cut	7	Legge, E., esq.	10	Valentine, Julia, Blue eyed Maid, Idas, Irresistable, Idea
" 29	Julia	cut	8	Bain, W., esq.	5	2nd prize
" 29	Blue Eyed Maid	cut	4	Tuckwell, W., esq	3	3rd prize

YARMOUTH REGATTA.

Date of Sailing.	Winning Yachts.	Rig	Tns	Owners' Names.	Value £	Losing Yachts.
July 5	Phantom.....	cut	25	Lane, S., esq.....	50	Thought, Maud
" 5	Kitten....	cut	10	Harvey, T., esq...	10	Waveney, Mischief
" 6	Phantom.....	cut	25	Lane, S., esq...,...	20	Thought
" 6	Kitten..	cut	10	Harvey, T., esq .	10	Mischief

LOWESTOFT REGATTA.

July 12	Mosquito...	cut	50	Londesboro' Lord.	100	Mayfly, Gossamer
" 12	Phantom.....	cut	25	Lane, S., esq.....	30	Thought, Maud
" 12	Vampire.....	cut	15	Wheeler, C., esq..	20	Mischief, Waveney, Kitten

BRIGHTON REGATTA.

July 21	Alarm.....	sch	248	Weld, J., esq.....	120	Sverige
" 23	Arrow...	cut	102	Chamberlayne, eq	100	Wildfire, Aurora
" 23	Phantom.....	cut	25	Lane, S., esq.....	50	Emetic, Merlin

WEYMOUTH REGATTA.

Aug. 4	Mosquito.....	cut	50	Londesboro' Lord.	50	Phantom, Elfin
" 5	Phantom.....	cut	25	Lane, S., esq..... .	25	Ladybird, Fleur de Marie Blue Belle
" 5	Surprise.....	cut	10	Round, R., esq.....	10	Vesper, Fawn

TEIGNMOUTH REGATTA.

Aug. 23	Fleur de Marie.	cut	25	Thierens, T., esq..	20	Ladybird, Blue Belle
" 23	Mosquito.....	cut	50	Londesboro' Lord.	*100	Snake, Vestal

TORQUAY REGATTA.

Aug. 27	Blue Belle.....	cut	32	Roebuck, Capt....	15	Ladybird
" 27	Fleur de Marie.	cut	25	Thierens, J. C., eq	20	Annie, Romulus, Dolphin Snake

POOLE REGATTA.

Aug. 24	Phantom	cut	25	Lane, S., esq.....	30	Sea Serpent, Vesper, Surprise
" 24	Sea Serpent.....	cut	20	Wanhill, T., esq...	20	2nd prize)

LONDON MODEL YACHT CLUB.—Serpentine.

Apr. 25	Scud.....	cut		Escudier, F., esq..	5	Gloriana, Nil Desperandum, Storm Witch, Wellington
" 25	Weathergage...	cut		Bertram, J., esq...	2	
Sept. 26	Nelson.....	lug		Whitehead, J.,esq	5	Nil Desperandum, Weathergage

BIRKENHEAD MODEL YACHT CLUB.—Liverpool.

Date of Sailing.	Winning Yachts.	Rig.	Tns	Owner's Names.	£	Losing Yachts.
June 11	Black Joke.....	lug		Watkins, J., esq..,		Maghull, Una
" 14	Maghull.....			Aspinall, W.B.esq	5	Anglia } Private Match.
" 14	Quiz.....			Carson, J. D. esq.	1	Frolic } Private Match.
" 29	Breeze.....	slp	6	Haigh, E., esq.....		Warlock, Truant
Sept. 10	Presto.....	cut	8	Bower, A., esq.....	*50	Truant

LOUGH DERG REGATTA.

Aug. 16	Foam.....	cut	25	Yelverton, Hon.G.	12	Iris, Gem, Isidora, Wasp
" 17	Iris.....	cut	24	Gason, H., esq.....	30	Gem, Isidora, Avenger
" 19	Avenger	cut	9	Holmes, B., esq...	30	Isidora, Iris

LOUGH ERNE REGATTA.

Sept. 13	Banba.....	cut	20	Johnson, J., esq...	*50	Eagle
" 16	Banshee.....	cut	12	Johnson, R., esq...	*10	Halcyon
" 22	Banshee.....	cut	12	Johnson, R., esq...	25	Banba

BABBICOMBE REGATTA.

Aug. 30th, Vampire, cutter, 15 tons, Wheeler, C., esq., won £20, beating Blue Belle, Fawn, Fleur de Marie

BRIDPORT REGATTA.

Aug. 2nd, Phantom, cutter, 25 tons, Lane, S., esq., won £35, beating Ladybird, Elfin.

DAWLISH REGATTA.

Aug. 10th, Fawn, cutter, 25 tons, Fillis, H., esq., won £20 beating Vampire. Snake

GOOLE REGATTA.

Aug 1st, Kitten, cutter, 10 tons, Harvey, T., esq., won £10, beating Pearl.

KING'S LYNN.

Aug. 19th, Maud, cutter, 25 tons, Capt. Andrews, £50, beating Quiz, Fairy, Duranjee, Jenny

ANTWERP REGATTA.

Sept. 6th, Acquiline, schooner, 55 tons, Cardinall, J., esq., won £120, beating Victorine.

IMPERIAL YACHT CLUB OF St. PETERSBURGH.

June 27th, Rurik (late Tern) cutter, 62 tons, Monr. A. Abaré, won £200, beating Tokol, Bouira, Volna, Victoria, Zabava.

EXMOUTH REGATTA.

Sept. 1st, Vampire, 15 tons, Wheeler, C., esq., won £15 beating Swan.
" 1st, Fairy, Bricknell, C. W., esq., won £8.

BOSTON REGATTA.

July 8th, Waterwitch, 4, tons, Pilley, J., esq., won £8.

WINDERMERE REGATTA.

July 13th, Lily, — Dickson, esq., won salver claret jug beating Truant and nine others.

NEW YORK REGATTA.

June 2nd. —The Una, 54 tons, G. M. Rutherford, esq., won 125 dollars; Undine, 30 tons, J. M. Pendleton, esq., won 125 dollars, and the Alpha, 30 tons, R. M. Morris, esq., 125 dollars.

LIST OF WINNING YACHTS FOR 1853, AND VALUE OF PRIZES WON.

Alarm	£170	Maghull	5
Alpha	10	Marina	60
Aquiline	120	Maud	50
Arrow	100	Memie	50
Aurora Borealis	100	Meteor	40
Avenger	30	Mischief	5
Blue Belle	65	Mosquito	510
Banba	50	Nelson	5
Banshee	35	Onda	60
Black Joke		Phantom	370
Blue Eyed Maid	8	Pixie	50
Breeze		Presto	8
Britannia	10	Queen Victoria	18
Calliope	5	Quiz	1
Coralie	100	Rosalind	100
Cynthia	125	Rurik	200
Djalma	10	Scud	5
Fawn	50	Sea Serpent	20
Fleur de Marie	40	Surprise	50
Foam	12	Sverige	100
Gloriana	100	Sylvia	50
Idas		Truant	25
Imp	30	Valentine	10
Iris	30	Vampire	115
Irish Lily	25	Vesper	60
Julia	100	Vestal	50
Julia	15	Volante	300
Kelpie	45	Waterwitch	8
Kitten	50	Weathergage	2
Lilla	63	Whim	50

MEASUREMENT.

THE tonnage by Act of Parliament, which, in practice, is designated New Tonnage, was formed to be an approximation to the internal capacity of the ship under the deck or the measurement of the hold in cubic feet of space, and thence to enable a determination of her tonnage to be made.

Depths for Tonnage.—Under this rule, it is enacted that the length of the upper deck, or of the upper part of the hold intended to be used for the stowage of goods, be measured at that height from the after part of the stem to the fore part of the stern-post; and that such length be divided into six equal parts, and that at the foremost, middle, and aftermost points of division thus fixed, the depths from such points of division to the ceiling or internal planking at the inner edge of the limber strake,

or the edge nearest to the middle line, be measured in feet and decimal parts of a foot: the dimensions thus taken are denoted "depths." Should there be a break in the deck, or should the deck not be continued fore and aft the vessel, these depths are to be measured from a line stretched along as a continuation of the deck.

Breadths for Tonnage.—Divide the depths at each of the three stations selected, into five equal parts, and at these divisions of the depths measure the *breadths* of the internal form or inside of the ship on lines squared across the ship at the points or positions of the several depths that follow—

Foremost station or division, when divided into fifths in the depths { at $\frac{1}{5}$ and $\frac{4}{5}$ } from the upper deck.

Middle station or division, when divided into fifths in the depths { at $\frac{2}{5}$ and $\frac{4}{5}$ } from the upper deck.

Aftermost station or division, when divided into fifths in the depths { at $\frac{1}{5}$ and $\frac{4}{5}$ } from the upper deck.

Length for Tonnage.—For the dimension to be used as length, it is enacted, that such length be taken at the height of the middle of the midship depth, on a line parallel with the upper deck, and in length from the after part of the stem to the fore part of the stern-post. These dimensions of depth, breadth, and length being thus taken, they are to be prepared for use by the following enacted regulations:—

Depths.—To twice the depth at the midship division, add the depths at the foremost, and aftermost, divisions—which call the sum of the depths.

Breadths.—Of those taken from the foremost section, add together the breadths taken at the $\frac{1}{5}$ and $\frac{4}{5}$ divisions of the depth of that division.

Of those taken from the middle section, add together three times the breadth at $\frac{2}{5}$, and once the breadth at the $\frac{4}{5}$ division of the depth of that division.

Of those taken from the aftermost section, add together once the breadth at $\frac{1}{5}$ and twice the breadth at the $\frac{4}{5}$ division of the depth of that division.

The sum of these multiples of the breadths will give the sum of the breadths for tonnage.

The elements having been thus determined, the enacted rule may now be stated with a chance of its being understood, viz., that:—

$$\text{Tonnage} = \frac{\text{sum of depths} \times \text{sum of breadths} \times \text{length for tonnage.}}{3500}$$

From a careful inspection of this rule, it will be found that the arbitrary character of the old rule is not wholly lost in the new, and that something yet remains to be donse to make the measurement of a ship for the burthen carried by her just and certain.

TREGONHORKE'S FIRST TRIP IN A MAN-OF-WAR.

BY A VETERAN YACHTSMAN.

PART I.

"A votary for naval fame,
On board of a man-of-war I came,
To face my country's foes.
An 'oldster' passing me one day,
Cried 'youngster on deck without delay
Or else I'll pull your nose.'"

MIDSHIPMAN'S SOLILOQUY.

CUSTOM,—which may be considered as a species of supernumerary act of Parliament,—has invariably allotted to all on their first joining one of Her Majesty's ships-of-war,—twenty-four hours, for the purpose as it is phrased, of enabling them "to sling their hammocks"; now the non-professional reader requires to be informed that, this technical saying simply implies that the new comer will not be expected to do duty until that amount of time shall have elapsed after his *entrée*:—whilst therefore, in compliance with this rule, the young gentleman whose name figures at the top of this page—and who has just been entered as a naval cadet on the books of Her Majesty's ship the Slasher, is slinging his portable dormitory, by taking out the conceded twenty-four hours on shore, in the good town of Devonport, and is in his perambulation up and down Fore Street admiring himself in his new and well-made uniform (by Scorey and Stephens,) through the medium of the reflecting power of the shop windows,—we shall embrace the opportunity of saying a few words about the lad's parentage; and as all unnecessary detail will be spared the reader, by our determination not to forget that "brevity is the soul of wit," we opine that the oft made journey to the land of *sod* during the recital of such matters,—will scarcely be necessary in this case. Tregonhorke was the son of a clergyman, who in common with a host of clerical brethren, possessed a very limited income, to provide for its too common adjunct—a very large family,—the reverend gentlemen's living—or to be more truthful—genteel starvation,—was in Cornwall; of which county he was a native, and notwithstanding the distance of the rectory from the sea-side, his only son had contrived to acquire an early predilection for "a life on the ocean wave."—Doubtless this must have been created and fostered by the spacious duck pond near the parsonage, which was admirably well calculated for model yacht regattas—as although Tregonhorke was but a very small boy—he was in his way—as we oftimes ungrammatically say of a merchant prince,

"a very large ship-owner,"—and undeterred by the numerous wrecks of his vessels, he remained unshaken in his views as regarded the choice of a profession: many a craft had he seen founder in the pond in consequence of their rash attempts to cross the wake of some playful duck, the water thus agitated throwing them on their beam ends and total destruction ensuing. As we are not aware of the existence of any company desirous of underwriting vessels employed in the perilous service of juvenile regattas, there scarcely remains a doubt but that young Tregonhorke on all such occasions became the only pecuniary sufferer—and if he had been more matured in age it might have been manifest to him, that hundreds beside himself were daily suffering from numerous "quacks" of the nineteenth century.

Seeing then that nothing could displace the desire of the lad for naval fame, despite his weeping mamma and six marriageable sisters, entreating him to choose a less hazardous profession, he tore himself from their embraces, and accompanied by his reverend papa set off, by the stage coach for Devonport,—the railroad for that part of Her Majesty's dominion at the time, being in course of completion—only on paper. It was through the interest of a county member that our young gentleman had received his appointment to the Slasher, a fine corvette, then lying in Plymouth Sound, and appointed to sail in a few days for a cruize off the Western Islands; and having as we have seen joined his ship, Tregonhorke has, whilst slinging his hammock, given us an opportunity of saying this much about him, previous to his having become the servant of his sovereign.

When a youngster takes his departure from home for the purpose of making a first trip to sea, he does not, in the present day at least, afford those who have to record his exodus much opportunity of spinning a long yarn, after the hackneyed style of numerous novelists, introducing "dreary November nights," "barefooted heroines in the pelting pitiless storm," or "ruthless banditti:" being therefore fully absolved from dealing so largely in the romantic, we shall proceed without delay to the narration of facts, in reference to our hero. "Your pay in one hand—the top-sail-sheet in the other," is a well-known expression amongst seamen, and implies immediate departure from port, as soon as their wages have been paid; this sharp practice seldom occurs in these "piping times of peace;" but it was so ordered in reference to the sailing of the Slasher; on the morning of the day succeeding Tregonhorke's second appearance on board, she was to be visited by the dockyard superintendent and pay clerks for the purpose of issuing to the crew an advanced payment of two months wages: immediately after this distribution the

ship was appointed to sail on her cruize. As the character of Captain Stronglungs and other officers of the Slasher will be duly developed in the course of our yarn, we will not detain the reader at present on that subject, but pass on to state, that Tregonhorke duly returned to the ship, in accordance with his amount of leave, and received his introduction to the midshipman's berth and its occupants in the following manner.

"Quarter Master," said the first lieutenant, to whom our hero had just reported his return on board, "Quarter Master, tell Mr. Savage I want him."

In obedience to this summons Mr. Savage speedily made his appearance on the quarter-deck; and as it would be a manifest injustice to that worthy, as well as a derilection of duty on our part were we to omit a sketch of him, we add that Savage was a mate of several years standing, and possessed amongst other odd ideas, the very peculiar one of not wishing to receive promotion: he was often heard to declare that sooner than be made a lieutenant he would offer to serve Her Majesty as a mate of the lower deck all the days of his life for nothing; failing this boon, he said that nothing should hinder him from quitting an ungrateful service for ever.* Had this great natural curiosity's whereabouts been known in the year 1851, he would, if sought, and placed upon a pedestal in the great Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, have ranked high amongst his country's rarest productions, the more particularly so, as being from northward of the Tweed, he claimed kindred with that genus who have long been proverbial for "picking up the wee things aboot the decks," as well as contriving to obtain the best appointments in the bestowal of the government.

Amongst other multifarious duties Savage was mate of the lower deck, caterer of the mess, and guardian of the youngsters' morals, and by way of a faithful fulfilment of the latter duties and preventing, on the part of his wards, all chance of intemperance, he kindly removed temptation to that sin from them, by the infallible remedy of taking to himself their allowance of grog: he was the possessor of an unusually large head, thickly thrumbed and matted over with hair, the colour of which, his friends by a courteous consideration kindly denominated auburn; but we cannot gainsay the fact that his enemies, for he had enemies, and who has not? ill naturedly decided it to be red. Whenever Savage appeared on the quarter-deck, which occurred as seldom as possible, he having a mortal antipathy to that aristocratic part of a ship, one could not not avoid being struck with the *negligée* of his

* This is no ideal sketch.

toilet: he wore a very short waisted round jacket of faded blue, minus several buttons, and certain it is that the veteran articles remaining, (green from verdigris) ought not in fairness to have been accused of belonging either to the useful or ornamental, seeing that neither a jury of captains, cooks, or Cornishmen, could ever have satisfied their consciences to pronounce them "gilt-y." His seedy trowsers to match, were plentifully bedaubed with lime-wash; his linen profusely shaded with coal dust, was observable in a large fold between the jacket and trowsers, a phenomenon which instantly led you to think of a calamity by shipwreck being about to take place, from its great similarity to a patent nautilus swimming belt already inflated for use; a rusty black neck tie *á la matelot*, a cap with purple gold lace, the effect of bilge water, and slippers down at the heel, into which his stockingless feet were thrust, completed the "rig of Savage."

It is more than probable that the majority of our readers will be at a loss to account for the toleration of any officer on Her Majesty's quarter-deck in such a questionable shape as we have here described, and it undoubtedly does appear singular that in so highly disciplined a service as the royal navy, such things should really be permitted; but know reader that there are some few individuals, and Savage was one of these, who from eccentric habits, are somehow or other permitted to slip as it were into a kind of easy chair: he was morever, a first-rate mate of a deck, consequently a gem of the first water to any commanding officer, his qualities for keeping a lower-deck in order, were allowed to cover a multitude of faults; and his peculiarities in respect to dress, or rather undress, were winked at.

"Mr. Savage," said the first lieutenant, "you'll take charge of this young gentleman, show him the midshipmen's berth, and see that he has a hammock-man. I allow him two days to have 'watch and station bill' neatly written, and if at the expiration of that time, it is not to my satisfaction, why, Mr. Savage," continued the 'first,' "I shall stop the youngster's grog; that's all."

This was rather an alarming threat, and as Savage had no desire to be thus deprived of his, the lion's share of the boy's allowance of colonial produce, he made up his mind to look to the youth's prescribed pen and ink duties.

"Now, Mr. Savage," said the first lieutenant, "introduce your new messmate, who I think is just in time for your dinner." "Very good, sir," replied the officer addressed; "and measure his mouth for a spoon?" enquired he, with a roguish twinkle of his blood-shot eye.

To this question, the commanding officer thought proper to give a deaf ear, as he turned upon his heel and walked aft.

"Now, youngster," said Savage, "come this way, and I'll show you the live lions stuffed with straw,—only half-a-crown extra to see the beast feeding." But what's your name?

"Tregonhorke, sir," replied our hero.

"By the living jingo—and you don't mean to say that you are the son of old Tregonhorke," observed Savage, with a well feigned expression of delight and astonishment.

"Indeed, sir, I am," was the reply: "do you know my papa, sir?"

"If you are the grandson of the very old Mr. Tregonhorke, I should rather think I did know your governor."

"And my sisters too?" asked the verdant youth, as he stated himself to be the grandson of very old Mr. Tregonhorke.

"Now young shaver," said Savage, "as long as you and I have the honor to be shipmates,—for messmates we won't be if you disobey me, as in such case I shall turn you out of the berth to mess on your chest—never, I say, presume to mention or allude to woman in my presence, I have reason to hate the whole race,—the only exception I do make is in favor of the Bumboat woman; doubtless a very useful person, notwithstanding her two hundred per cent. on every article she sells for ready money, and five hundred per cent. for *pon-tick* goods, to say nothing of her splicing the milk can to the water tank:—she, I say, is privileged to be spoken of in my hearing; and is from that queer looking town just to the right of the lighthouse on the breakwater in the direction of my finger. And notwithstanding, people say it was the last place made, and the houses are all of a heap, as if they had been placed by a similar process to that of 'slap-dashing,' that is by throwing handfuls of gravel into wet mortar, and trusting to chance where the gravel may choose to stick,—in spite of all, the town of Cawsand is not to be sneezed at, it has the advantage of 'moonshine' all the year round, and 'Spirits are often called from the vasty deep' by its enterprising inhabitants, some of whom sometimes accompany Betsy Stick-it-into-em on board the Slasher, and I have occasionally the honor of an introduction, and 'choice spirits' they are I can tell you."

"But," said Tregonhorke, who was from the very part of the world which enabled him to comprehend that 'moonshine' meant smuggled brandy and Geneva; "I understood that smuggling on this part of the coast was by the exertions of the coast-guard completely at an end."

"Oh! of course they 'take all,' *but what's to be had at any public house in the neighbourhood, or in Devonport market for twelve shillings per gallon;*—if you pay your money, you can take your choice at any time. As to the coast-guard it is a mere matter of 'moonshine,' and is

always understood as such, when they tell you 'Oh! there is never any smuggling on my station.' Of course the boats and vessels who are constantly visiting Roscoff, Boulogne, and Cherbourg, are merely on cruizes of pleasure. But let us dive:—whereupon they descended the main hatchway ladder, and proceeded to a very badly ventilated cabin, resembling the interior of a small omnibus, wherein some half dozen youths were engaged in the agreeable occupation of diminishing the size of a piece of baked beef, which stood in a tin dish over some potatoes."

"Gentlemen," said Savage, as he neared the doorway of the berth, "side out for a bend, here's a new messmate—Tregonhorke!—I've just discovered him to be the son of old Tregonhorke, and grandson of very old Tregonhorke, you know," and the speaker winked at a member, who replied, "No! you don't say so, is it possible that I have the pleasure to behold the great grandson of most particularly antiquated Tregonhorke? but it's a thundering jaw breaker of a name for a smart craft like ours, it's only suitable for such a lumbering hulk as the Mary Dunn, of Dover, on board of which ship an old messmate of mine had to live in the starboard jewel block on the main-top-gallant yard: he had a splendid cabin in it and hammock berths for sixty men, who were under his orders, their sole duty being to scrape the pin and shell of the block whenever it got dirty. Gentlemen, I conceive our new messmate must part company with that West Barbary name of his, and rejoin under other colours, allow me therefore to move a resolution, and I doubt not but I shall be promptly seconded—but first let us fill our glasses," continued Pepper, (as the proposer was named,) the tumblers were thereupon filled with small beer, that being the liquor in the ascendant; Pepper then stood up, glass in hand, and said, "Messmates, I propose that the son of old Tregonhorke, grandson of very old Tregonhorke, and great grandson of most particularly antiquated Tregonhorke, be at this time re-christened 'Boots,'" saying which he dashed the contents of his tumbler in the lad's face, exclaiming at the same instant, "Who seconds the motion?"

A lisping young "Soundings," or master's assistant, sung out "I *thecond* the *mothon*," instantly transferring *his* beer to our hero's face. In short the resolution was *thirded*, *fourthed*, *fifthed*, and *sixthed*, all following suit with the swipes: never was a proposition submitted and carried more triumphantly, but it compelled our "Johnny Newcome" to repair to his chest in the steerage for the purpose of changing his saturated linen.

It was lucky for poor "Boots" that he was not particularly "thin skinned," but able and willing to bear a joke, although a practical one. This invaluable quality tells well in a man-of-war, and he had already

enlisted by it, the kind feelings of young Soundings, who knowing the lad to be any thing but quite at home, resolved to send his servant to offer assistance in the re-arrangement of the youth's toilet; accordingly seeing a marine then passing the door of the berth, he hailed him as follows:

"*I thay Moheen.*"

"Sir," said the "Jolly."

"Thend my *thomestid* here.

"Aye, aye, sir," and away went the marine; he however shortly reappeared, bearing in his hand a tin soup tureen, and addressing Soundings very respectfully, said "I am very sorry that our *mess-kid* is in use by the cook of the mess, who is washing up the plates, but if the *tureen* will do as well, sir, here it is at your service." It is impossible to convey to the reader the effect of this speech upon the members of the midshipmen's berth, and their boisterous and continued laughter at the expense of Soundings, seeing that his commands for a *domestic* had been mistaken by the Jolly for a *mess-kid.*

As the laugh had scarcely subsided when Tregonhorke rejoined his messmates, he ventured to enquire the cause thereof, and on being informed, felt himself in some measure avenged upon the "theconder" of that resolution, which had conferred upon him the anything but aristocratic name of "Boots."

It will be borne in mind, that up to this time our hero had not partaken of the "goods the gods had provided" for the midshipmen's dinners; and being what is called sharp set, or in the words of Savage on similar occasions, "could eat a jackass stuffed with fireworks,"—he ventured to request that he might be helped to a little beef.

"I'll tell you what it is," said Savage, "you'll have to dine upon the smell of a beef bone, until your mouth has been measured for a spoon; however, as I don't wish to be hard upon you, Boots, it shall at once be done, whereupon he called out to the sooty-faced fellow appointed to wait upon the mess, "Here Rondo,—bring me a spoon." Rondo was a most amusing darkie,—he played the flute,—was rich in nigger melodies, and being withal a capital servant, like our friend Savage he had obtained an immunity, whereby he could exercise his little oddities, and even be encouraged by the members of the mess. In so doing, he was remarkably fond of fishing out some quaint simile, in reply to many of the commands he received, and the promptness with which these were always given, used to astonish, as well as to amuse, his hearers. In accordance with this propensity when Savage repeated his demand, "I say, Rondo, you black nigger, bring me a gravy spoon and the butter," the

reply was—"Yes, Massa Savage, sarve you out 'reckly sar, as *mesh-a-man* said to the dog fish when he poke *im skiver* through 'im nose to make im 'prit-sail yard sar:" and off started the nigger singing,

"Possum up de gum tree
Racoon in de hollow,
Stick 'em up your left leg,
I give ye half a dolla."

On production of the articles demanded, Savage proceeded to scrape off with the spoon the outside and dirty part of some rancid salt butter. In the mean time Soundings, who sat next to Tregonhorke, projected his fore finger to within an inch of the youngster's cheek, and trusting to a sudden and quick turn which was likely to occur whenever Soundings called out "Boots," he hoped to have brought his digit in violent contact with our hero's cheek—a practical joke often attended by acute pain to the *trickee*, whilst the trickster enjoys the laugh created by the success of his device. But it so happened on this occasion that the intended victim happened to twig the movement, by means of a small looking-glass, just then hung up on the outside of the berth, for the benefit of the purser's steward whilst he brushed his whiskers, and being withal "up to the dodge," inasmuch as he had practised it at school, he very adroitly raised his head an inch or more—opened his mouth wide, and in obedience to the expected call "Boots," turned cautiously, but sharply round, and received the finger of Sounding's between the two rows of very sharp teeth with which Nature had blessed him, not forgetting to compress them upon the trespassing finger. This was the biter bit with a vengeance; and as the sufferer was about to strike our hero with his disengaged fist, his arm was arrested by Savage, who exclaimed "By the living jingo, messmates, that's the best sell I have ever seen. Well done Boots, as Soundings has fairly measured your mouth, and ought to be now convinced of its capacity, as we also should be, further proceedings in the matter must be stayed, and Soundings must pocket the affront, or I'll be down upon him like a shot."

It is but justice to add, that on the cessation of the pain, and his messmates laughter arising from the incident just related, Soundings readily consented to a treaty of peace,—for the day at least; and thus did Tregonhorke escape the measurement of his mouth—by spoon and rancid butter. "Now Rondo," said Savage, "be smart and bring a clean plate and knife and fork for the young gentleman."

"I'm coming fast as I can sar," said Blackey, "which was what de quall say to de officer of de watch just before im blow de top-sail out of de bolt rope, sar."

Tregonhorke was now permitted to dine without further molestation; after which the hands were turned up to hoist the launch inboard, and whilst others repaired to their several stations, he, by the orders of Savage, remained below, and forthwith commenced making a neat copy of the watch list and station bills, that worthy not having forgotten the first lieutenant's threat to stop the youngster's grog, failing the production of the aforesaid document.

(To be continued.)

AU REVOIR.

Oh! drearily rolling
The waves as they fell,
Seemed mournfully tolling
The mariner's knell.

The dun clouds were trailing
Their wings in the sea,
And the breezes fled wailing
Away in the lee.

No lonely star shedding
Its comforting ray;
But darkness outspreading
Her pall o'er the day.

"Now hear me, Oh! hear me,
Sweet maid of the sea,
Nor fear me—nor fear me,
When far, far from thee:

"I've loved thee too madly;
But oh! I am true;
And sadly—oh! sadly
I bid thee adieu!

"But 'ere Christmas even
Shall close on thy pain,
By h—ll and by heaven
I'll see thee again."

The barque heavy laden
Stood out o'er the bay;
And slowly the maiden
Went sobbing away.

Oh! dull were the pleasureless
Days in their flight,
And sad was each treasureless
Desolate night.

The wintry winds scornfully
Laughed in their glee;
And bodingly, mournfully
Murmured the sea.

"Oh! hear me—oh! hear me—
Thou heavenly power!
Be near me—be near me,
My God in this hour.

"He swore, 'ere this even,
Should close on my pain,
By h—ll and by heaven,
He'd see me again.

"Then come to me,—speak to me,
Shield me this night;
For wild voices shriek to me,
Daunt me with fright."

Alone and lamenting,
She murmured her prayer;
And the storm unrelenting
Uprose from his lair.

Swiftly he passed away,
Fierce was his might—
God save the castaway,
Stranded that night!

They sought her with sorrow,
They found her with dread:
On the bright Christmas morrow,
They brought her the dead.

Sadly they call on thee,
Hark to their cries,—
"Woe hath befallen thee
Maiden arise!"

Vainly they call on her,—
Vain is their care,—
Woe had befallen her,
Death had been there.

Stark and despairing,
Those eyes once so bright,
Horribly staring,
Struck dead with affright!

Her long glossy tresses
He loved long ago;
Her bright raven tresses
Now white as the snow.

Oh! cover them, cover
Them o'er side by side:
Oh! woe for the lover!
Oh! woe for the bride!

Bury them deep
By the dark flowing river,
Soft be their sleep
In the silence for ever!

Heaven forgive them
Their impious vow:
Pity them, leave them,
Their Requiem now!

A. V.

THE PRACTICAL FISHERMAN.

(Continued from p. 479, Vol. II.)

Bibs and Pouting.

The bib or blind, scientifically styled *Morrhua Lusca*, or *Morrhua Barbata*, in addition to these titles, is distinguished by a greater number of names than any other of the fishes of the sea. At St. Ives it is known by the name of Lug-a-leaf; at Penzance it is called by the name of Bothock, which in the ancient language of Cornwall signifies large-eyes, for which it is remarkable, as also for a transparent membrane which covers them, and which it has the Power of inflating like an air bladder. About Portsmouth, Southampton, and the Isle of Wight this fish is called a Toup, and at Scarborough a Kleg, whilst in many parts of Scotland it is called a Brassy, in the Shetland Islands a Smeltie, and in the London markets it is known as the Whiting Pout, or Pouting; the same title which at Plymouth is applied to the power cod fish, which it not only strongly resembles in its general appearance, but also in having the same number of fins, and being in like manner distinguished by the barbule under the chin. So close indeed is the resemblance between these two fishes, that casual observers do not readily detect any difference between them, which however is obvious enough to a practised eye. One marked distinction in the adult fishes of each species is the difference in size; bibs being sometimes met with of two or three pounds or sometimes of even four pounds weight, whilst half a pound weight is considered a large bulk for a full grown pouting. The latter fish is also more elegantly proportioned than the bib, which is of too stout a make to be considered symmetrical, being the deepest bodied fish of the whole of the cod family. In both these fishes the upper jaw is the longest, and contains several rows of teeth, the outer being the largest, but the under jaw has a single row only. The fins of the two fishes notwithstanding they are alike in number and general form, still differ sufficiently to mark each as a distinct species; thus the first anal fin does not begin so far

forward in the pouting as in the bib by nearly the whole length of the first dorsal fin. All the fins of the bib, except the ventrals, which are nearly white, are of a dusky brown; and the pectoral fins have a dark spot at their base, whereas the pectoral, dorsal, and tail fins of the pouting are of a yellow brown of a darker caste at the edges; the ventral and anal fins of a dusky white. Both the bib and the pouting, but particularly the latter, present a splendid appearance when first taken out of the water: the upper part being of a pale brown hue tinged with a brilliant pink caste, the sides being silvery white, in which the scales, like a burnished coat of mail are beautifully arranged, and tinged with varying hues of gold and pink, brilliant beyond description; yet these bright tints fade away as the fish expires, when the back assumes a dull brown or copper colour above the lateral line, and the silvery caste on the sides turns to a dull white, forming a strong contrast to the shining appearance the fish presented when first drawn forth from its native element. Bibs vary much however in colour; sometimes approaching the same bright tints as the pouting, which however they never quite come up to; and varying from these to a deep coppery cast on the back, with a brighter hue upon the sides, the belly being of a lighter colour and often perfectly white; the sides are frequently marked with dusky blotches, which often make their appearance after death, when no such marks have been visible whilst the fish was living. Generally speaking, those bibs which continue amongst the rocks are of a darker cast than those which have wandered off, and roved about over cleaner ground. Both bibs and poutings are remarkable for possessing several mucous punctures about the mouth.

The natural home both of bibs and blinds are the rocky grounds, but as these often become too densely crowded with inhabitants, the stronger drive the weaker off, the latter of whom, in the course of their migrations, find their way in immense shoals into estuaries and harbours, where at proper times of tide, hundreds may be caught day after day, and week after week, and sometimes for months together without any visible diminution of their numbers. Generally speaking however, they have some favorite locality to which they resort for food, and upon an accurate knowledge of such spots will the fisherman's success in this kind of fishing in a great measure depend: for with such a nicety will these fishes often confine themselves to one small place, that a boat fishing, anchored within a few feet of it, may not get a bite, whilst another brought up over the right spot, may haul up fish as fast as the lines can be lowered to the bottom. We well remember a remarkable instance of a locality of this sort in some rocky grounds called St. Columb rocks, about two miles to

the northward of Towan or Newquay Head on the Northern Coast of Cornwall. Here amongst foul ground in a depth of about twelve or fourteen fathoms, there was a narrow gully, where the water suddenly deepened to about two fathoms more, than the surrounding bottom: into which gully, if we could succeed in getting our baited hooks, during the time of slack water, we were sure to get hold of some of the largest bibs we have ever met with, which seldom failed to seize upon our baits the instant the lines reached the bottom; whilst on the shallower ground adjoining, not a bite could be obtained from any one of these fishes; and as the gully was not apparently more than twenty or thirty feet wide, it was not at all times, owing to the wind and current, an easy thing to hit the exact spot, or to retain it long, even when we had done so.

Fishing both for bibs and pouting, being often carried on over rocky ground, and always when the boat is brought up, there is great risk of getting an anchor foul of the bottom; to prevent which, many of the fishermen use a heavy stone with a weak piece of line attached; sufficient to retain the boat, but yet so slight as to break away upon a heavy strain, and thus though the stone will be lost, the whole of the cable worth preserving will be saved. Another plan is to make fast the cable round the fluke of the anchor, or one of the claws of the grapnel; if the latter is used, attach the cable to the ring of the anchor or grapnel, by a piece of weak cord or rope yarn, which will break with a heavy strain upon it, when the cable being fastened to the fluke of the anchor or grapnel, will be thus lifted off the ground all clear, unless the anchor stock, or the cable has chanced to get under a cleft of the rocks. When this perplexing accident occurs, and it happens to us very often, the way to get clear is to slacken the cable a few fathoms, and then pull the boat ahead smartly, so as bring up suddenly with a jerk, which will probably trip the anchor the first start; but should this prove unsuccessful try it on in another direction, and if that should fail try another, and another, till you have made an attempt at every point of the compass. By which means in all probability you will hit the right course at last; at any rate we have never failed ultimately in getting clear by adopting the plan, when unable otherwise to start the anchor from the bottom with all the force we could muster in the cause. It is also a good plan, when hauling up a boat's anchor or grapnel in foul ground, to pull the boat ahead whilst the anchor or grapnel is in the act of hauling up, so as to run over and trip it, which is the best way to prevent its getting a fast hold amongst the insterstices of the rocks. For bringing up in foul ground also, we consider a grapnel to be better than an anchor, as the

claws of the former take a more secure hold of the hard ground, and are yet less likely to get jammed than the flukes of an anchor; whilst the stock of the latter, which so often gets you into difficulties, is altogether dispensed with. The best grapnels we have ever seen, are made at St. Mawes in Cornwall. The iron of these is of so tough a nature that the claws will bear to be straightened out with a heavy strain, and beaten back to their original form, as often as required, without being at all the worse for it. The inconvenience of a grapnel is, that it cannot be stowed away in a boat so snugly as an anchor, and therefore for larger boats, or vessels of any size it must yield to the anchor, for general purposes of convenience.

The largest bibs are found in foul ground in deep water in the open sea, but the smaller ones may be met with, at certain seasons of the year, in most of the bays, estuaries, and harbours throughout the kingdom. The best time of year for fishing for them, is from May to the beginning of December; and when plentiful and running of a respectable size, they afford excellent sport, being bold feeders, taking almost any kind of bait, and struggling hard for their liberty, in which they are much assisted by their bulky form offering a strong resistance to the water.

In fishing for bibs in the deep open sea the hand lines should be fitted in the same manner as for cod, as in figures 1 and 2 *ante* p. 414; but the whole of the tackling should be finer in proportion to the relative sizes of the two kinds of fishes, particularly in the snoods and hooks, and more especially in the latter; as these fishes have very small mouths in proportion to their size, and the hooks should be selected accordingly. As fine snooding is apt to twist, it will be advisable to have a stout brass swivel attached to the upper snooding to which the finer snooding is fixed, which will tend in a great measure to prevent this most vexatious annoyance. Three hooks may be used instead of the two, in the patterns above alluded to, and placed at about equal distances one above the other.

In bays, estuaries, or harbours, where the water is not very deep, the hand lines as in figure 3 and 4, *ante* p. 414, are to be preferred, and to these you may, if you think proper, add a middle or third hook, by attaching the snood to the sinker; but as this additional hook is apt to catch in the other two, we have found, upon the whole, that we have done better by dispensing with its services altogether. The snoods, including both the stouter and finer parts, should be about two feet long, the part attached to the spreader should be of stiff cord, or horsehair, or what is still better of stoutish sized gimp, with a loop at

the further end, to which should be attached a brass swivel, and to the lower part of this swivel, the snood of the hook must be fastened. The latter should be of the stoutest silk worm gut, which, if fish of large size are expected, should be twisted either double or treble. If single gut only is used, swivels should never be dispensed with, as both bibs and pouting spin round quickly in the action of being drawn up through the water, and by this means kink up the snooding to such a degree that a very slight strain will cause it to break asunder, by which means you will be likely to lose every good sized fish you may chance to hook throughout the day.

The proper fish baits for bibs, are the pilchard, herring, mackerel or garfish cut up into small pieces. They will also bite freely at pieces of herring, sprat, sand lance, or of the atherine, which on the Southern coasts of the kingdom is erroneously called a smelt, and particularly at the fry of the latter fish, as also at brit, or the small fry of the shad. In addition to all these baits, pieces of chad or small bream, of pouting, or even of their own proper species may sometimes be successfully employed. Bibs will take squid tolerably well, but it is of rather too tough a nature to be a favorite article of food with them. Mussels, whelks, and cockles, ragworms, and lugworms, also make excellent baits, both for bibs, and pouting, particularly mussels, which are the most certain bait that can be used for attracting these fishes. Some attention, however, as we hereafter shall shew, is required in placing this very tender bait properly upon the hook, which if not attended to, bait after bait may be carried off, without a single fish being captured. Baiting a hook as it ought to be done, is a very important matter in sea fishing, for upon this does the fisherman's number of captures greatly depend; it will be proper therefore to offer a few observations upon this head, before we proceed any further with our subject.

First then with respect to herring, pilchard, mackerel, and garfish, (and the same remarks will be equally applicable to all other kinds of fish used for bait, at all resembling any of these in form,) all such as have scales, should be first carefully scaled, so as not to scarify or bruise the skin; the fish should then be split in halves with a sharp knife from head to tail, and the backbone extracted, and then cut into thin narrow slices from back to belly. To bait these slices, insert the point of the hook either at the back or belly extremity, and bring it out on the opposite side; then turning round the point, force it through so far down the bait that it comes out again beyond the division of the muscle by the lateral line, and running it quite through, bring it out on the opposite side. By this means the whole bait will be kept from separating

where the muscle divides, as it otherwise would be apt to do with a slight tug at the lower part of it. If none but small fish are likely to bite, the bait may be divided into two by separating it at the division of the muscle by the lateral line. The spawn and intestines of herrings, pilchards, and mackerel, are also very enticing baits, and we have known these to be taken freely, when for want of appetite, or some very relishing morsel to excite it, every other kind of bait has been rejected.

Brit and very small sprats are baited by inserting the point of the hook into the mouth, and bringing it out again just below the shoulder-bone; the point being then turned, is run through the body of the bait, and brought out at the opposite side.

The fry of the atherine is baited by running the point of the hook in at the mouth, and passing it down carefully through the body towards the tail, taking care at the same time not to let the point of the hook protrude anywhere, or in any way to bruise the bait. These little fishes, as also the brit, are of a very tender nature; and often in warm weather become so soft in the course of a few hours as to be unfit for use. To prevent this consequence, they should be kept in as cool a place as can be found, and never for an instant exposed to the rays of the sun. If they stiffen after death, they will last much longer than if they continue in a flexible state. The best plan to cause them to stiffen is, to throw them when alive into a very small quantity of salt water, when they will very soon expire and become quite stiff, whilst those which are suffered to die in the air will still remain limp and flexible. This plan when possible should always be resorted to; for those which are stiff, will not only remain firm and fit for use more than twice as long as the others, but, at all times present a more bright and attractive appearance.

Sprats and sand lance are baited in the some manner as before directed for cod, (see *ante* p. 468,) only that the pieces must be cut up much smaller, and a greater portion of the back-bone should be extracted, and if the fishes you are trying for are small, the whole backbone may be taken out, and the bait cut up in the same manner as above directed for herring and pilchard baits, yet in very diminished proportions.

Mussels require great care in extracting from the shells as well as in baiting. In the former operation the knife must be kept close to the shell, so as not to cut or mangle the contents, which after being entirely separated from the shell, must be baited by running the point of the hook through at the brown tongue of the mussel close to the root, which is the only firm part it has, and drawing the hook well out, run it through the body, so as to bring the whole into as compact a mass as possible.

Cockles are baited by inserting the hook in at the thick end, and running it through the whole length of the body. The hermit lobster, found in whelk shells, a strange kind of nondescript miniature monster, rejoicing in a crab's body and a perriwinkle's tail, is also a most enticing bait; but it seems the perriwinkle tail is the favourite portion, and should be separated from the crabby part. It is easily baited, the hook being run in at the upper end of the tail, and the point brought down to the other extremity.

Rag worms are baited by running the hook into the head, the point being inserted at the mouth, and the whole hook passed through the body of the worm. This should be done carefully, and the point of the hook ought not to come through in any part, as this will not only cause the worm to waste and shrink up, and so present a less tempting appearance to the fish, but will also render the bait so soft and tender, that it will be easily pulled off without the fish getting hooked in the act of so doing. If your stock of bait is at all limited, one worm may be divided into two, and if large, even into three pieces; for both bibs and pouting will bite just as freely at a small piece of a worm, as at a whole one, if they can only catch a sight of it. The chief advantage of using an entire worm for a bait in this kind of fishing is, to attract the notice of the fishes, and draw them around the boat, so that when they begin to bite freely, it will generally be the wisest plan to husband your stock of bait, by dividing up your worms until the sport begins to slacken, when large baits may again be resorted to, to attract the fishes to the spot.

Lugworms also require great nicety in the baiting, and unless the hooks are whipped neatly to the snoods, this can never be managed properly. The point of the hook must be run in carefully at the base of the slender tail, for which these worms are remarkable, and the point of the hook carried on through the whole body towards the head until it reaches up to the very nose, beyond which however it must not protrude; neither must the point be allowed to pierce through any part of the body, as it will then waste away to a mere flabby piece of skin. If the worm is large, the body may be drawn up over the snoods, by which means it will present not only a more enticing appearance but retain a firm hold on the hook; added to which, a fish, shy of swallowing the snood, will have previously bolted the hook, which once down its throat there is no possibility of its ejecting again. By adopting this plan in baiting lugworms, we have taken quantities of fish of all kinds, more particularly soles and other flat fish, when experienced fishermen, using precisely the same baits, but put on in a different manner, have only had their labour for their pains. The hooks of all these fishermen

were knotted to the snoods, by two half hitches, which made so great a lump, that the worm could not possibly be run up the snood; the consequence was, that the worm was loosely fixed upon the hook, and a great portion of the body hung down beyond the part the point of the hook reached, which piercing through, wasted the bait away, and every fish that seized upon the further extremity, could pull it off without taking any part of the hook into its mouth; whilst in the way our hooks were baited, not only the whole hook must have been taken in, but most probably swallowed: so that the very tug that carried off the baits of the other fishermen, would by our mode of baiting, have hooked the fish, and very likely insured its capture.

Limpets cut out of the shell may also be used as baits, but although apparently a tough, they are in reality a very tender bait, or rather that portion of it which forms the black gut, which is the only part the fishes care about eating; which if not hooked in the attempt, they generally succeed in carrying off the very first nibble, leaving the tough and unpalatable part behind, which none of their comrades will condescend to touch, unless reduced to a desperate state of hunger. Shrimps are also a good bait, and of these the brown sand shrimps are the best, for having no defensive horn growing out of their noses, thus are taken less scrupulously than their well armed congeners, the prawn and red shrimp; and when the two latter are used for bait, it will be advisable to deprive them of this formidable weapon, so that the fish may bolt them at once without further fear or scruple.

The line should be of stout cord, which is preferable to horsehair for bottom fishing, as it will better stand the wear and tear of being hauled against the gunwale of the boat. Care should be taken to keep these lines dry when laid aside from use, otherwise they will soon become mildewed and rotten. The proper way is to wind them on a square reel, which will allow the air to pass freely through the line. This is the usual plan adopted by the fishermen on most parts of our coasts.

Bibs always feed close to the ground, and the best time for catching them is during the time of slack water, as they rarely, if ever, bite well whilst a strong tide is running; at such times, however, success may often be obtained, if you can get into some tranquil place out of the strength of the run of the tide; for to such spots do these fishes like to resort. When therefore the current becomes so strong that your sinkers stray away from the bottom, you have little chance of obtaining sport in bib or pouting fishing, and should therefore shift your ground, or, turn to some other mode of fishing, until the tide again slackens.

As these fishes always keep close to the bottom, the lead should be lowered until it reaches the ground, and then hauled up about half the length of the snoods, which, allowing for the current, and the sheering about of the boat, will keep the baits just clear of the bottom. It is also a good plan to keep the baits in motion, by gently lowering down the sinker to the ground, and then raising it gradually about a foot or two above, and so continuing gradually to lower and raise the baits, which is very apt to induce the fishes to lay hold of them at times when they would pass them by with contempt, as long as they remain motionless at the bottom. This we have seen exemplified in many instances, where the water has been sufficiently shallow and clear to allow us to watch the motions of the fishes beneath us. Both in bib and pouting fishing we have never been able to do so, as both these fishes are generally found in water far too deep to allow us to discern the proceedings of such small objects near the bottom. The instances of this kind, to which we have been chiefly eye witnesses, have occurred with regard to mackerel, and the grey gurnard, which in clear water we have often seen in shoals around our boat, at which times any bait cast amongst them would be untouched as long as it remained still; but when drawn rapidly away, a hundred eager followers would be after it in an instant, each trying to be first to seize upon what before they had not paid the slightest regard to.

One remarkable instance of adopting this plan successfully occurred to us many years since, whilst fishing for grey gurnards in Newquay Bay, on the northern coast of Cornwall. In the early part of the morning we had caught some few of these fishes by trailing a bait on the surface, which, as well as we can recollect, was a piece of red herring; but after a time they all of them suddenly left off biting, and it seems betook themselves to the bottom. Upon this supposition we dropped anchor, and fitting our ground tackling, continued for some time fishing at the bottom, without feeling the slightest motion of a fish. At length the breeze, which had hitherto ruffled the surface of the water, died away to a dead calm, and the water below being remarkably clear, with a light sandy bottom, enabled us to discern an immense shoal of gurnards at the bottom surrounding our baits, which they passed unheeded by, until at length one of our party, in very malice at such contempt on the part of the fishes twitched away his bait from them in a pet, and was in the act of hauling up his line with a view, we verily believe of abandoning the pursuit altogether, when the impetus his irritable movements gave to the before quiescent bait, so much astonished the fishes, that they one and all made a simultaneous rush to seize upon it, when the captor of the bait was

himself made captive to the baitor,* and hauled up ignominiously to the surface and on board the boat, followed by several of his companions to the very top of the water, each striving to dispossess him of the fatal tartar he had caught, and to which they themselves were shortly afterwards doomed to become the dupes and victims. This was quite hint enough for the rest of us to profit by, and we lost no time in adopting the same manœuvre, the result of which was, that we captured a very multitude of fishes, not one of which we should probably have taken if we had continued to let our baits rest quiet and unmoved at the bottom, in the manner we had done previously.

(To be continued.)

ON THE LOSS OF A SHIPMATE AT SEA.

Death ever comes in solemn form,
But ne'er so solemn as at sea;
Most men affect to treat with scorn,
His unrestrained authority.

Mark! when a landsman dies on shore,
The well plumed hearse and pompous shew,
With mutes and mourners by the score;
A wretched mockery of woe.

But when a sailors' lost at sea,
The suddenness of such a thing;
Becomes an awful mystery,
To think his soul has taken wing.

At sea, a man is by your side,
You hear his voice, you mark his form;
A plunge, a cry, he breasts the tide,
And in an instant, he is gone.

When Time has strewed with many a flower,
The sailor's path to make him gay;
Death comes with all relentless force,
And steals the merriest heart away.

E'en he whose merry laugh and song,
So oft revived the drooping crew;
And cheered the heart of every one,
When even Death appeared in view.

There's one hand less to take the wheel,
One less to lay out on the yard;
In stormy weather sailor's feel,
This sort of losses very hard.

The flower of their flock is gone,
By all 'tis owned in deep remorse;
And though Time may be rolling on,
They're often heard to mourn his loss.

E. A. S.

* We are not quite sure whether we are the innocent coiners of the above term, or whether we are correct in supposing it to be the apt expression, in a legal sense, to signify the person who baits or places the bait upon a fish hook.

THE CHANNEL CRUISERS.

(Continued from page 25, Vol. II,)

BY VANDERDECKEN.

CHAPTER XII.

There was a brave old mariner
Kept watch upon the deck;
The dangers of the deep he'd braved,
And thrice survived the wreck;
A father of the ocean seem'd
That mariner to be,
For his hair was gray, and like the spray
That dashes o'er the sea.

LET us again bend our steps to the Athol Arms; in the "Sanctuary of that renowned hostelry were seated Mrs. Jabez Petherick and Jack Flaherty; the presence of a third person was evidently expected.

"The hour is past, the lad cannot have hailed the right craft, 'tis an old saying though and a true one, 'never send a boy on a man's errand! I should have gone myself, but a suspicious conscience sometimes makes a sad fool of an honest heart; be that as it may, I mean to do what is right; and harkye Dame Petherick! just you keep a round turn on your tongue-tackle-falls, and mayhap 'twill not be the worst turn you've taken in your day.

"Look you here now old Neptune!" retorted Mrs. Petherick; "think you 'tis a green hand that don't know the differ a'ween a golden guinea and a polished farthing that you've got to yarn with; not that I care the value of a Yarmouth capon* about your money, but I would like to have it to say that I did one good turn in gratitude, and that without fee or reward. God knows I am low enough, and bad enough, and I am bound to say you've good right to think my word about as sound as a Dungarvon man's main-sail, and that is more splits nor cloths in it,—however, bad or good, I give it you,—take it or leave it, there it is,—and nobody shall be the turn of a serving board the wiser as to what has happened a'tween us!"

"Nay, nay, sweetheart!" exclaimed Jack, becoming officiously familar with the greasy old beldame, "we ain't a goin' to part so soon, I expect!"

* A red herring.

"Flippers off, Jack! flippers off! I thought you had got too pious for such likes games now; but as I always found it to be, I do still believe, that you sly-going, sober looking, sleek-gilding old craft, do a far sight more damage, privateer-fashion, when ye get amongst a convoy of petticoats, than the slashing young rover who flies his colours at once as he sheers alongside;—be that as it may though, maty; look out;—here he comes!"

As old mother Blazes spoke, Rony Renshaw strode hastily through the outer apartment, and entered the little snuggery termed the "Sanctuary."

"Oh! ho! Petherick!" he cried, in his usual deep and hoarse tones, "here I am in answer to your hail,—what's wrong wi' ye?" seizing the old woman's hand as he spoke with a grasp which made her wince again.

"Eh! Rony man, you've the same devil's grip upon your fingers as ever. Well' tis no matter, it does one good to get a twist from your fin, were it only to put me in mind of the old times when you used to drop in of an odd spell and have a glass cross-fashioned or straight, be it for luck or blood."

"Ay, ay, dame,—'tis as you say, a long spell now since you and I have had a glass of Bristol milk* together, cat-harping, or any other fashion; so ship the brakes on the brandy cask, old un, and pass the word to yon shipmate o' yours there, who looks for all the world as if he was in the "crow's nest," a-looking out for a whale or an iceberg."

"Rony Renshaw himself, or I'm a Dutchman!" exclaimed the individual alluded to.

"Well old tar-and-oakum! what's the odds?" exclaimed the pilot, darting as he spoke a searching glance at Dame Petherick. "Why maty you stare as though you'd seen old Neckon-o'-the-North Seas!"†

"All right and ship shape for all that, and not unfriendly either!" retorted Jack Flaherty! We've met afore now lad; ay, and had Bristol milk togethor too, and that where yellow George's were easier to be handled than Spanish news.‡ 'Tis long enough ago; though mayhap you can remember the time when him as we called the 'Black Smuggler of Aghavore' could make a land-fall when he wanted to run a cargo."

Rony started convulsively, and clutching the brazen candlestick, held the dim and flickering light close to the face of the speaker,—"Jack Flaherty or his ghost;" exclaimed he with a long drawn breath, as if

* Spanish wine.—*Anglice*, "Sherry." † The Flying Dutchman of the Norsemen. ‡ Wine skins.

relieved of a heavy burden: "Where in the name of all that's contraband did you turn up from?"

The two seamen exchanged a hearty grasp of friendly recognition, whilst Dame Petherick busied herself in brewing a steaming jug for a jolly carouse with her ancient allies, ever and anon bustling out to see that no too curious eye or inquisitive ear should penetrate the secrets of her precious little "Sanctum."

Short and hurried, and with furtive looks, as if learful of being overheard by Mother Petherick, the weather-worn mariners conversed in low and smothered growls, for "accents mild" would have been a libel, until at length suspicious that something was a-foot too secret to be committed to her confidence, she angrily exclaimed,—

"How is this, old sea crabs, one would think ye were playing a game of 'no catch-y, no hav-y,' as the niggers say. Now this here fashion of yarning won't do if that it be as how a game *is* on; let us all be in, no matter whether we are to wear a Norway neckcloth,* or die from the stab of a Bridport dagger."†

"Avast there mother!" cried Rony soothingly. "What is in the wind wi' you now? Here you are ending your days like a lady, and yet you want to shove your neck into every web as is woven in this crib of yours."

"Ha! a lady did you say? Ho! ho! a lady! he, he! I'm a lady am I? Ha, ha, ha! No, no, Rony man, I'm too old in the sea of sin now to be led astray by such a gilt straw as that; no lads, no; ye can't deceive me; ye are in some main wicked job now, and whether it be to bamboozle a revenue man, or do a little contraband lady-bird business 'tis all the same to me. I remember the time when an honest smuggling job was to be done, there was young hearts, ready hands, quick eyes, and no secrets from shipmates; but now-a-day 'tis different. We have had our day a.l of us, and ye old freebooters take to yachting devilries as fresh as though ye never wetted jacket in a wilder cruise than for a silver cup, or with an erring maiden. Out upon ye, say I; a salt eel‡ would be good enough supper for such ark pirates."§

"Come, come dame," exclaimed Rony deprecatingly, "how can you blame us? As you say we all have had our day; and after all a slashing yacht, with an owner that can sail her, and is not afraid, unable, or ashamed to turn-to when weather *is* agoin', and the sea must be kept, is after all about the nearest life I know to what we all remember. Ay, old woman, bless your blessed eyes, what with all the d———d land-

* The pillory. † Bridport dagger, *i.e.* the gallows; Bridport being famous for manufacturing hempen cord. ‡ A rope's end. § Sea robbers.

sharks a-watchin' from the Lizard to Cape Wrath, and from Cape Clear to Rachlin Island; whether ye be bound from Rotterdam or Peel, Flushing or Douglas, 'tis all the same, the broad arrow looms in every bay or creek, and hovers in the lee of every island. Nay, mother, you are hard upon us," he added, "but 'tis not in the nature of things for men like me and Jack there to bend new rigging at a tide's notice."

"Well be it so, then," said the old woman sullenly, swallowing as she spoke a large measure of the steaming brandy and water: but mind you, Rony, I'd like to do you a service, for many is the good service you have done for me; and mark me!" she exclaimed, with sudden and startling vehemence, "beware of what you are about to-night, for I've had my misgivings that there's something bad abroad for somebody."

As she spoke a lurid glare of light shot through the doorway and windows of the external room, and flashed in brilliant, though ghastly clearness into the smaller apartment where they sat; the house was shaken to its foundation, as peal after peal of deafening thunder rattled wildly aloft, and the whizzing sound of a falling torrent accompanied the shrill whistle of the raging tempest. So sudden, so appalling was the transition from the still and sultry evening silence which had existed without, to the fierce roar of the whirling storm, that even the hardy seamen quailed for the moment; and old Mother Blazes sank almost senseless in her chair, conscience stricken at the demon Babel of the elements she had roused by her prophesy:—another, and another, and yet another still, and heaven and earth seemed to meet amidst the fearful chaos of sound; and still a stranger sound rose above the hoarse howlings of the gale, whirr, whirr, twit, twit, the notes of a boatswain's whistle, swelling clearly, loudly, strongly, like a mysterious warning, and died away again, and was repeated, in strange and fitful cadences. Flaherty sprung to his feet hurriedly, and seized Rony by the arm, exclaiming in a hissing whisper, "He is there!" disappeared through the doorway, exchanging as he did so a meaning look; it might be of terror, it might be of anxiety; but to Mrs. Jabez Petherick's mind it strangely partook of both, and she was rushing outwards to catch a glimpse, if possible, of the course he took; but Rony caught her with peculiar emphasis,—

"What dame! hast never heard a signal afore now? Not forgot thy training, I trust, old woman; mind you a battened hatch makes a tight deck; break no bulk with any stranger craft as asks why certain yachtsmen knock about the 'Arms' now-a-days; but tell 'em you

suppose it sarves their ways, and it certainly does your pocket, and keep agoin' on to China."

And without heeding the old lady's half frightened, half angry remonstrances, Rony, drawing his hat down over his face, and buttoning up his oilskin so as to conceal his features, issued forth from the Athol Arms, just as a second summons, still more wild and shrill than before, rose wailingly upon the blast.

Had Rony been as wary as was his wont, he would have been startled by the pertinacity with which his footsteps were dogged by two dusky forms clad in storm proof garments, and who kept dodging into doorways and behind the wooden stall boxes on the quay, whenever the old pilot exhibited symptoms of reconnoitring! the darkness favoured them, and the hawk-eyed rover for once was outwitted. A quick pace soon brought him to the steps at the end of Douglas Pier, descending which there runs a narrow footway, nearly round the pier head, and which any of our readers who are acquainted with the locality will remember dries at low water. Upon this Rony took his stand and peered curiously out over the waters of the bay; whilst thus occupied the sound of voices above him, engaged in earnest and whispered converse, caused him to draw himself up flatly by the wall.

"Fifty goolden guineas did yer honor say?" enquired a voice racy of the shores of the Irish Atlantic.

"Ay!" repeated a low stern voice, "and double that sum if you keep him where none can find, but those who——hist! here they come! If you fail or betray, mark my———"

"Devil resave the fear thin!" was the answer to the muttered threat, accompanied by a perceptible gurgle, as if the speaker exemplified some agreeable operation upon his throat, and 'ere Rony could determine whether these hopeful communications in any way concerned him, a small skiff, in which he thought he could discern a very tall and a very short man, shot away from the steps, just as a four oared yacht's gig dashed rapidly in from the anchorage.

"See'd ye aught of a cockle shell Dingee agoin' out men?" enquired the pilot.

"Jump in Rony?" exclaimed the voice of Jack Flaherty, we've no time to lose in looking arter skylarking hands, 'tis no night for such goins on!"

"Look ye here Jack!" cried the pilot in hoarse accents, as he took his seat alongside of him in the stern sheets. "I like not all this mystery, after all what is it but a fair stand up yarn atween man and man, and that too for the rights of a man: there is more aboard to-night,

Jack, nor you and I knows of; and maybe not upon as lawful an errand either; and if I thought, lad, that there was foul play meant," he muttered in a hissing whisper, "I'd make Douglas Bay a hotter spot than New York Hell-gate."

"If I thought there was, Rony," answered Flaherty, "I'd be the first to see you through it, and here's my hand on't. I've seen villany enough whilst I've been with him to make even a hardened conscience wish for a change—and besides you know,"—he added, lowering his voice to an inaudible whisper, the substance of which caused the old rover to knit his brows in firm resolve.

Skirting the Conister Rock on its western side with cautious strokes, they doubled a projecting reef, when directing the boat's head into a little sheltered creek, her bottom grated shortly against its rugged surface; Rony sprung lightly on to the top of the rocky shelf, and the gig backing out was quickly lost to sight or hearing. The night, as we before stated, was dark as pitch; the wind gradually increasing, blew in tremendous squalls from north-west; the rain poured down in ceaseless torrents, whilst now and again vivid flashes of lightning would rend asunder the dark and dismal veil of night, illumining the bay and its solitary rock with fitful gleamings of fearful light. Springing lightly as a boy from cleft to cleft, over crag and cranny, with the practised steps of one used to such rough pathways, Rony was soon close to the tower, and by the aid of the occasional lurid glare he gazed warily around him until he reached its base, where ensconcing himself beneath the groined portal of the lesser turrets he listened anxiously for aught that would convey the vicinity of human beings; for a few moments he stood irresolute, when a long drawn breath made him start, and a cold stern voice asked,—

"What depth is the water in Douglas Bay?"

"Ha! here already!" muttered Rony, and recovering himself, replied aloud,—"'Tis deep enough for the keel of a western schooner! Umph!" continued he in an under tone, "I wish her owner was under it too."

"All right!" continued his interrogator; "your name is Ronald Renshaw?"

"Even so."

"Know you whom it is that now speaks to you?"

"I have been told to-night that I ought," was the cautious rejoinder, "but whether I do, or wish to, is another matter."

"You were always a blunt fellow, Renshaw; and but that I know you to be so, it might not be so well for you."

"Pshaw!" was the contemptuous reply, "Sir Charles Meriton was to have sent me a communication on this rock at eight bells to night, they are gone, and here am I. If he has sent you maty to bandy lingo with me, why I'm not the man for longshore pattering, so vast with it then, and let's hear what such a spot and such a night should bring an honest man from his hammock for?"

At this speech the person addressed evidently paused as if in suppressed rage, and a tall and stately figure, closely enveloped in a boat cloak, emerged from the shadow of the portal.

"A little more this way then to the eastward of the tower, we shall be more in the lee. You knew Sir Charles Meriton, you say,—had dealings with him some years ago, and of a private and important nature too?"

"Softly, stranger, softly!" said Rony; "take a turn or two over your timber heads and ease away handsomely,—I never said no such thing, you pay out the line rather fast, take care you don't let go all by the run, it would not look seamanlike in your owner's log, whoever *he* may be. You have just said you always knew me to be a blunt sort of fellow,—liberty and larnin' that without doubt,—now I should just like to know who the devil are you?"

"Never mind, never mind!" said the unknown hurriedly, and rolling himself still closer in his cloak, as if he felt himself ill at ease in his company, "never mind, I daresay we shall be better acquainted before we part."

"Maybe no, maybe yes; latter more likely of the two!"

"To the point then, I am aware of the nature of your former connection with Sir Charles Meriton. You knew his father too, perhaps!"

"I did know the admiral," said the pilot proudly, "he was a gentleman!"

"Ha! fellow!" cried the unknown, "you are inclined to be saucy, methinks."

"How can that affect you, pray?" was the rejoinder, "seeing as how you are but some swab who knows more about his master's affairs nor is good for his pocket or wholesome for his reputation!"

"Well, be it so then;" said the unmoved stranger; "but you are aware that Sir Charles was said to have been married upon this island."

"I know *he was* married!" exclaimed Rony with startling energy. "Ay, bless her spirit, she is an angel now."

With a strong shudder a hoarse groan broke from the man addressed; but whether intentionally or otherwise it was unnoticed by the pilot.

"She died shortly after, leaving a son who was committed to your care. What has become of the boy, is he dead or alive?"

"At the present moment I know not which; I lost him at sea more nor twelve years agone."

"Come, fellow, no trifling, you know that he *is* alive."

"Well, what of that?" said Rony, with provoking coolness.

"Why simply this!" said the stranger, becoming excited, "if you give the information required of you, Sir Charles authorises me to say he will provide handsomely for you for life and for the lad too."

"Come now, maty, that is something like business, but you know the lad is Sir Charles Meriton's son and his first born, and being of age now can claim as a right that which you appear to think should be granted to him as a favor."

"Pshaw, fool!" exclaimed he of the cloak. "How know you that, you were not present at his marriage?—How know you whether he was ever married?—How know you whether the lad is legitimate or not?"

"Humph! 'twould take time to consider all this," soliloquized Rony half aloud, "time, aye time,—and a likely job too,—one that would put a fellow beyond cruising for the remainder of his days,—and the lad,—he could be provided for in another way,—ha, ha," he laughed, gazing cautiously at his tempter.

"Ay!" shouted the latter hoarsely, "you understand me at last do you?"

"Eh, ha, ha! understand; yes, I should think so!—ho, ho!—provided for life,—he, he,—my wife and myself;—but!" he exclaimed, and laying his hand on the other's arm, and then as suddenly relapsed into deep thought.

"Ha!" muttered Sir Charles Meriton, whom our readers will no doubt have by this time surmised was the man in the cloak, "Human nature, human nature, after all,—I think I have managed the old savage at last, notwithstanding all the stories of his faithfulness, devotion,—faugh! cant and hypocrisy,—gold, gold is the shrine to make men kneel, to make men worship. Ay, commend me to the devotion, that can be summoned by gold;—and yet a short month ago and the boy might be all that the old fool says,—but no, no, not now,—Crovan Manor must be united to Walden Chace,—parliamentary influence too,—an addition in that quarter from my Lord De Walden,—let me carry these plans out, and then the peerage, and—and—the cabinet!"—and wrapt in his dream of wild ambition he laughed aloud in anticipation of his triumph.

Was it real or was it imaginary—could he trust his senses—no there

it was again; and louder, and hoarser, and stronger rang a laugh, a most demoniac laugh, so close that it appeared to be an echo of his own.

"In the name of all the devils, why do you laugh so?" he cried angrily, "One would think you were amongst a band of your fellow smugglers."

"I laughed not!" was the quiet answer, "the merriment is all upon your own side; but hark'e, stranger, this I say appears to be a likely job, and——the boy,——the lad,——what is to be done for him?"

"Why old pirate, or smuggler, or villain, all or each, or whatever you may be!" was the furious answer, patience being exhausted by the pilot's cautious worming out of the final condition. "*Why silence him*, that's all,—you fellows have ways enough, and experience enough, to do more difficult jobs than that."

"What, murder?"

"Ay, anything, so as you take him where he may never more be heard of,—never again tread on British ground!" was the savage answer.

The old seaman's frame shook perceptibly.

"And whose word have I should I do all this?" he enquired with cool pertinacity.

"Mine, fool; mine! Do you know me now?" and dropping the cloak he had hitherto held across his features, the baronet grasped Rony's shoulder with his fevered hand, and with frenzied look scanned his every feature.

It was a strange sight these two men peering at each other through the gloom which surrounded that wild and lonely rock; the one agitated by all the evil passions which desecrate the human soul,—ambition—insatiable thirst for rule over his fellowman—a wearying craving for fame and power, which swept from his guilty mind, all thoughts of offspring, or home, or kindred; banished all sense of justice, every feeling of humanity, and eradicated the last pangs of remorseful conscience. The other standing wrapt in stern, fearful indignation, his veins swollen into masses like knotted cords upon his forehead; his fingers working convulsively, as if strangling some imaginary foe. Had Jack Flaherty then betrayed him into this, or was he but the dupe of the blacker villain; his mind was a chaos,—deadly hatred,—instant and bloody revenge.

"Well, fellow, you know me now it seems, and your conscience is satisfied,—we understand each other—it is enough."

"We do!" shouted the now thoroughly excited seaman in a voice of thunder, and dashing from his shoulder the hand whose touch seemed pollution: "We do understand each other,—I know you for that black and damned villain I ever took you to be,—so you black liver'd hound you would lure me to do murder for you. Ha!" he continued, as he observed the start of Sir Charles, "Ha! murder! does that word startle you? Ay, so it ought, so it ought,—but that I—ay I, humble seaman as I am, would not disgrace my manhood by touching such a reproach to the name, I would hurl you from this rock so far that you never would trouble dry land again. And now let me tell you what I have listened all this time to your infernal devilries for. Your son is alive and more like the old admiral in body and spirit nor ever you were.—Ay, tremble and shake now, for you remember what he was like. Listen still man! he knows and I know everything, and anything he requires to learn I am able and willing to teach him. You sought me this night of your own free will, and for the foulest purpose; would that I had avoided your accursed presence; fiend, devil that you are, I, yes I, was near *her* when she died, and she died blessing you,—how different from the death of one that followed shortly after:—Ha, ha, you start at that too, do you? You defy him to the proof, eh? What a wise man! I told you at first to-night not to let all go by the run,—I thought it but fair for I knew you well. Well, you have done so, and I did not think human nature was one half so bad; think you not man of that God who is above you—could you be abroad such a night and not hear his voice resounding through the thunder—see his glance piercing through the lightning. What an infernal spirit your's must be to dare such vengeance and yet plot destruction in the midst of the tempest.—Go now, Sir Baronet as you be, with your wealth, your lands, and your *honour* at your back; poor and lowly and toil-worn as I am, I would not change places with such as you. Go, I say with your power and your influence, and take with you the knowledge that your blackest, bitterest enemy has stood before you this night, and that with all your power, a common old mariner like me will see you yet humbled and disgraced. Ay, and 'twould be a pity to stand between such a hell-child and his fate; and mark an old man's words," continued Rony, with solemn emphasis, "something within me tells me that I shall see you made dust of in the midst of the sea,—I feel it!" he cried frantically, "I see it before my eyes; ay, there,—there, see it,—look at it,—there, there you are,—struggling, gasping, imploring with outstretched arms for that life, which in others you have played with as a child would a toy. Ay, you combat with the billows, but they mock you as you have

mocked that mercy you shall seek but too late. Away man, away! the very air is black where you stand! Oh, my brave, my noble boy! to think that I should lift a finger to hurt one hair upon your head!"

And with these words the old man sprang down the cliff, and shortly his voice was heard rolling through the gale, as in fierce and stentorian warning he hailed the "Fairy Elly."

The baronet leaned against the tower, stupified and paralyzed at the abyss which yawned before him: it was but a moment to such a mind, the thought was the parent of the act; he gazed intently in the direction where was heard the pilot's voice, a momentary and fatal brightness revealed him, and Sir Charles cowered low in guilt as he beheld the noble form of the seaman thrown out in bold relief by the passing glare; his white locks streaming in the wind, as with hat in hand he shaded his eyes, whilst scanning the anchorage; his storm-worn visage disturbed by an expression of eager anxiety, as if fearful of being too late to avert the danger that was gathering around. To another 'twould have whispered mercy, but where guilt must be concealed there exists no mercy,—a dazzling flash, a sharp report, and a wild shriek of anguish told the bloody deed. Again, the same fiendish laugh rang o'er the cliff and surrounding waters, and Sir Charles, casting the cloak and pistol from him, plunged into the sea, as a shadowy form issued from behind St. Mary's Tower.

(To be continued.)

THE OCCUPATION OF KINSALE.—*A Yarn of By-gone Days.*

BY LEPRECHAUN.

It was after the match of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club, in June, 18—, that we started again for the waters of Dublin Bay. The shades of evening were advancing as we roused up our "mud-hook" from its repose in the Sloyne, and gliding slowly under the stern of the ever-to-be remembered old *Queen of the Ocean*, gave a parting "hurrah" to the kind-hearted and jovial Commodore L———, and to the many gay yachting spirits who crowded his quarter-deck to return our parting cheer. Something nearly akin to what folks call womanish weakness steals over a fellow at parting with kind and kindred spirits; and there was not a man of us on the deck of the saucy

Aphrodite who did not appear to have entered upon some little moralizing speculation of his own :—mayhap upon the mutability of human affairs, or it might be upon an affair of that piece of human mutability the "heart,"—for be it known to all of you good readers, of the male sex I mean, that

"Of all that's bewitching, in loveliness rich,
Most bewitching of all is a Lancashire Witch."

All, as I said before, seemed tinged for the nonce with a mortal melancholy, save and except the merry-souled Maurice Mahon ;—and I have reason to believe if the aforesaid Maurice Mahon could have attended his own funeral he would have kept his own chief mourners in roars of laughter. Poor Maurice!—his joyous tones still keep ringing in my years, although the cold grey vault is now his portion and many a straggling grey hair mine.

"Why then, by all that's salt in a harness cask, lads ; but ye are a jovial crew for a poor divil like me to be shipped with ; out upon you for a drivelling set of fresh-water mariners, with hearts as soft as Mersey mud,—its in a canal boat ye should be instead of as lovely a sixty ton clipper as ever wetted keel in the Irish Sea ; and then on your perilous voyage to Mullingar ye might muster gaiety enough to indite an elegy on a dying 'bullrush,' or maybe our round faced friend Fred Minton there, would indulge ye with a lachrymal sonnet upon some consumptive 'tit-lark :'—rouse up lads,—rouse up I say!—harkye old ships—we're off again for the ould land and the sky over it."

"The lands of Pats, Poteen, and Praties,
Where if you have spunk
You'll be married or———drunk,
So rouse up and look pleasant my maties."

"Halloo, steward! up with a flask here!—Come lads gather round me here upon the taffrail gratings, and I'll spin you a yarn of the olden time.

Maurice Mahon's timely badinage had the effect of raising a burst of merriment, and each of us as though fearful of a relapse ; lighted a fragrant weed, supplied ourselves with an anti-melancholy mixture of the curious old particular "cognac" with the least possible dash of water, just as much as would merely take the "*edge*" off it,—seated ourselves in close proximity to the aforesaid Maurice Mahon, whilst upon as lovely a June evening as ever came under the heavens, with five as jovial yachtsmen as ever handled a tiller, or rowed a sky-larking on a regatta night, the clipping little Aphrodite sped merrily o'er the path of rolling waters, and Maurice Mahon, Esq. of Mahon Abbey, in the county of———owner of the aforesaid "Aphrodite," proceeded to spin us one of the thousand and one yarns for which he was celebrated ; and which to hear him tell in his own rich, racy, and peculiarly happy style, was worth a pilgrimage to the North Pole, even through the danger-fraught Nor'-west passage.

"Well, my lads," commenced Mahon, "it is now odds of eighteen or nineteen years since I owned the gallant old Laverna, and in good truth without egotism, I may say I had at that time as smart a vessel,—as good a skipper,—and as hardy a crew, as any young Irish gentleman of the day could

boast of. We had a fine fleet of yachts too, and cruizing in fleet was the order of the day. I am talking of times now, my lads, which none of you remember; when the Water Witch brig belonged to the Earl of Belfast,—when the Paddy from Cork was in being and glory,—ay, and the Little Paddy likewise;—when the Comet and Black Dwarf were to the fore;—the Columbine, Morning Star, and the jolly little cup winning Zephyr,—not forgetting the brigs Anna Eliza and Xarifa, when the Rienvella sported the white flag with the red centre, and the Gem fluttered the blue flag with the red border and white star over the noble owner of Curraghmore:—Eh! lads, but to think of them recals many a happy hour to memory,—however again to my yarn. As I said before, sailing in fleet was the order of the day, and a jolly good fleet of yachts lay the same July in Cork harbour, amongst whom the old Royal———s were not the least in point of numbers. A flat calm had prevailed for some days, and there lay some fifteen of us waiting for a slant of wind to get away upon a ten-day cruize to the Western Coast. Old Marston Moorecroft was our Commodore then, and a real old sea-dog he was,—knew everything from the bolting of a keel scarph to the gilding of a top-mast truck,—could work a short, long, or eye splice, single wall, double wall, or work a Turk's head, with any man of 'em all,—make sail or shorten sail with the dandiest skipper out; and as for handling a fore-and-after few were his equal. It was therefore with no little pride I received from him the appointment, in the absence of other officers of the fleet, of second in command, and I longed for the breeze to come, in order to prove that I was worthy of it.—Well, old ships, at last we got what we so long waited for, and with a nice breeze at north-east, and a clear bright day, we got under-way, and a prettier sight mortal man never laid eye upon than that little fleet running out through the man-of-war roads; the gallant old Commodare leading in the Harlequin, and your humble servant flogging up the stragglers. Moorecroft was a great hand for "buntin," and as luck would have it, I was also well up to it, and may be we did not give the lads a hazing, for it was notorious then, as it is now, that yachtsmen are infernally lazy as well as ignorant in the matter of signalling, and more shame for them say I. Away we went slashing along however, and many an enquiry was made as to whether the Commodore intended standing on all night. We were just abreast of "Oyster Haven," when old rough-and-ready made the signal to follow him into harbour, so it was as plain as the palm of an anchor that for some very sufficient reason of the old man's, we were to remain to the eastward of the 'Old Head" that night; and less than half-an-hour saw the reason of it, namely—the wind veering to the southward, and we entering to the westward of the Bulman Rock, when a free sheet soon brought us to the anchorage in Kinsale harbour.

"You may be sure, lads, we had a rare jollification on board the Harlequin that night, for old 'Moorecroft,' strict a disciplinarian as he was, was never more happy than when he had a lot of jolly yachtsmen about him; we were in the midst of fun, and the mirth was growing fast and furious, when the whizzing rush and the bright glare, with the bursting crackle aloft, told of

the flight of a rocket, and the watch on deck reported a stranger in the Narrows. It was tumble up all hands, and no time to spare to welcome the new comer, who developed his form as he ran up the harbour by the bright and ghastly blaze of half-a-dozen blue lights:—it turned out to be the Calciope, Harvey Adams, who had followed us down as quickly as hard carrying could hurry him, bringing a despatch for old "Moorecroft," which turned out to be nothing less than a re-call; parliamentary business was afloat, and another hour saw the Commodore all a-taunto in shore-going togs, and on his way to Cork, cursing his ill luck and all such independent representatives as had the fortune to be at the beck of a minister, whom no plea of bad health could propitiate. We gave him an old-fashioned "hooray" however at parting, that you might have heard had you been standing on the ruins of Baron De Courcy's castle, and do you know it cheered up the old fellow wonderfully on his dreary journey, as he afterwards told me.

"The morning rose bright and glorious, and our first consultation was as to who should carry the "*flag*"—none would have it, on the score of ignorance of the mysteries of signals and manœuvres, and it was resolved "*nemine dissentiente*," that that mad devil Maurice Mahon, Esq., should act as Commodore for the remainder of the cruize; or, until Moorecroft should turn up again: and I took office with the full determination of rendering my brief period of authority memorable: I set to work at once to organize a perfect discipline, appointed Harvey Adams in the Calciope, *Vice* and Hewitt Stephens in the Mammosa *Rear-Commodore*, thus dividing my fleet into two divisions of seven each, with Percival Rosse in the Persephone as repeating vessel. A flat calm set *in* upon that morning, and *at* defiance all my plans for a successful cruize, and I had to turn to and divide the men into "liberty" and "service" divisions, for I feared the consequences did they all get adrift amongst the grog shops:—a roaring hot sun came out at noon that would have blistered a herring hog did he venture too near the surface.

"For the first day or two that we lay thus becalmed we got on famously; what with breakfasting with me; making the "sun-over-the-fore-yard" with another;—cigars and brandy with a third;—dinner with a fourth;—supper with a fifth;—a skylark with a sixth;—and what with rowing matches between officers and men;—swimming, diving, and duck hunting, faith we made old Kinsale shake.

"Calm bound we continued to be, and four days passed away. As we did not visit the land much, a coolness had sprung up on the part of our shore friends, and few and far between were the invitations to any of our fellows; for the worthy "Kinsalers" took it into their heads that the old Royal——s might have been a *leetle* more liberal in the shape of sharing their fun afloat: in good truth the fact was we were so many and so merry that we never bestowed a thought upon the subject;—the liberty men too began to get into quarrels ashore, and almost unknown to ourselves we were getting into gross disrepute with the simple as well as the gentle. On the fifth night as I was rowing my rounds accompanied by Adams and Stephens, preparatory to a

grand jollification on board the Mammosa, we heard the sounds of loud commotion on the land; too surely guessing the cause thereof, I hastily got half a dozen gigs manned, and pulled like good ones for the point from whence the row proceeded: faith in good time I was too, for the whole town had turned out from some cause or other, and every place that a blue shirt was caught he was parcelled, served, set up, condemned as bad gear, and kicked and cuffed as veritable old junk had never been kicked or cuffed before: I found about five-and-twenty of our fellows making a desperate stand against overwhelming numbers, in the thick of the *melee* were Percival Rosse, Johnston of the Syrinx, Morton Molyneaux, Amby Leeson, of the Dandy Mac, Hugo Jones and two or three others, whom I had thought to be all safe on board:—hastily throwing my men ashore, each armed with a good oaken stretcher, I'll warrant you 'twas 'Faugh-a-ballaugh' in no time, and with many a bloody token on person and garment I got the lads off at last.

"I summoned a council-of-war immediately we got on board, and then the murder came out;—there happened to be several uncommon pretty daughters of sundry petty tradespeople in the town,—and each evening as soon as they could scheme away from us unobserved, several of our amorous worthies scampered ashore after these fair "demoiselles," to have a little bit of flirtation, a merry laugh, and for aught I know, perhaps, a parting kiss afterwards. Now it so happened that these young ladies had several local beaux, who of course did not at all relish the idea of five or six dashing young yachtsmen poaching upon their preserves; the more especially as the girls themselves began to evince a decided partiality for the "gintlemin," and had already begun snubbing their more humble admirers. Moreover it so happened that these flirtations coming to the ears of that class of individuals generally designated as fusty old maids, they forthwith commenced a crusade against the profane young jackanapes who had come there to amuse themselves at the expense of the town, and succeeded to perfection in raising against us a most amiable animosity on the part of the townspeople.

"Nelly Byrne, the fair and beauteous daughter of the landlord of the ——— Arms, was at that time the belle of her class in Kinsale, and a stalwart butcher of the name of Moses Airefield her accepted suitor; mighty therefore was Moses's wrath, when upon a certain evening he absolutely discovered the truant Nelly, with fondly clasped arms, bestowing a most unequivocal kiss upon no less a personage than my worthy signal-man, Master Percival Rosse:—hastily summoning a few trusty wights, and gathering strength as the news spread, a very few minutes saw some hundred pairs of lungs bellowing lustily outside the ——— Arms, 'for the gentleman with the blue jacket and brass buttons,' my bold 'Percy' was in a rare cage, however, by the help of a back window, a rotten spout,—and the very starch being frightened out of his shirt collar, he managed to drop into rather a miry alley, where he waded for his dear love and fled for his dear life, the latter, I think, being the commodity he most prized.

"My mind was at once made up,—signal vengeance I would take for the insult to our flag; so hastily detailing my plan, which was heartily approved

of, and appointing every man to his post, we separated, and that night an ominous stillness reigned over the whole fleet. The next day not a flag was displayed, nor a boat, nor a man touched the shore, still there was a mysterious hum of preparation, although the decks were silent and deserted.—Again another night of unearthly calm and stillness, and another day of mysterious quiet, not a blue jacket appearing even for the necessary duties on board; a hundred pairs of eyes scanned the little fleet narrowly, but 'twas useless, the little barkies appeared to be tenanted by the dead, although one or two swore that at dusk they saw 'quare looking chaps goin' from one to another.'

"Towards the evening of that day a slashing breeze sprung up, and all was activity and life,—main-sails were reefed and set,—fore-sails cast loose, and sheets rove,—jibs stopped along the bowsprits, and each vessel hove short upon her anchor; and as the night set in, the good people congratulated themselves that they were done with us at last, for the morning's light promised to exhibit an empty harbour. That night, above all nights, it was a Friday,—set in dark as pitch,—the wind blew in fierce and pitiful squalls off the land, and whistled and howled in mournful cadences over the chimney pots,—through every nook and cranny,—down through the streets, and up through the lanes and alleys: rain descended in pitiless whizzing showers and even the sea moaned warningly, when the piercing flash revealed the leaden gloom, and the rolling thunder rumbled heavily through the surcharged atmosphere. Even the most venturesome and hardy of the seafaring portion of the population, who could boast of a chimney corner, or a bed, were devilish glad to huddle themselves up in cozey comfort; and many whilst breathing a mental thanksgiving for the self-same comfort, did not scruple to give vent to their vindictive feelings, in such compassionate and humane phraseology as 'Ha!'—listen to that! O mother, o' Moses, may be them divils is not ketchin' it now! 'Ugh, divils cure to thim,—they desarve id all the schaymin vagabonds! Suddenly there was a cry, a fierce wild shout,—a mad hurrah,—a rolling thundering cheer,—a vindictive chaotic resonance—swelling, increasing in volume and power, drowning the mighty turmoil of nature,—spreading from street to street,—through lane and alley,—on the highway and in the bye-way the same fierce wild cry resounded,—Revenge!—revenge!—revenge! and revenge! that most appalling cry, shouted as from the throats of a thousand demons, horrified the unfortunate Kinsalemen into the conjecture that some rude barbarian hordes of Norse pirates had broken loose upon the ocean, and made Kinsale their first prey. The bravest hurried on their garments and rushed forth, only to be rolled in the miry gutters, or nearly smothered with buckets full of mud and water.—Did another muster courage enough to demand the nature of the onslaught, he was informed with a derisive laugh that it was the other half of the Spanish Armada. The timid were transfixed in their houses, with hoarse cries of 'No mercy! Away with him! away to the king!' and sunk down in supplication, that as the last day had most assuredly arrived by night, their end might be easy, in consideration of the darkness.

"As suddenly however the darkness was fearfully illuminated, groups of active shadowy forms dragged inflammable materials of all descriptions into the most public thoroughfares, and many a goodly cart and family wheelbarrow disappeared in the torturing embraces of huge bonfires, around which danced with all the fiendish antics of incarnate demons, wiry active figures shrouded in dark and dismal garments; and as more than one of the oldest inhabitants would undertake to swear before a bench of bishops, with their heads one living mass of coals of fire. Ceaseless continued the din, and the quick blows of hammers were frequent as window and door, gate and wicket, were nailed and lashed, and many a furious citizen found himself and his household condemned to durance vile.

"Beside the principal bonfire was to be witnessed a curious spectacle; groups were rapidly arriving from various quarters with prisoners bound hand and foot: as the light gleamed fitfully upon the countenances of their mysterious captors many a strong man shook with superstitious fear; some were sable, as Nubian slaves, with flaming eyes, and mouths extending from ear to ear;—others presented the appearance of fleshless skulls; which coupled with their unearthly yells and fiery head gear, rendered them most hideous to behold. Gaunt superhuman looking beings glided noiselessly around the crackling flames, and after the fashion of Indian cunning, presented in all save the rattling of the bones, the frightful spectacles of flesh denuded skeletons. It was little wonder then that the iron hearted butcher Moses Airefield shook until he resembled a leathern sack full of peas as secured in hempen bondage, and dragged and cuffed and kicked in playful humour by a dozen bounding imps, he was forced before the awful tribunal, at the bonfire: there in all his majesty sat king Neptune himself attired in the gorgeous panoply of office, viz.—mother naked—save a pair of dirty canvas trowsers, or rather a portion of the same, for the legs were cut off above the middle of the thigh; huge horns decorated his head, rather out of place for a king, but possibly calculated to infuse terror, an enormous oakum wig flowed in graceful *teazings* down his brawny shoulders, whilst with his right hand he grasped by a chain a huge unwieldy monster resembling a great polar bear, which ever and anon roared a mighty roar and rattled his great chain until the earth shook again. And then there was his better half!—oh! ye shades of Oceanus and Tethys had ye seen your daughter—a nigger of the most repulsive aspect and form, whose colour would have satisfied a Royal Academician that black was a colour,—whose hair would raise a conjecture that all the maccassar oil that Rowland had ever made had been poured upon that devoted head, and whose queenly wardrobe was restricted to the very scantiest strip of white calico worn where decency most strictly demanded. Well might poor 'Moses Airfield' shiver and shake as his godship, in an awful voice, ordered the prisoner to be placed upon the 'torture stool' to answer for his crimes against the sons of Neptune; in vain did the poor butcher protest his innocence of any acquaintanceship with the gentlemen in question; in vain did he implore mercy and offer any and every terms to satisfy what appeared to him this supernatural visitation of the town.

"The huge bear suddenly pounced upon him, and hugged him in his sinewy claws, and Moses's orthodoxy in animals was sadly disturbed by a positively strong perfume of grog and tobacco; there was the Father Confessor in the shape of one of the hideous skeleton forms before described, to shrive him 'ere he underwent the 'torture;'—there was the doctor with his lancet in the shape of a cutlass lashed to a handspike, who prescribed for the wretched Airefield a composing draught of the most unmistakeable salt and water that ever pickled a Dublin Bay herring;—there was the barber and the barber's assistant, who insisted upon operating on Moses for the benefit of his personal appearance, previous to his exit from this ugly world; and the latter of whom nearly burked the miserable butcher with the poultice of tar he laid upon his mouth and chin, whilst the barber seizing him vigourously by the nose, proceeded in no very gentle manner to remove the aforesaid agreeable 'lather,' with a razor formed from what had once rendered good service upon a harness cask--Anglice—an iron hoop; and the sharp convulsive rips from the edge of which, as Moses swore afterwards, put him more in mind of a flax hackle than anything else he could remember. And then when that agreeable operation was concluded, poor Moses was freed from bondage, and gravely informed that he was now in presentable condition to receive the honor of a chaste embrace from Amphitrite: goaded on by and in mortal fear of his restless tormentors, the unhappy butcher proceeded to execute their behests, when he received such a butt in the stomach from the head of the sable goddess, as to deposit him headforemost in the midst of a large tub, wherein he struggled for dear life, amidst a choice flotilla of dead dog-fish,—half smothered maiden rays, and two or three vigorous conger-eels, the latter of whom lashed, and twisted and wound about him even worse than did the serpents in the little plaister of Paris figures of the 'Laocoon' he had purchased for a sixpence from a wandering Italian; but what was worse than all, Moses discovered afterwards that an enormous tub he had had constructed for the more legitimate purpose of scalding pigs, had proved to him another 'Baiæ.' Well, then the doctor came at him again, and this time Airefield gave himself up for lost, for 'subtle poison' was the medicine ordered by his godship to be administered, and firmly held down in a seat, with the doctor holding his nose, as though gripped by an iron pincers, he took two or three frenzied gulphs,—'ugh—faugh—no!—what?—it was——divil a thing else but it,—ay and good stuff too—capital whiskey punch, and no mistake,' which he was made to take measure for measure, whether he liked it or no; and it was rather a curious fact that it was the only part of his trial by torture that Moses seemed heartily to enjoy. When the worthy Calcraft of cattle regained his consciousness, he found himself an inhabitant of one of the most extraordinary bedsteads he had ever reposed upon during his lifetime, being neither more nor less than the carcass of a monstrous bullock, which Moses had spent the previous twelve hours in cunningly manipulating, and within which he now found himself comfortably stretched with a sheep-skin under his head for a pillow: startled by the oscillating motion of his unnatural resting place into making a more extensive survey,

he furthermore discovered that it had been suspended by the four legs, through the medium of curiously knotted ropes to the great meat hooks which adorned his stall, so that there lay the great "period" to animal existence of the ancient town of Kinsale, deposited by some invisible agency within a hideous hammock of his own fashioning.

"To tell you of all the criminals who were brought up before the sea-god that night, and punished for their evil doings against his sons, would extend my yarn to a tiresome length. When the just measures of vengeance had been completed, a grand procession was formed headed by Neptune and his suite, preceded by a band consisting of seven fiddlers, one piper, four tambourines, a Kent bugle, nine gongs, which latter instruments were very effective indeed, and to render all complete, about twenty jew's harps;—and most assuredly had Apollo taken it into his head to visit Kinsale at that particular season and hour, he would to a moral certainty have abdicated his throne, and consigned music and its disciples to the infernal regions,—for of all the maddening discords that ever grated upon ear of heathen god or mortal man, the crash of that band, as at each crossing the procession stopped, and the bear proclaimed in tones uncommonly like a well practised boatswain, that, 'the old town of Kinsale was in the occupation of Neptune and his sons.' I say of all the unearthly discords that ever racked the brain of man, the grating crash of gongs,—torturing squeak—squeak—squeak—of fiddles,—squalling of the bagpipes,—braying of the Kent bugle,—twiddle—twaddle—twankum—kum—kum—of the jew's harps—I leave it lads to your fertile imaginations to suppose.

"The morning dawned in all a southern summer morning's splendour, the sun shone forth most radiant, bright, and beautiful;—gradually a door or a window was forced open, and a few of the most courageous ventured out into the streets. Not a stranger was to be seen in the town, and all that remained were the blackened embers of the scattered bonfires, and the well nailed doors and windows to tell who the mysterious invaders were who for six hours had occupied the glorious old town of Kinsale."

LAURIE'S PREVENTIVES OF DROWNING.

The constantly recurring calamities by shipwreck, such as attended the Annie Jane, the Amazon, the Birkenhead and other vessels, have led the directors of the Royal Patriotic and Industrial Society of Scotland to investigate and test a variety of appliances for rendering the sinking of the body a physical impossibility, and for affording the greatest probability of escaping from shipwreck. After testing appliances of rushes, cork, and artificially inflated articles, the society gave a decided preference to Laurie's patent buoyant preventives of sinking, as manufactured by Silver and Co., and sold by Wylie and Co., of Glasgow. The grounds of preference are these, that Laurie's articles are those which every boat and ship should be provided with, such

as cushions, which in an instant become life belts, mattresses, pillows, hammocks, &c., and are capable of supporting from two to twenty persons' heads above water for an indefinite space of time. These articles do not become saturated like cork, nor are they liable to collapse on being punctured, as every article of inflated Mackintosh must be. The distinguishing feature of Laurie's belts, cushions, mattresses, &c., is that they have a Mackintosh covering, are divided into a number of compartments, each of which is stuffed with horse hair or some other substance, and every compartment hermetically sealed, so that in the event of puncturing one or two compartments, leakage, but not collapse, may occur, the remaining compartments retaining their efficiency. We perceive by numerous reports that the society has from humane principles demonstrated the superiority of their appliances at most of the great naval ports of the kingdom, including Portsmouth and Plymouth.

Mr. Bond, the secretary of the institution, gave a demonstration off Albert Quay here, of the efficiency of these appliances for preventing sinking, from a boat, wherein were successfully put four of the porters from the quay, one of whom could not swim. A ship mattress, calculated to keep ten persons afloat, was flung to the first as soon as he jumped overboard. The weight

of one man, provided with his life cushion belt, was so insignificant, where the mattress was calculated to keep up ten persons *holding on to it*, that he had some difficulty in overcoming its extreme buoyancy so as to extend himself upon it, which he did, taking a smoke of a pipe to warm himself. The second man who went overboard, was too hasty in his efforts to get upon the mattress, and was disconcerted by the laughter of the spectators at his capsizes from his marine couch. The third man not only placed himself along

the mattress, but, bestriding it about the middle, the ends came up before and behind him, and for fully a quarter-of-an-hour he jockeyed it like a horse, although there was considerable swell. The fourth man took (as is recommended,) the mattress in his arms, and jumped from the boat into the sea, instantly bestriding and jockeying it as his predecessor. His belt cushion rendering sinking an impossibility, although he could not swim, his comrades capsized him, but he immediately recovered his position astride the mattress as at first.

A double mattress, which opens up, and by lashing the ends and sides, forms a canoe, in which a man can sit in the water quite dry, was taken upon the deck of the London steamer at anchor in the stream; and in three minutes it was rigged, and a man had lowered and launched himself by a rope over the vessel's side. He paddled about, in front of the Custom-house for an hour, riding over the surf created by the steamers, without any tendency whatever to capsize. Subsequently, a man, taking a mattress in his arms, jumped from the mizen chains of a barque. He was instantly astride his floating sea horse, which he propelled with his legs. He then extended himself at full length, and was towed with great rapidity. On one occasion he quitted his mattress, but swimming up again, he bestrode it as formerly, then reposed as on *terra firma*. The extreme buoyancy and adaptation of the cushions for preventing individuals from sinking, and of the mattresses for keeping a number of persons afloat, was amply demonstrated, seafaring men, including one who had been several times shipwrecked, declaring that the appliances were admirable, and the best they had ever beheld. The demonstration was witnessed by numbers on the quays and in the various steamers.

If articles of great buoyancy were required in the wrecks referred to, un-

doubtedly Laurie's patent supplies the desideratum. The society having no interest but that of humanity, in giving these demonstrations, and as they are attended with considerable expense, we trust the number of its Greenock subscribers and contributors will be largely increased.

CUNNINGHAM'S PATENT MODE FOR REEFING TOP-SAILS FROM THE DECK.

Every man who endeavours to save human life is worthy of the highest honours his country can bestow, and among that class of benevolent beings we place Mr. Cunningham: himself a sailor, as a practical man he has felt what a laborious and hazardous undertaking is reefing top-sails in a gale. We, who are now in the sear and yellow leaf, well remember when on board a troop transport ship, on an expedition in 1805, being ordered aloft for that especial purpose. It was our stern duty, and my God even at this hour we recollect the horror with which that order was obeyed. The vessel was literally rolling yards under; it was our first voyage as well as our first gale; young as we were at the time up we must go. Had Cunningham's method been in vogue at the time, all those feelings would have subsided, and our young hands seized a rope and hauled for dear life, instead of being suspended in the depth of winter between sky and water, when one slip of the foot, would have been in such a gale, certain death. To square-rigged vessels principally this patent is of use, and we recommend the invention as one worthy of the support of all nautical men. We will now make a few extracts from Mr. Cunningham's published accounts—

"Various circumstances have, during the past twenty years, conspired to work a great change in the features of maritime affairs--the auxiliary application of the screw propeller to sailing vessels; the extension of steam propulsion generally; the increased size of our ocean steam ships, and also of our sailing vessels; the growing extent of the Merchant Navy; the sensible decrease in the number of seamen, arising principally, it may be supposed, from the increased size of ships requiring more extensive crews; the high rate of wages demanded by seamen; and the very important circumstance which is occupying the attention of persons connected with shipping, viz. the deterioration of our seamen in nautical skill, resulting in a great measure, it is to be believed, from service in steam vessels; these and many other considerations suggest the expediency of some effort being made to bring the sail power of ships, (whether of steam or sailing vessel,) more *under mechanical control.*

"Connected with the general subject of working the sails of square rigged ships, the operation of *Reefing* top-sails is certainly the most important. This process, as it at present exists, may be considered one of the most defective of all the mechanical arrangements on board ship. Independent of the great risk of life attending the operation of reefing top-sails in heavy weather, and depending on so many casualties, which the best seamanship on the part of a commanding officer cannot always provide against: there is the danger of splitting the sails in so many ways, both in letting out and taking in reefs; the

objectionable strain brought on the canvas when stretched by the tension of the reef tackles, and the great wear of the sails by the constant attrition of the reef points; the frequent difficulty in short handed merchant ships of reefing with sufficient celerity, in circumstances of close lee shores, narrow channels, &c., often a fruitful cause of anxiety to coasting vessels in the coal trade; and the embarassment generally experienced in reefing with the wind dead aft, with high following sea, sometimes amounting to a prohibition; all these form defects in the ordinary method of reefing top-sails which it is most desirable, if possible, to rectify; and to effect which, my best ability and attention have been given for a series of years.

"1st.—Top-sails can be reefed and unreefed from the deck without sending men aloft, with great celerity, and by three hands in two minutes. 2nd.—The sails stand as well, if not better, than on the old plan. 3rd.—The sails will wear longer than on the old plan.

"The principles of my invention are, that I cause the yard to be so fitted as to turn round in the sling-hoop and the yard-arm-hoops, and that I reef the sail by rolling it up in the yard. Also that I collect the weight of the yard sail, and attachments, and employ it as power to produce the necessary rotation of the yard, and consequent reefing of the sail; thus, in fact, constituting it a self-acting process. This last prominent principle in the invention may moreover be viewed as an economizer of power; and can be further elucidated by the consideration, that when a top-sail is suspended at the mast-head, the weight of the yard, sail, &c. represents power collected on the top-sail tie, and which power is capable, by mechanical arrangement, of being applied to the production of either rectilinear or rotatory motion. Upon the old system of working top-sails, this power is expended or lost every time the top-sail is lowered, without being turned to account. Now upon my principle, I economize this power, and apply it to produce the necessary rotation in the yard for reefing the sail: and further, this power is not only exercised to roll up or reef the sail, but by an arrangement of my principle, I also obtain a certain reciprocal assistance from it in hoisting or unreefing the sail.

NEW BOOKS.

CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE.—A Novel in One Vol.—*by Charles Reade, Esq.*—Bentley.

WE have before us a book of singular power and great originality.

Stepping out of the conventional highroad of the novelists, Mr. Reade conducts us to scenes that are as new as they are simple, picturesque, and beautiful; he introduces us to men and women, who speak, feel, and act, nobly and heroically, but still simply and naturally; and two or three incidents of the tale are described with infinite spirit flashes of humour and touches of deep pathos alternating and blending, as they so often do in reality and so seldom in fiction.

In the salt water part, with which we are chiefly concerned, there may be a small matter or two which betray the landsman or the amateur, but the author is no impostor, he keeps his foot on dry land throughout and does

not set up for a seaman; still there are two or three descriptions of adventures afloat, which are given with great fidelity as well as with that force and simplicity which are the author's own. It is difficult to select a passage within compass of our limits, but here is one—

"What's in the wind this dark night? Six Newhaven boats and twenty boys and hobble-de-hoys hired by the Johnstones at half-a-crown each for a night's job.

"Secret service!"

"What's it for?"

"I think it is a smuggling lay," suggested Flucker, "but we shall know all in good time."

"May be she has faud the herrin'," said a ten's years old.

"Haw! haw! haw! went the other, 'she find the herrin', when there's five hundred fishermen after them baith sides the Firth!"

The youngster was discomfitted. In fact the expedition bore no signs of fishing.

The six boats sailed at sundown * * * * and now crept up a single eye of light from Leith; she came among the boats; the boys recognized a crazy old cutter from Leith harbour with Christie Johnstone.

"What is that brown heap on her deck?"

"A mountain of nets, fifty stout herring nets?"

Tunc manifesta fides.

A yell burst from all the boys, * * * * This was done and all was expectation,—eleven o'clock came—no signal from any boat.

Christie became anxious, a net is hauled, it came up black as ink, no sign of a herring: there was but one opinion, there was no herring at Inch Keith, there had been none this seven years.

Flucker's boat moves into shallower water, no long time was required. In five minutes he began to haul in the net, Flucker looked anxiously down, the other lads incredulously; suddenly they all gave a yell of triumph, an appearance of silver and lightning mixed had glanced up from the bottom; in came the first two yards of net, there were three herrings in it. These three proved the point as well as three million.

They hauled in the net: before they had a quarter of it in, the net came up to the surface, and the sea was alive with molten silver. The upper half of the net was empty, but the lower half was one solid mass of fish.

At this moment the easternmost boat shewed a blue light. "The fish are rising" said Flucker "we'll na risk nae mair nets."

Soon after this a sort of song was heard from the boat that had showed the light. Flucker who had got his net in, ran down to her; and found as he had suspected, that the boys had not strength to draw the weight of the fish over the gunwale.

They were singing as sailors do that they might all pull together. * * * * *

Imagine a white sheet fifty feet long, varnished with red hot silver; there were twenty barrels in this single net.

By dint of fresh hands from the yacht, they got half of her in, and then the meshes began to break; the men leaned over the gunwale, and put their arms round blocks and masses of fish and so flung them on board; and the cod fish, and the dog fish snapped them almost out of the men's hands like tigers.

have made choice of an officer who will discharge the duties committed to him with credit to himself and advantage to the flag he carries. An election also took place to fill the office of trustee, vacant by the death of the late Commodore, when Patrick Jeffers, Esq, was elected unanimously. Several letters on yachting matters were brought under consideration, and the secretaries were directed to put themselves in communication relative to the purchase of a large schooner yacht as a club vessel for the ensuing season, the present fine and admirably found vessel not being considered of sufficient size for the accommodation of the rapidly increasing number of members. Several presentations to the club library and to the club-house were ordered to be acknowledged. And several gentlemen were admitted to membership.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB.

The Monthly Meeting of this club was numerously attended, the question of Measurement excited great interest among yacht owners, and after the subject had been well discussed, the following was resolved in future to be the classification of the yachts belonging to the club. The *1st class*, above 25 tons and not exceeding 35 tons; *2nd class* above 15 tons and not exceeding 25 tons; *3rd class*, all vessels not exceeding 13 tons. In arranging this plan, it must be understood that the increase of the maximum tonnage of the club from 25 to 35 tons is nominal, as the alteration is in the system of taking the measurement only, viz:—length between perpendiculars instead of on the keel.

On the motion of Capt. Andrews £5 5s. was given to the Shipwrecked Fishermen's and Mariner's Benevolent Society; and on the motion of Mr. H. V. Cocking, £5 5s. was given to the Bellot Testimonial Fund.

PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB.

At the last meeting, in the absence of Mr. Ditchburn, (whose lecture on Naval Architecture is postponed to the 20th of January,) an animated discussion ensued respecting shifting ballast and other "unfair dodges;" but as we shall in a future number give an article on this subject, from the pen of an experienced yachtsman, we shall close this by saying the next meeting of the club will be held at the Freemasons' Tavern, January, 6th.

MARINE CLOCK.

We have been favoured with a view of an ingenious invention which may be added to any time piece, and will at one-tenth the price of a chronometer, answer all the purposes of that useful article, striking the regular watch bells, &c. It is manufactured by Messrs. Fisher and Laguire, Portman Place, Maida Hill, Edgware Road.

Our Log Book.

New years day, 1853.—The Messrs. Brown of Glasgow, beat in a pair oared race, Messrs. Yuill and Hay of Perth, for the Championship of Scotland and £40 besides.

On the same day on the Tyne.—The Claspers (Brothers) were beaten in a four-oared match by four of the Elmswick crew, for a stake of £50 aside. The result gave great dissatisfaction among the backers of the brothers, but they having unfortunately shipped much water were unable to obtain the "pride of place."

On February 1st.—St. John's College scratch four oared race for silver tankards came off. The *first heat* was between Messrs. Ede, Stillifant, Marshall, Swaine, (stroke) Cookson (cox)., and Messrs. Thornton, Style, Cunnyhame, Palmer, (stroke) Hill, (cox.) They made a capital start, but Mr. Swaine's crew after a few strokes, went ahead and maintained the lead throughout. The *second heat* was between Messrs. West, Newman, Craven, Behrends (stroke), Pigott (cox.), and Messrs. Lewis, Purssell, Templeman, (stroke) Legard (cox) The former took the lead, and won easily. In the *final heat* Messrs. Behrend's and Swaine's crews were now competitors. The former winning the toss took the Berkshire shore and the latter went on the Oxford shore. Both boats went off in first-rate style, and after a well contested struggle, the Behrend's crew were victorious.

February 2nd.—University College Oxford. Another four oar scratch match came off.—In the *first heat*, Messrs. Pelham, Curteis, Clayton, Watts, Wimberley (cox.) and Messrs. Woodall, Denne, Ravenhill, Palk, Davie, (cox). The former took the lead and won easily. The *second heat* Messrs. Lace, Bowden, Fitzwygram, Culley, Macan, (cox.), and Messrs. Hitchcock, Coleridge, Popham, Troutbeck, Bethell, (cox.) The latter four gentlemen took the lead and won by several lengths. In the *final heat* the following contended, Messrs. Pelham, Curteis, Clayton, Watts, Wimberley, (cox.) who were on the Berkshire shore, and Messrs. Hitchcock, Coleridge, Popham, Troutbeck, Bethell (cox.,) who had the Oxford shore. This was an excellent race, and was eventually won by a boat's length and a half, the Berkshire side appears to be a great advantage, as the boats on that side were the winners in all matches.

February 10th.—The Viking was launched by Messrs. Ratsey.

February 14th.—On this day the annual race for silver oars, cups and medals, took place, by the Oxford University Boat Club, for which only three boats entered, and were placed as follows:—First—Messrs. Rogers, (Balliol) and Short (New). Second—Malcolm (Christ Church) and Denne (University). Third.—Nind and Balfour (Christ Church), all started admirably, and a very hard struggle ensued between Malcolm and Nind, but the latter proved victorious. After an interval of an hour the second heat came off, Rogers winning the toss for choice of stations, and taking the first. As both crews expressed themselves in favor of a time race, permission was granted for that purpose, and necessary preliminaries being adjusted, a severe struggle took place; and Rogers and Short were proclaimed the victors.

To be continued.

HIGH WATER TIDE TABLE FOR JANUARY.

D of M	High Water Lon. Bridge morn.		after.		The time of high water at the following places may be ascertained, by adding to, or substracting from, the time at London Bridge.					
	h	m	h	m			h.	m.		h.	m.
1	3	15	3	41	Aberystwith	add	5	23	Aberdeen	sub 0	56
2	4	6	4	30	Alderney		4	38	Aldborough	3	23
3	4	55	5	20	Bantry Bay		1	39	Belfast	4	2
4	5	43	6	5	Bridlington		2	23	Brighton	2	29
5	6	28	6	53	Carmarthan		4	3	Carnarvon	4	47
6	7	17	7	43	Cork Harbour		2	23	Cowes	3	22
7	8	11	8	41	Dartmouth		3	58	Dublin Bar	2	55
8	9	13	9	44	Dudgeon Light		5	23	Dungeness	3	17
9	10	11	10	50	Eddystone		3	8	Folkestone	3	37
10	11	25	11	56	Edinburgh		2	23	Foreland, North	2	22
11	—	—	0	26	Exmouth Bar		4	18	Foreland, South	2	47
12	0	50	1	12	Falmouth		3	8	Gravesend	0	37
13	1	33	1	56	Flamboro' Head		2	23	Greenwich	0	20
14	2	13	2	31	Guernsey Pier		4	23	Harwich	2	37
15	2	51	3	8	Hartlepool		1	38	Howth Harbour	2	59
16	3	24	3	43	Humber Mouth		3	23	Ipswich	2	7
17	4	0	4	16	Kinsale Harbour		2	23	Kentish Knock	2	37
18	4	34	4	50	Land End		2	23	Lowestoft	3	37
19	5	8	5	26	Leith Pier		0	15	Margate	2	2
20	5	46	6	6	Lynn Regis		4	38	Nore Light	0	58
21	6	27	6	49	Plymouth		3	26	Portsmouth	2	27
22	7	12	7	38	Swansea		3	48	Sheerness	1	28
23	8	5	8	37	Torbay		3	58	Southampton	2	27
24	9	14	9	50	Waterford		3	43	Spithead	4	37
25	10	27	11	7	Weymouth		4	23	Yarmouth Roads	5	27
26	11	47	—	—	Whitby		1	38	Calais	2	19
27	0	20	0	54	Amsterdam		0	53	Dieppe	3	2
28	1	23	1	52	Antwerp		2	18	Havre de Grace	4	15
29	2	18	2	45	Bourdeux		4	45	Ostende	1	12
30	3	10	3	33	Cherbourg		5	23	Honfleur	4	37
31	3	55	4	16	Hamburgh		3	53	New York	5	7

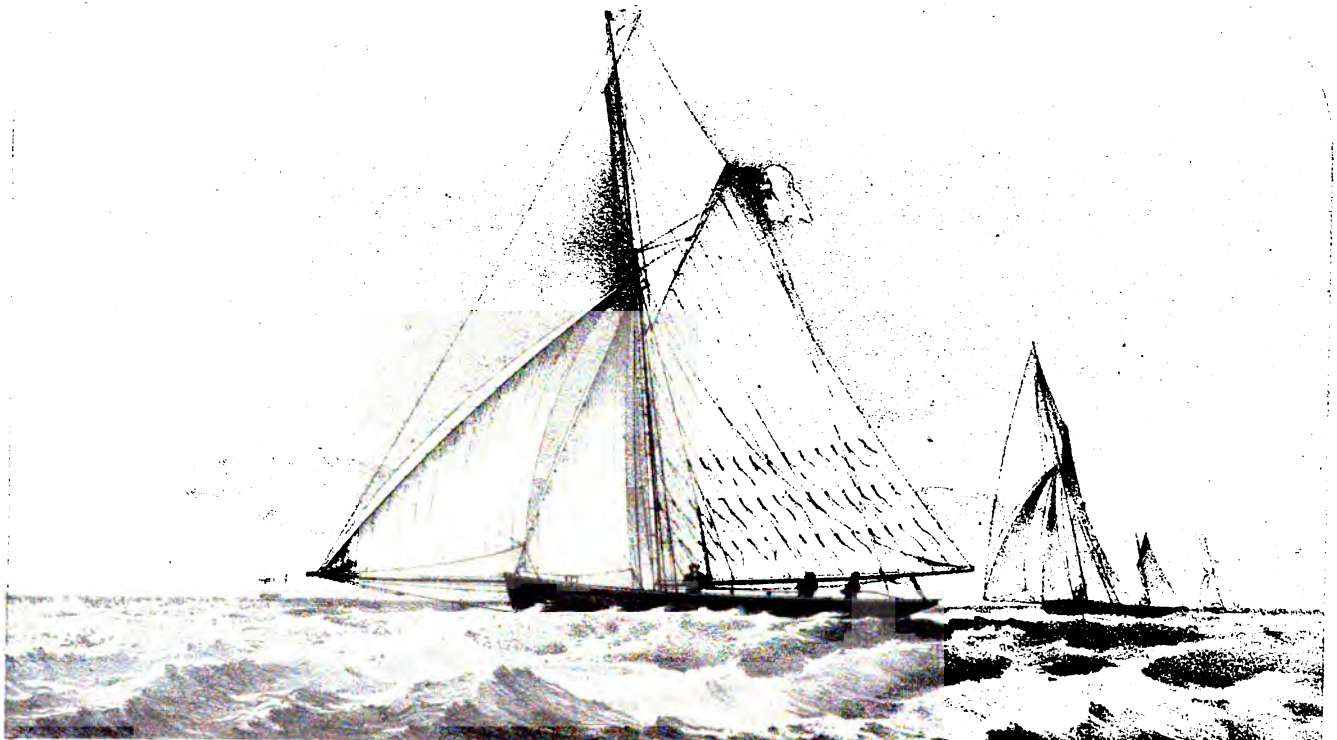
NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALPHA.—The gentleman alluded to *is not now in any way* connected with this Magazine; therefore all correspondents will be particular to address to the care of the Publishers only, (Hunt and Son.)

EXPERIENCES IN BOAT SAILING:—MIDNIGHT RECOLLECTIONS:—THE LOSS OF THE FIRST CUTTER:—and THE DEATH OF BILL BUNT, have been received.

The sketch of the IDAS has been received and will appear as our next Illustration.

London:—HUNT & SON. Printers, 6, New Church Street, Edgware Road.



Skillett, fecit. Published in Hunt's Yachting Magazine, Feby 1854. Hunt, lith.

THE "IDAS" CUTTER, (6 TONS), E. KNIBBS, ESQ.

Vice-Commodore, P.W.Y.C.

HUNT'S

YACHTING MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1854.

THE CUTTER YACHT IDAS,* 6 TONS.

"SIX tons!" we fancy we hear some owner of a large yacht exclaim, "why what can *Hunt* mean by giving portraits of cockle shells? Avast your honor, large or small every man is pleased with his own craft! and as fair play is our motto we are anxious to prove it. This pretty little craft is quite a crack on the Thames, and it is a pleasing sight to witness the skilful handling of her by her skipper, and whether *beaten* or *beating* in a match, the same pleasant smile illumine his visage.

The owner of this pretty craft is Vice-Commodore Knibbs, of the P.W.Y.C., and one who by his zealous attention to his duties, coupled with the urbanity of his manner, adds much to the welfare of the Club.

The Idas was built by Mr. Benjaman Wallace, of Blackwall in 1850, her dimensions are as follows:—

	ft.	in.
Length - - - - -	22	6
Breadth extreme - - -	7	10

* The drawing of the Idas, accompanying this number, is by Mr. Skillett, a very clever and rising marine artist.

MIDNIGHT RECOLLECTIONS, OR A SOLDIER'S CONFESSION.

"And our nights shall be made of music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And so silently steal away."

About the setting of the sun our anchor is aweigh and out we go; not down the dark waters of the Pool by the smoky banks of Purfleet, but through some silvery strait guarded by sentinel hills, whose white peaks blush like young brides at the warm caress of the fiery evening sun; or out of some deep sheltered bay, in whose still waters the harassed ships smooth their ruffled wings and seek sanctuary between the spreading arms of *alma mater tellus.*

Look at that grizzly whaler fresh from the frozen sea; months or years perhaps have those human hearts been cooling their hot blood in the icy solitudes of the Pole. What doubts and fears and hopes are now at work within that weather-beaten old hull as the sails are lowered, the rattling chain runs out, and the anchor bites old English ground again! Homeward they go—homeward—to hearts they left warm and loving; heaven send they may find them warm and loving still!

But look at that little schooner with her sails split, and her fore-topmast gone; that tells a tale of wrestling like Jacob all night long with the angel of the storm. There, down goes the main-gaff by the run:—Ah! there are weary limbs and heavy eyes aboard of that crazy little craft; but now their troubles are over and they may rest in peace.

Many a tale could those grey old Portland cliffs tell of cheery songs from merry seamen homeward bound; many a proud and goodly sight have they witnessed; many a frightful struggle too, and hair-breadth escape, and alas! many a cry wild as the Banshee's yell, has echoed from those hard pitiless rocks!

Such were the thoughts which, disjointed and interrupted frequently by the duties of the yacht, were shared by two old and intimate friends, who after many years separation now found themselves on the deck of a little low rakish cutter, that was creeping out of Weymouth Bay, with her head pointing to the S.S.E.

But as our business at present is more with the speakers than with their ship, and as they are now coming on deck again to take charge while the hands are at supper, we will leave them to tell their tale in their own words.

"Come Harry, wrap your martial cloak around you; here on the lee-side of the cockpit, light up that cozy sociable old pipe of your's, and let

us enjoy this beautiful scene. Night like an owl is flitting o'er the sea on silent silken wings. Some time has passed since we two saw the stars together."

"True old fellow,—but tell me about this yachting, don't you find it rather monotonous sometimes?"

"No, there are changes and chances enough, at least if a man carries it out thoroughly and goes to sea. Now, hark! Do you hear anything thereaway, or is it my fancy?"

"What do you mean? I hear a kind of dull distant roaring sound, what is it?"

"I thought so—'tis the breaking of the sea in Portland Race and the Shambles. A wild spot that Harry! worse than Scylla, Charybdis, and Symplegades too. Last autumn, two small merchantmen, a schooner, and a billy-boy were standing up channel in company; it was fine weather, but there was a heavy roll after a recent gale just as there is now. The vessels belonged to the same port, and the captains, who had both got their wives and a pack of youngsters on board, were joking together, and at last they swore they would take their craft through the Race, just to show the women how the sea was thrashing his wife.

"Poor fellows! it was a bad joke for some of them. The smaller vessel, forsaken by the wind and sucked in by the eddies, drifted further and further into the white water, pitching fearfully, her boom adrift, her boat washed out of her, and all in the wildest confusion. The last time they saw her she was spinning round and round like a drunkard's dream and then she was gone.

"The schooner, a lighter and more powerful vessel, escaped with the loss of her boat and bulwarks; all hands shocked at this wanton trifling with death, and the poor woman half-dead with grief and terror.

"Last winter too, a fine barque was running up with a westerly wind fresh and fair; everything safe and prosperous, and all hearts no doubt dancing to the tune of "Home sweet home," and "The girls we left behind us;" when the infatuated captain took his ship straight through the thickest of it. It was spring tide I believe, when the demons of the Race are more mad than ever, they climbed up her sides and ran races on her deck; they struck her on the stern, carried away her rudder, and broached her to; they knocked her over on her beam ends and clapper-clawed her top-masts; and the watchmen on the Light heard the screams as they dragged her down below."

"Now listen again Harry.—Is it louder than it was?"

"Aye, that it is, and nearer too. Confound it old fellow, what are you going to do?"

"Yes, it is nearer, and the lights are closing up fast. Here Harry, catch hold of the helm and keep her as she goes south-east: steady so."

"All hands make sail!"

Obedient to the order three smart lads came tumbling up the fore-hatchway, and owner and all were soon busy with the work, which was performed with speed, but without hurry or confusion.

First, as the wind was free and light, the second jib was exchanged for a huge ballooner, the sheet of which was hauled in over the taffrail, while the light stuff of which it was made filled with the slightest air and blew out like a cloud over the lee-bow lifting and tugging at the little cutter, whose rippling bow already began to tell the improvement in her speed.

Without a moment's loss of time the top-mast was sent up and stayed, the single reef in the main-sail shaken out, the second gaff-top-sail set, and the little ship began to walk along again in very different style. The work was done quick and almost without a word, for the wind had died off almost imperceptibly, while the tide had been every minute gaining strength and was now going to windward nearly at the rate of five knots an hour in a direct line for the mischief, so there was not much time to lose; but still dark as it was the sails went up clear without one foul or lubberly turn.*

"There Harry, while she walks along like that we need fear neither Race nor Shambles, but if we had not made a change, in half-an-hour we should have been in the middle of the din, the floods clapping their hands over our heads for aught I know; so you see it is not so very monotonous after all."

"No confound it,—but it is a curious sort of life, where men take out their wives for a dance with death by way of a morning's amusement, or if you shut your eyes for a good long yawn you find yourself drowned when you've done."

"Never mind, Harry, we shall have a lovely night, so take your cozy place again on the lee-side and we'll have up some coffee and cigars, for it is a real pleasure to have you here with me and I intend to enjoy it as much as I can.

"I don't know how it is but a still tranquil night like this at sea, always produces with me a sensation not unlike melancholy, sad but very pleasing.

"Present cares and anxieties are all at rest, and the mind wanders

* It is true that a good seaman would scarcely pass to the eastward of the Shambles except with a flood tide or a commanding breeze; but the Penserosa had been detained two hours by the unexpected arrival of her guest.

back to those past scenes which have been most strongly marked by deep and passionate feeling.

"The gleam of a light from one window in some well known valley; the cold rebuff of the night wind on some well remembered evening as we breasted the hill and looked down at that twinkling beacon; the clatter of a gate; the pressure of a latch; the rustle of a dress;—then the weary walk home in the clear frosty night, musing over a hundred precious little trifles be stored up in memory for solitary hours. Little things like these, with their countless and overpowering associations, come thronging into recollection with a vividness and distinctness that surpasses reality itself. It is pleasant, and perhaps not unprofitable, to bid farewell for a time to ambition and butchers' bills, and to while away an hour in the ghostly company of thoughts and recollections.

"But Harry, look how gloriously bright that red angry moon comes leaping up from the golden cloud beneath her; and watch that bright path of light that sweeps over the sea from the very footsteps of the moon. See those countless little fairy-like sparks how they dance and trip over the sea, brighter far than light itself, brighter than anything real,—like hopes when we are young. And now, see a ship has come sailing out of the gloom and floats in the midst of the empyreal path. There—nothing that light and darkness, sea and sky can produce, could be more lovely than that scene. There, she goes slowly onward, she has left her narrow sea of brightness and beauty and passed into darkness infinite."

"Aye, old fellow, and so some of us in life hit upon a bright and beautiful stream; we think it is an ocean, and it is but a little strip like the wake of the moon yonder; we sail on revelling in happiness and we pass into darkness that can be felt."

"Well, Harry, the watch is out now and you must want rest; will you turn in?"

"No, there is a great charm and novelty about this sort of thing for me, and as you say, a scene like this unbuttons one's heart, and I'm hanged if I don't tell you a bit of my history since we parted that I never told man yet."

"Well, wait a moment till I have ordered another cup of coffee and a cigar."

"You know, old fellow, I'm a matter of fact sort of person enough, and I don't believe you could persuade one of our fellows that I have a spark of feeling in my selfish frame;—but they are mistaken,—the curse of my life is regret, foolish useless sorrow for a deed irrevocably done; and O God! what would I give for one night's *Lethe*, twelve short hours oblivion of the past."

"Some years ago certain matters, which I need not explain, went very hard with me. I fell into low spirits, and went abroad for change of scene. There is a strange delight in indulging melancholy and bitter thoughts. There is no luxury that we will not sooner part with than that of self-torturing misery: and so I succeeded in persuading myself that the best antidote for blue devils was to travel alone and on foot; and thus I passed through Belgium and Westphalia, into the Rhine country, stumping along the solitary roads, with plenty of leisure to indulge the recollections that tormented me, and pausing wherever the whim of the moment tempted, it was frequently my lot to bivouac in some old ruined castle, or under the shadow of those dark eternal forests, whose sombre gloom and mournful whisperings, harmonized too well with the calm sadness that was already becoming habitual to my nature.

"In the course of my journey towards Switzerland, my way lay through the Duchy of Baden, where there had lately been a revolution; and the roads were said to swarm with disbanded soldiers and free companions; very dangerous fellows to meet in a dark night. However a man in my state of mind does not care much for danger, so I furbished up my English pistols, bought a hunting knife or dagger at Frankfort, and went on my way.

"Now it happened one evening that I went into a small roadside tavern to rest, and called for a bottle of Markgrafler. Either this was thought rather a large order for such a place, or for some other reason the guests in the room all looked up, and favored me with a general stare; and a more unsatisfactory set of ugly mugs perhaps never surrounded an unfortunate traveller.

"The ruffians all wore huge beards and moustaches: their dress was of the semi-military brigand style adopted by the free companions, and to tell the truth I did not like them a bit, so giving up all thoughts of staying the night in such company, I tossed off my wine and rose to pay my bill. This however got me into a scrape, for as luck would have it, I had not in my purse small money enough, and the only resource was to unstrap my knapsack, and display to my companions a rouleau of gold coin, enough to make their thievish eyes water for a month. Now under the circumstances, I did not care to do this, so I called the landlord, and asked leave to go apart with him into another room, and pay my score. But no,—hang the fellow, he was drunk and insolent, 'I might pay the bill there if I was not ashamed, he wasn't.—Gott bewahr!' This brought the eyes of all upon us, and when the unlucky rouleau was hauled out, there was not one sneaking bloodshot

little optic in the place that did not glitter at the sight. Two fellows I took especial notice of, one tall, thin, and hungry in his appearance, the other short, thick, red, and brutal. These two heroes favoured me and my luckless wealth with a degree of attention which could not be misinterpreted, and as I walked out with the usual salutation, I said to myself,—Confound you both! I shall see more of you before this night is out. This impression was so strong on my mind, that I lost no time in putting my pistols to rights, so as to be ready for anything that might occur.

"However, by degrees the feeling of suspicion wore off, I had walked many miles, I was footsore and very tired, a steep hill was before me, so I sat down by the roadside to rest; the night was fine and warm, and in a few minutes I was sound asleep. This sleep must have lasted some time for when I awoke it was pitchy dark, it had began to rain, and I was so chilled and stiffened as to feel utterly unable to walk another mile. So I looked about for some place that would give me rather better shelter, and before long I found a little niche in the rocky cliff above that suited me admirably. It had been probably cut out to contain a crucifix or the figure of a saint on a large scale; at all events it sheltered me perfectly, and I crawled in wrapping my spare clothes about me, and congratulating myself on having got such snug quarters.

"Well, I had just began to dose, when I heard voices in loud dispute; they spoke in German, and one voice I felt sure could belong to none but the short sturdy villain I had noticed at the tavern, so coarse and brutal were its tones. The other, who was on horseback, I took to be his companion.

"'I tell you once again he is not forwards.'

"'And I tell you once again he is not behind, then where the h—— is he?'

"'I'll ride on again if you wish; but what's the use of it, I tell you he is not on the road?'

"'Ride on in the devil's name, and I'll stop here till you come back. Allons!'

"This conversation was held almost within a yard of me, and at the end of it, the short fellow spread his cloak on the ground, stuck up his umbrella, and sat down underneath me, almost within reach of my walking stick.

"Here was a position! I had no doubt that my neighbour was in search of me, and of his intentions there could be little doubt, and he was probably armed; but there he was at my mercy, a bullet or a blow of my big stick would soon set me free from him; but I had at present

no grounds to take his life, and yet to abandon my position of advantage, and step down face to face with a man whose first remark would probably be a pistol shot in the mouth, would not be wise. While I thought over these things, by degrees all feelings of alarm seemed to fade away, and strange as it may seem, I fell asleep.

"Oh God! Harry, what devil possessed me that I should sleep with a murderer at my side; was there ever such madness, such infatuation?

"I was roused from my unlucky slumber by loud and piercing cries, curses in German, deep and fearful,—and by Heaven! a voice in English calling—'Help, for God's sake,—help,—murder,—murder.'

"In a moment I was on the road, where two men were struggling for life. The one I soon made out to be the villain who had been dogging me, the other seemed slight and tall, a mere child in the ruffian's grasp, still he was making as good a fight as he could, and shouting in loud and frightened tones; but the brute had got him by the throat, and the fight was nearly over when I seized the assassin by the collar, and clapping my pistol to his ear bid him let go. He answered with a curse, and swinging his antagonist round, he dashed him against me with all his might. In the shock the pistol went off. At the report we loosed our hold, and the first thing I saw was the poor English boy stretched upon the ground a corpse.

"A moment we both stood in silence looking at the dead. Then the robber pointing at the body, looked at me and laughed, as if to say—'See what you have done.'

"No my friend, be patient, don't think I was idle all this time; my second pistol was not at hand, but my hunting knife, aye, my precious hunting knife! Already I had drawn it from my pouch, and with my teeth I was opening the blade, for the spring was rather stiff. He pointed again and laughed aloud, but the next instant the knife was buried to the hilt in his throat. Round and round I wrung the blade as he lay struggling beneath me—deep into his breast I drove the steel—again and again I plunged the weapon into the lifeless trunk, and with the head almost dissevered and the blood welling from twenty fatal blows, at last I left him and rose up to contemplate my night's work.

"Oh! the wretched hopeless reproachful feeling that weighed upon me as I pressed that poor boy's wrist, in vain trying to detect the lightest fluttering pulse that might afford me some hope,—in vain.

"Long should I have persevered in the indulgence of these useless hopes, but the peremptory necessity, which called on me to determine on what was next to be done, compelled me to desist. In a few minutes the Diligence would be here, and the escort would of course see the

bodies, as they lay almost in the middle of the road, and for my life I could not have moved them, it seemed such a guilty task. Should I then await the arrival of the Diligence, tell the whole truth and leave the rest to Providence. This was doubtless the easiest and most obvious plan, but there were grave objections. In the first place my act of vengeance on the robber was at best a questionable proceeding, and might doubtless expose me to the risk of being marched out some morning from the walls of the nearest fortress, and shot by a file of infantry, (for the country was under martial law,) still as an Englishman I should scarcely have incurred much danger; but then I had discarded the unmanageable title of Dalrymple, which no foreigner could be made to pronounce or decypher, and I was described in my passport by the German name of Schmidt. After all, the reason that influenced me most, was the horror of meeting the poor lad's relations, of saying—'Yes, it is true, he is dead—I killed him.' It seemed that the knowledge of the cruel mishap would only add to their misery, and could do no good. It was time to determine and to act, for already the wheels of the Diligence could be heard, as it came slowly crawling up the hill.

"A little further down was a footpath, which, avoiding the zigzag coach road, took a short cut up the face of the hill. At the entrance of this I waited, while the heavy laden carriage with its escort of four mounted gensdarmes passed me at foot-pace, and soon arrived at the fatal spot; then an outcry,—a tumult of confused voices,—a stop,—shortly afterwards a loud bitter cry of grief,—then silence. A little longer I waited and saw the two bodies lifted up and placed on the roof. Then I rose up and went my way with such feelings as you may suppose.

Oh! what a night that was! Onward, and onward, over the weary road: but I felt no weariness. Forward, forward, against the pelting rain and wind: but I felt neither wet nor cold, nothing but the deep shuddering horror which nothing could allay.

Forty miles through that inclement night I marched to the town of C——e: and there at length in a roadside public house I rested. My dress soaked, splashed, and deeply stained by the straps of the knapsack, told no tales. I have little more to say, I never was suspected and I remained at C——e, till all was over.

It was a young English Student, returning to the University at Heidelberg, which had been closed during the disturbances.

This interval he had passed with his widow mother and his one sister at B——. A number of fellow students were in the Diligence; and he like a true Englishman had walked on up the hill to escape the smoke and heat of the interieure. Having taken all the short cuts he had

gained half an hour on the horses, and that half hour cost him his life.

"It caused much remark at the time that the weapon, by which the Englishman fell was an English pistol, while his German antagonist was stabbed with a German dagger; for both weapons lay on the ground.

"The medical witnesses also declared that some third person must have taken part in the fray, and the whole event was looked upon as an impenetrable mystery.

"Of course I found out the poor mother and sister, and once or twice it has been my comfort to be of some little service to them: but it is of no use. They are quite heart-broken, always pining for poor Charlie, who had ever been their comfort and their pride.

"There old fellow that's my secret, and a heavy one it is I can tell you. For a long time I gave way entirely to regret, then I roused up, exchanged into the 6—th and went to the Cape, I shot a Caffir or two, by way of homœopathy, but they did me very little good, and then came the peace, so I came home and here I am."

Little was said for some time by either of the friends. Wafted by the freshening breeze, the yacht pursued her way smoothly and swiftly across the rolling billows of the Channel. At length the owner of the craft taking his friend by the hand with a grasp that told of more sympathy than a thousand protestations, said "Come Harry, old fellow we shall have a breeze directly, see how that dark cloud has swallowed up all our little dancing fairies, now we'll let her have her head, and give her a gallop, take the helm while I slack the sheets all round."

In a few minutes the little cutter, taken by the breeze, was scudding along with redoubled speed, the white foam curling up to the span shackle, and the streaky sea buzzing under the lee. "There Harry this is the excitement, this is the cure, this 'stiffens the sinews, summons up the blood,' believe me there is nothing that can charm away care like the everchanging sea. But come old fellow you are tired and no wonder, for we have watched the night through, and this hour is the most wretched of the twenty-four, this that comes between night and day. Sea and sky are all in a goose's skin, we'll call up the hands and turn in."

In about two hours, the owner of the Penserosa was summoned on deck once more, to take her into Cherbourg, for the crew were unacquainted with the port.

Swiftly the little Penserosa flew up the noble basin, and rounding to off the town pier let go her anchor, lowered her sails, and went to sleep.

Meanwhile a boat had come alongside, and our friend Harry's voice

was again heard from the cabin "George, George, old fellow, where the deuce are we? here's a fellow down here chattering some gibberish that I can't make out."

"All right Harry we're at Cherbourg, and that's Monsieur the Commissionaire who is speaking English that's all."

"At Cherbourg! that's glorious. I'm hanged if I don't get a yacht myself."

I've one amendment to move to your resolution, Harry, and that is, Come and sail with me."

To be continued.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES IN BOAT SAILING.

No. 2.—Bassenthwaite Lake—its capacity for sailing, rowing, and fishing—my first boat lessons—fishing;—some account of my prowess as a swimmer, with hints for boat sailers invariably learning it—my ideas on certain poetical boat-men.

BASSENTHWAITE Lake "sixty years since,"—my acquaintance with it however is limited to something less,—seems little if at all changed in its general outline; indeed, it is singular what little change takes place in the appearance of inanimate nature even after a lapse of centuries. The point of view should be removed some distance from the object. Thus when sailing or fishing in the Solway, the thought has often recurred to me, that howsoever inobservant he might have been, could the Roman soldier who helped to build, or had kept watch on the great Roman Wall, extending from the German Ocean at a point near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and thence to the Solway Forth, revisit the scene of his labours after a sleep of nearly two thousand years,* he would perceive marvellous little change in the general outline of Skiddaw, towering above the mountain range surrounding it, as well as in that picturesque range itself, the finest parts of which are to be seen in sailing up or down the Solway.

Some fifty winters have shed their snows over my head, yet except

* Seventeen hundred and thirty-four years ago this was built by Hadrian, A.D., 120.

several large plantations chiefly larch, I can perceive no material or striking difference in the general appearances about Bassenthwaite Water, as the country folks call it. Its scenery, may neither reach the sublime, nor be "beautiful exceedingly," yet it is well worth seeing. Taking your station anywhere between Peelewycke and Ousebridge, you will be in the course of the Derwent, the current of which may be traced from its entrance into the lake to its exit at this place, where it leaves on its course seaward. Mind! ye boat sailing gentry, it is no ocean current, no gulf stream for which you must allow, being just perceptible with nice experimentalizing, (I should think so,) on the very calmest summer's day, and put that in your log book! However, visit this fine expanse of water, if for nothing else than the splendid view of Skiddaw, rearing its gigantic form from the level of the lake, a base adding greatly to its height compared with its measurement above the sea level. This, one of the highest of English mountains, being 3,000 or 4,000 feet to its summit, is here seen to perfection, rising as it may be said to do naturally from its own base, with no rising grounds or fells to intercept the sight, or to lessen its altitude, obstructions which so spoil the mighty majesty of Helvellyn.

But having less to do with lake scenery, which however is right well to be noted increasing as it always does one's enjoyment, whatever other object we may have in view, than its suitableness or facilities for boating, according to the sense of the expression in popular parlance, I shall endeavour to point out succinctly those to be met with on Bassenthwaite Water, on which I learned the rudiments, that is, being interpreted, the art and mystery of rowing; and that kind of management of a boat which may be acquired on a lake, where there is neither tide nor current with but slight waves and little broken water.

Bassenthwaite Lake being comparatively free from the danger common to lake sailing, will have more than ordinary attraction for those tourists who delight in that amusement; of course I mean there is less ground for objecting to the exercise of it on this piece of land-locked water than any other I am aware of. This is something, nay, a great matter in its favour so long as the existing mania for boat sailing, anywhere and everywhere, continues to be at once popular and fashionable.

Bassenthwaite Lake is four or five miles long; in breadth varying fro a half to a mile and more. One third of the eastern shore is skirted b Skiddaw. On the nearly opposite side are Wythop Fells, covered wit woods of fine young oak, which in a range of considerable elevation rise from the water's edge: along these parts violent sudden gusts rush down, rendering half the length unsafe. The lower basin is an irre-

gularly shaped oval, here over a mile broad by two miles or so long. In this tolerably extensive pool beyond ordinary boat sailing mishaps, there is not much ground for apprehension—owing no doubt to its being so open.

With this lower basin or reach Wythop Fells scarcely interfere. For two or three miles raised a little above the lake's margin, through the overhanging woods, is the mail coach road—not as yet invaded by railway, if ever it may be—from which catches and glimpses are to be had of views, which will repay going out of the prescribed route. To me it seems strange, that tourists have generally neglected this lake, recommended as it is by Gilpin, in his various tours to elucidate the picturesque, in which his enthusiasm, neither strained nor silly, was nevertheless so ardent as to suggest years afterwards, the satirical pasquinades launched at a certain "Dr. Syntax, in pursuit of the picturesque," cleverly written by a naval officer, of great talents,—awfully addicted to "gin," which after a life of wretched excitement, so long as he could command a shilling, brought him to the miserable end common to drunkards. The satire in verse was rendered piquant by some clever caricatures, in a style, however, that would scarcely be relished in the present day. Gilpin's Tours are still pleasant reading for the tourist: from Peelewycke already mentioned, round to a narrow piece of land, with fir trees on it jutting into the loch, and named Scarness Point, a long half length,—there is gradual rising ground of small elevation, whilst towards its lower part is the unclosed valley of Embleton; being open its whole length, the wind having free range, does not strike upon the lake in gusts or whirlwinds. Some high land, however, sloping to the margin, intervenes between the valley of Embleton and the vale formed by the river Derwent—once, not one more famous, for its fine trout, and plenty of them too; so long since though as when a capture of some half dozen minnows was a splendid fishing for me. Alas! that that glory should ever have departed from it. Lakewards the vale of the Derwent is well open.

Altogether the lower part at all events of Bassenthwaite Water seems as little dangerous to experimentalize upon, as any landlocked water can be; but such sailing for pleasure's sake can only be considered a symptom of insanity, or a form of self-destruction.

As generally happens, the upper end of this lake is shallower than the lower one. I think too it has shoals or banks, which might make sailing troublesome as well as dangerous, in boats drawing more than two feet or so. The greater depth lies on the eastern or Skiddaw side, along which are a few small bays having snug riding; and unless, with other evil changes of the times, they too have changed—good fishing. Safe

spots like these may be as well pricked on the chart, as no harbours of refuge have yet been formed by the Admiralty, and to its discredit no buoys laid down on the shoals, and not a single light-house guides the lakist mariner, tempest-tost, into safety. Pardon such remissness they who can.

Along either shore or side landing is not difficult, if you don't mind wetting your feet. Still according to my recollection, it is only here and there a larger sized boat could be brought close to the shore to land dry shod, with landsmen generally a consideration. The water neither shoals nor deepens so suddenly as it does in many, and perhaps the greater number of lakes; a piece of information which ought to put intending bathers on their guard, a necessary precaution as by-and-by will appear when I come to speak of Buttermere Lake, if these lucubrations, finding favor in the sight editorial are extended in so long a voyaging as to search that wild lake, its little less wild neighbour Cromack and its gentler one of Lonceswater, not to mention Emerdale, curious if for nothing else than its island formed of cobble stones; and Westwater with its deep dark mysterious waters and its rolling skerries, which tumble from the fell side in continuous streams.

As my original destination was the navy, considerable latitude was allowed me, it being deemed right at my early age to invite rather than check my turn for the sea. Though an only son I was luckily left pretty much to take care of myself, taking my chance "sink or swim," like "poorer folks bairns," in a country so intersected by water as to give every facility for the former predicament happening. Therefore, instead of drowning, I learned to swim so soon in childhood, that I do not remember when I could not swim; though the being able to do so among us squad of youngsters was thought no great "shakes," yet swimming under water (diving I mean) was. Many a lad would have dashed into an angry, swollen, turbid stream, who dared not put his head under water.

It is not an untenable proposition that whoever ventures on the water at all, (as to the seafaring man there can be no question,) ought to be a swimmer, and familiarised with being in water. It gives confidence and coolness either to direct others what to do, or to do it oneself. This wanting, especially in boat sailing pleasure-parties, has turned festivity into mourning and sad remembrances. Lord Byron was an admirable swimmer, and if you believed him, crazed about boat-sailing; his friend Mathews a famous swimmer also, was drowned at Cambridge by getting entangled with river weeds within reach of which no man should venture. Neglect of such caution, has cost many a life at the Falkland Islands,

which are set round with kelp and other marine plants; once among them scarcely any one was ever known to have been extricated.

From childhood I was an enthusiast in bathing, in season and out of season I followed it, summer and winter, in the open air, making no difference: I also practised myself in leaping from heights into the water. After coming to reside at a seaport, the port's outer piers were the places selected for practice, at which myself and several friends became adepts. By degrees I was able to leap from great heights, at one period fifteen or twenty feet was daily practice; the highest leap I ever made might be between thirty and forty feet; of course this was only occasionally; for swerving ever so little from the perpendicular, wherever the water struck you it smarted with a burning sensation for hours afterwards. Unless your toes were pointed after a dancer's fashion, the feet soles suffered so much, that such leaps were not often made; at last, one of our party striking on his side, and being so disabled as to risk drowning, the practice was abandoned.

Many persons would suppose that plunging in from a great height, you must go down a considerable depth. By experiment I found this was not the case; descending from the greatest height I ever jumped from, I doubt much if the crown of the head is even more than three or four feet, or say the body's length under water. The natural buoyancy and resistance of salt water in part accounts for it; a beginner remains so long underneath that the spectator naturally concludes he has gone down a great depth; but this is not so, for as soon as you learn to spread out the arms when you feel head under, striking upwards with the feet, in fact diving up to the surface, I am convinced you sink comparatively little. Having acquired the art of stopping downwards descent in the water, I have been astonished how soon the surface could be regained, to the looker on the immersion must have appeared momentary, for no sooner under than my head was bobbing on the waves. Notwithstanding the height, and the impetus of the falling body, the depth descended, I am convinced, is trifling. No inconvenience was felt, provided the fall was tolerably perpendicular, except the water rushing impetuously into the ears, the nostrils, and about the face and head, productive of unpleasant sensations, for which we found out no remedy

I just now alluded to Lord Byron's performances in swimming,—by-the-bye I knew a man lamer than the poet, but as good if not a better swimmer, yet he drowned himself through fear, as it was my misfortune to witness, without the possibility of rendering help. There were four more whom presence of mind at the pinch and the opportune arrival of a boat saved. We owe some beautiful verse to the poet's delight in

swimming, and we will make no apology for concluding our remarks on this subject with a verse from the "Bride of Abydos."

"The winds are high on Helle's wave,
As on that night of stormy water,
When love, who sent, forgot to save
The young, the beautiful, the brave,
The lonely hope of Sestos daughter."

(To be continued.)

LOSS OF THE FIRST CUTTER.

BY JACK JIB—BOSUN'S MAIT.

Sez pusser to a bosun's mait,
Wun friteful blowin' day,
Sez he to him, "be smart an pipe
Fust cutterer's away.
The croo must hav' fresh beef and then
Of salt they'l 'ete the less;
Besides, we want's 'soft tommy, for
The gun-room ossifer's mess."

Pipes takes his pipe and winds the call
"Fust cutterer's away;"
In less nor no time all the hands,
The summons did obey.
W'en o'er the side and on thur thwarts
"Shuv off" the coxen cries;
And rite afoor' the gale as blow'd,
The sawcy cutter flies.

"Give way, give way, my cutters smart,
Stretch out and bend your backs;
Our boat is lively in a sea,
And don't much baling ax.
Stick to her lads, she's all your own,
And when the pynte we've past;
We'll deaden way, lay in the oars,
A quid—and step the mast."

"Give way my lads, as one give way,
Take time boys from the stroke;
From bow to starn stretch out, until
Her very rullux smoke.
Avast, in oars, make sail, be smart,
And guv' your arms releef;
Lite over wel' to wind'ard, lads,
And then take in a reef."

Now coxen mind as by your lines,
The sea don't us oarwhelm;
There! what the divil is you at
Or arter, with the helm?
Luf hansumly, luf all you can,
And bring her to the breeze;
Or we shall turn the turtle with
These here cross chopping seas."

Now Jemmy Jones, the captin's stoord,
He says, says he, as how;
'We've got the skipper's rum and grub,
Stow'd for'ard in the bow;
And blow me, since its cummin on,
To blow a thund'rin gale;
We'ed better man the oars again,
And dowse the cutter's sail."

But middy and the coxen both,
Hild out as sail they wud;
And didn't care a can of grog,
For all the gales as blow'd.
To dowse the lug and sprit says they,
Aint' not in human bones;
Jones tu'k his davy 'twas, and then,
Went down to Davy Jones.

The coxen now wen he wur tould,
He brought her to the wind;
But 'ere he'd jam'd his tiller down,
All hands wer neerly blind:
A topplin sea had broke aboord,
As they wur roundin too;
And fore-and-aft they all wur lost
Of that "Fust Cutter's" Croo.

Grin-itch Us-spit-all.

his
JACK + JIB
mark.

TREGONHORKE'S FIRST TRIP IN A MAN-OF-WAR.

(*Continued from page* 17.)

BY A VETERAN YACHTSMAN,

PART II.

"A quarter-master now appears,
Who stentor like assails his ears,
It might have waked the dead,
'It's eight bells, Sir,—no longer sleep,
You must turn out, your watch to keep,
And snore no more in bed.'"

In military parlance, our hero might be said to be now under the guns of Fort Savage, whose metal was sufficiently powerful to protect him whilst engaged in an act, which was to throw into the said fort a due supply of grog. There was consequently a cessation of hostilities for the remainder of that day, and at nine o'clock the youth was fain to betake himself to his hammock, which after a few attempts he succeeded in getting into, and sleeping soundly until four o'clock on the morning of the succeeding day; but he was aroused at that hour, and commanded by Pepper, who was mate and officer of the watch, to appear on deck. The lad had slept his first night on board, and soundly too; his messmates had not "let him down by the run," or "reefed his sheets:" he had therefore with that buoyancy of spirits peculiar to the young, forgotten the trials of the past day and rose with an anticipation of the pleasures of a sea life; these were certainly somewhat dashed, when on reaching the quarter-deck, he was ordered to take off his shoes and stockings, and with trowsers rolled up to the knee to stand before the after-guard and main-top men, who were polishing the deck with sand and stones. It was a keen morning, and as the coarse sand penetrated his tender feet, and the cold assailed him withal, and it must be confessed that the thought of the comforts of his home, and pleasures of the favourite duck pond, contrasted with his present position, did not tend to place in a very favourable point of view the choice he had made; whilst these ideas ran through his mind, Pepper came up and addressed him,—

"I say Boots, you shiver and shake like a dog in a wet sack! What's the matter with ye'?"

The youth replied that he was "Very cold."

"Cold?—you really don't mean to call this cold weather, do you? Why," says this modern Munchausen, "what would you have said to have been with me on a voyage I once made to a place lying a long distance to the *southward of south* where the cold was so intense, that

the pea soup in the copper, notwithstanding the immense fire in the copper hole under it, became one mass of ice!"

"I remember to have heard," said Tregonhorke, "that it is much colder at the south pole than elsewhere!" not twigging the *twister* about a place lying to the southward of south.

"I believe ye my pigeon!—as the midshipman said to his captain when the latter taxed the former with being drunk!—but when we got to the southward of the south pole, was'nt it cold then? It just was and no mistake."

"But how did you thaw it for the men's dinner?" asked Pepper's companion.

"Oh! ah! I had forgot to tell you that; why you see Boots, we couldn't thaw it, it was therefore broken up by sledge hammers and crowbars into lumps, and weighed out in scales to the men."

On hearing the account of these wonders, the youth looked as if inclined to say, like the renowned Pickwick,—"Very strange that, will you allow me to make a note of it?"—he however refrained from doing so and only remarked,—"That beats the Mary Dunn's block, sir, which you told us about yesterday."

This was said with sufficient emphasis, and caused Pepper to demand fiercely,—

"What, you young son-of-a-gun, do you insinuate that I've not been telling you the truth?"

"I should indeed be very sorry to doubt anything you tell me, sir," was the reply, "the more particularly so remembering as I do to have heard from my schoolfellows, so much in support of the veracity of a distinguished branch of the Pepper family, whom I believe to have been christened 'Tom.'"

Despite Pepper's desire to give the youngster a drubbing for so unmistakeable an allusion to his inventive genius, he felt deterred from so doing by a kind of admiration for the lad's spirit which he had evinced, as well as for the developement of his sharpness. Pepper remembered too, how the finger of young Soundings had been so cleverly entrapped on the previous day into the mouth of Tregonhorke, he therefore contented himself by saying, "Now, Boots, I'd advise you to put your tongue on the civil list, or stand clear of my hawse."

The bell of the Slasher had now struck four, intimating six o'clock; its sound had scarcely died away 'ere Mr. Brewer, the first lieutenant, made his appearance on the quarter-deck. At so early an hour he was according to custom *en dishabille*, his rusty beaver might well come under the denomination of "a shocking bad hat;" the napless flushing

trowsers were considerably obscured by a very long skirted great coat of similar material, and notwithstanding its unusual longitude, the ends of his suspenders could be seen dangling below the coat. Now Brewer was well known to the service as a tartar, and whilst he was pitching it into you pretty smartly, his hands were invariably thrust into the hinder pockets of his coat, and as the sailors used to say, "he walked round you like a cooper round a cask," accompanying the jobations you got from him, by the most alarming action of his foot on the deck, and in allusion to this fancy, he was when spoken of, designated by the juniors of the service, as "the Commissioner of Stamps." It was with him a point of conscience to bully the officers of the watches about something, on all occasions of his early visits to the quarter-deck, and this being the morning appointed for the superintendent to come on board and pay to the crew their two months' pay in advance, the Commissioner of Stamps was particularly disposed to find fault with somebody, or about something; he therefore went round the deck, seeking for an opportunity of opening fire; the carronade slides and gun carriages were severally peeped under, it was likely that a grain of sand or a straw from the sheep pen might be discovered there; the space behind the steering wheel was also examined, in the hope of detecting a stray yarn from a swab; the hammock nettings were strictly overhauled, but it was all right. Was there then nothing to demand from the Commissioner,—an issue of stamps? What! a first lieutenant to be defrauded of his morning growl?—The service was not to be allowed to go to the d——l, as it unquestionably would do, if the officer of the morning watch was not bullied about something. It was in vain that the "first" looked over the side, then on the forecastle, and into the boats,—all was in apple pie order; he next looked up aloft and was still baffled; it was plain that he now had a right to consider himself as an injured individual, and under this rational view of the matter the Commissioner called for Pepper, and thrusting his hands into the hinder pockets of the "long-tailed-blue," he commenced, "I'll tell you what it is Mr. Pepper, (stamp,) you are, sir, (stamps and describes a circle whereof Pepper is the centre,) I say, sir, you are a d——n sight too smart for me, (stamp, *de capo*,) look out for yourself, sir,—too smart a rope yarn, Mr. Pepper, (the stamps quadrupled.)—Pipe the hammocks up, sir;" and down dived the wrathful Commissioner.

"What did he mean, Mr. Pepper," asked Tregonhorke, "about your being too smart? I don't see any harm in that."

"Why," replied Pepper,—who now glimpsed a chance of "selling" the questioner a bargain, or in other words playing off a trick upon him,

"Why you see, Boots, Mr. Brewer has a strong dislike to officers who are tolerably well dressed, he thinks it savours too strongly of dandyism, which is diametrically opposed to a sailor's profession,—and you observe that not being this morning in my usual sea rig, owing to having last night mislaid the key of my chest, the Commissioner, as we call him, pitched into me in the manner you witnessed, and he is gone off in a huff. Did you not remark the peculiar style of Savage's rig,—that's about the ticket to please Mr. Brewer, therefore if you wish to saddle horses with him, take a leaf out of Savage's book. We shall go to quarters at nine o'clock,—you are I see by the 'quarter bill,' stationed as *aide-de-camp* to the captain,—first impressions are everything, almost the world over, but more particularly so in a man-of-war; and you have just heard how I got victimized by being 'too smart,' you can take the full benefit of the experience to be derived from the wigging I got, and prove to the Commissioner that you are ever open to good advice and willing to remember that such unmistakeable hints must not be disregarded by yourself."

Who has not witnessed in theatrical representation or heard of, a laughable little interlude, entitled, "He lies like truth?" and certainly Mr. Pepper did on this occasion out-rival the hero of that piece. The morning costume of the first lieutenant already described, as well as the slovenly appearance of Savage on the previous day, did undoubtedly stamp with the semblance of truth, all that he had said on the subject to Tregonhorke, and although it went greatly against the grain of the lad to fall into a system of slovenliness in respect to dress, yet was he unwilling at this, the commencement of his naval career, to give displeasure to his superior officer; he therefore made up his mind to be not over scrupulous in making his toilet for the forthcoming muster, reserving to himself the intention of altering the obnoxious peculiarity by degrees, and at a time when he had succeeded in getting the "length of the first lieutenant's foot," or in other words, of obtaining his good opinion. There is, in our belief, much wisdom in any subordinate adopting the resolution to obtain this as quickly as possible, and such a course must prove invaluable to him; and we think it far from a difficult acquisition, for however unreasonable the superior may be in his ideas of duty, the simple mode to overcome and soften down the most inveterate tyrant, is by strict obedience to orders, and never interposing by word or deed a doubt as to the possibility of their being carried into effect. The answer to all commands should be "Yes, sir," whether possible or not, let that be found out after you have signified your cheerful assent to the order, and your making the attempt, instead of opposing an

officer's wishes at an inopportune time, will not fail to be considered by him "as a reasonable service," and you will in the end, after your obedience has been repeatedly tested, be listened to, and a respectful opinion from you have its due weight;—but to resume—

Pepper had now fairly hooked Tregonhorke, and he hastened to communicate to the mess, particulars,—all agreeing to aid and abet in the conspiracy.

"Mr. Pepper," said Tregonhorke, "will you oblige me by explaining why Mr. Savage has dared me to mention whilst in his presence, anything referring to the female sex, the 'bumboat woman excepted?' He has threatened to turn me out of the 'room down stairs' if I disobey, and he said I should dine on my chest!"

"What the hero of Waterloo said to the commissary, when he complained of Sir Thomas Picton threatening to hang him if he failed in procuring provisions for the army within a given time;—I say to you, Tregonhorke," said Pepper, "that immortal commander enquired of the angry commissary, if he was quite sure Sir Thomas had used such a threat, and on being answered in the affirmative, the duke replied, 'Then by G—d you have no time to lose, for the general is sure to keep his word if you disregard the warning!' Therefore my lad, if you dread being turned out of what in long shore lingo you are pleased to call the 'room down stairs,' you had better remember the well known anecdote I have related for your benefit, and obey Savage in the matter to which he has referred; but as to his reasons for being so determinedly prejudiced against the dear creatures, it's more than I can tell you. I once endeavoured to draw him out on the subject, but could only elicit sufficient to guess that some one had done him out of his favourite lass. I will however give you in his own words enough to show that his ideas on certain subjects are remarkably queer ones."

"'I was once,' said Savage, 'fool enough to leave the lower deck of the old H———, to sweet, and go home to see some she relations, but if ever they catch me at that again, may I be in a ship without 'holy stones and sand' for the remainder of my life.—Why!' said he, with the air of an injured individual, 'they actually made me wear boots, and straps to my trowsers, and what was still more atrocious, I had to thrust my 'flipper-pikes' into gloves, and when I wanted to make the 'sun over the fore-yard,' there was no getting hold of the brandy bottle except on the sly: I was obliged to stow a private stock in the stable. No, no! give me the lower deck of the Slasher before all the she males in the sultan's seraglio,—besides you know, Pepper, their lingo is so queer, and not a bit like ours.' But time flies Boots, the Commissioner

will soon be up. and I had better attend to the stowing of the hammocks, go you on the other side and see that the men who are stowing them in the nettings, do so according to the gauge made for that purpose, and report to me if any are slovenly lashed up, or dirty, or if the turns of the lashing are not at equal distances from one another;" and here Pepper pointed out to our hero a well secured hammock as a sample of what all should be. "Remember," said he, "after what I have told you, the responsibility for the port or left hand side of the ship will fall on you, and if any thing is wrong the issue of stamps will be immense, besides the chance of your losing your breakfast."

We are however pleased to record that on the re-appearance of Mr. Brewer, he for a wonder condescended to be satisfied with Pepper's zeal, and commenced as was the custom at seven bells of the morning watch, or half-past seven, to over-haul the delinquents on the police sheet of the ship, awarding punishment where merited, and discharging others according to circumstances: amongst the former might be seen brass and shot polishers, termed "black list men;" others were condemned to walk the gangway with handspikes over their shoulders, to which were attached buckets well weighted by shot; some had their grog stopped; whilst juvenile offenders were made to show an open palm and received thereon some half dozen smart strokes from the cane of the "master at arms," or ships corporal. These and other trifling duties occupied the remainder of the morning watch hours,, and the top-gallant yards having been sent up at eight o'clock and squared; a bran new ensign and pendant hoisted, to do honor to the expected visitors, for it should be borne in mind that this was the day selected for paying the advance—the breakfast was piped, and the Commissioner of Stamps following the example of all not on watch descended to partake thereof.

In reference to the expression of Pepper to Tregonhorke, "We shall go to quarters at nine o'clock (or two bells) we are reminded that a description of this ceremony and its object, is due to those readers who may not be conversant with naval matters.

At a quarter before nine o'clock every morning, a bugle is sounded or other signal given, whereat every man repairs to the place appointed for keeping the cutlasses, pistols, or other articles connected with the fighting department, each person selects what he is charged with, and forthwith polishes and prepares them for the inspection about to follow when the bell has struck "two"; at the sound of which the drummer,—who is ready in the waist,—receives from the officer of the watch the order "quarters, two rolls", this latter part of the command intimates, that the muster is for inspection only,—as in the event of "exercise"

being required, the drummer is limited to one roll of drum, and should it be a summons for the purpose of engaging an enemy,—the rolls are entirely dispensed with, and the soul stirring tune of "Hearts of Oak" on drum and fife is the signal for all to proceed to their station—and without further order the guns are cast loose, loaded and prepared for encounter.—But as the drummer of the Slasher has just been commanded "quarters two rolls" the reader will from what has been already explained, understand that "inspection" is the object in view at present. In this case the men "toe a line" abreast of their guns, with their arms, priming wires, tube boxes, &c., the mate of the quarters musters the men and reports all correct, or as the case may be, to the lieutenant of his division,—who in turn goes to his commanding officer with the information. This latter upon receiving the report from the lieutenant of every division, then proceeds to inspect the men, arms, guns, carriages, handspikes, &c., and woe betide the individual who is not by the cleanliness of his person, apparel, or arms able to withstand the scrutiny:—every portion of the ship is then visited, and whilst the officer is examining the orlops, store rooms, &c., the crew break up the line, and with the assistance of a little oil in the palms of their hands every man employs himself in polishing the enormous pieces of ordnance, until by the friction of that member these are made to sustain a polish equal to an article manufactured from *papier maché*.

On the reappearance on deck of the commanding officer the drummer is ordered to "beat the retreat" whereupon the quarters are forsaken,—and it is ten to one but that some ingenious device is in embryo to "keep the devil out of the sailors minds",—undoubtedly a very desirable thing; but we fear that it is often most mercilessly inflicted in the matter of exercise and drill, regardless too of the intense heat of climate.

We happened to have put into our hands an anonymous effusion, supposed to have been concocted by one of the *literatii* of the ———s lower deck, and as it bears in a manner upon the subject of which we are now writing, the verses are subjoined for the information of the reader.

JACK'S LAMENT, OR, GUNNERY DRILL.

Some knowing coves have lately moved,
The naval service, has improved,—
It may be so, and it may not be,
But I can truly tell to thee;
I knows a craft in the Ægean sea,
Where all the crew are screwed to a T—
On account of gunnery drill.

This craft she has,—upon a guess,
A hundred guns,—say more,—not less,
And rum ones too—they are by Jove,
For everlasting on the move;
So much so, Jack has got a notion—
That what is called perpetual motion
Consists in gunnery drill.

Of gunnery ossifers there's three,
Two more than ever ought to be,—
Unless our good and gracious Queen
Victoria,—for the best has seen
It fit to employ a "Luff" and subs,
To matches make, and used the tubs
Attached to gunnery drill.

One thing is certain, howsomdever,
That be they stupid folks or clever,
There's no three subs who serve the Queen,
Such easy times have ever seen—
For nothing do they, day or night,
But "muzzle left!" or "muzzle right!"
And such like gunnery drill.

Each morning at the hour of nine,
Begins this royal game so fine;
And then the gunnery Luff he proves,
He knows some very awful moves,
"Prime!—point!—make ready!—fire—run in!—
Sponge!—load!—and, shift the stiff breeching!"
Hurrah! for gunnery drill.

"Muzzle right!—well?—elevate!"
What parrot thus, pray couldn't prate?
"Shift rear trucks!—close up my men!—
I must have steadiness— and then,
In course of time you'll doubtless find,
I've long determined in my mind—
To give you gunnery drill."

"A foe astern!"—oh! awful word;
But "cover yourselves!" is quickly heard.
Down on the deck, the seamen lay,
Inanimate like lumps of clay.
A pretty theory—show enough;
In practice though—all gammon—stuff!
Like *lots* of gunnery drill.

The only one redeeming part,
I know in this sulphureous art,
Is this— should high winds incline to blow,
Poor Jack may get his watch below
To make his jumper, mend his clothes,
Or, if he does but reading know
May study gunnery drill.

On deck they also move apace
Of "right about!" and "quarter face!"
"Draw swords!—prove distance!" front or right,
It really is a pretty sight.
But query—Is it worth the labor
To teach all hands to use the sabre;
Or, half the gunnery drill.

Much more about this stupid game,
I have it in my power to name;
But time I'm sorry wont afford,
For I must go and learn the Board,
Which hanging in the mess I see;
Humbug to all eternity.
Confound your gunnery drill.

As at ten o'clock the crew were to receive through the hands of the admiral superintendant, their advanced payment of two months, it was not expedient therefore to have extra drill or exercise aloft. All hands were now busily engaged in brushing up the barkie for the coming visitors. Savage was on the lower deck in all his glory, consigning sundry jackets and trowsers (found straying,) to the armourer, useful enough to that functionary for wiping his muskets, copper stancheons, &c.; hats, shoes, and other small articles, were condemned to a protracted quarantine in the store-room of the boatswain. The white-wash brush under the direction of the former, was fast brightening up the galley department, and the happy state of Savage's feelings was indicated by his countenance:—it would have been as dangerous to disturb him in this, his favourite occcupation, as to beard the lion in his den.

In due time Tregonhorke was relieved from watch, and having breakfasted, awaited the sound of the drum for quarters. In obedience to this summons, which was given exactly as the bell struck two, he repaired towards his station on the quarter-deck. On reaching the upper step of the main hatchway ladder, a shrill and lengthened sound from the call pipe of the boatswain, and the rattling of the marine sentry's musket as he "presented arms," gave intimation that Captain Strong-

lungs had come on board; and as this is his first appearance on *our* stage, we neglect not the opportunity to say a few words in reference to him.

Captain Stronglungs was a battered tar of the old school, and came under the denomination of "a Lord Nelson's man," that is, he so far repudiated the holding of pluralities, that like the renowned hero we have named, the Captain possessed only one eye and one arm. But the portal which was enclosed by his enormous black bushy whisker and moustache, (the latter of which he cultivated to obscure a certain blemish inflicted on him by a freak of nature,) by its dimensions amply made up for the Nelsonian deficiencies; and whenever it pleased the possessor of this extensive orifice to "open sesame,"—to use the words of one of the old quarter-masters,—"it had a tendency to make you think of a jew with his throat cut."

Captain Stronglungs was a rum customer to anger,—let but that one arm descend on the pate of an individual, the odds were immensely in favour of the recipient having a subsequent twenty-four hours headache, to say nothing of its setting the "daylights a-dancing." His one eye was a piercer, but did that organ, in its extraordinary power, as to extent of vision, ever get concentrated upon officer or seaman trying to shirk his duty,—the Captain would very soon prove that he *was* not

"To their faults a little blind."

How then did Tregonhorke manage to sustain the effect of this piercer as its full power became directed upon him, whilst the gimlet eye of Captain Stronglungs appeared to be boring, as if bent upon producing "a hole in his jacket?" But when that prodigious cavern of wind we have before spoken, opened and roared out the command to our hero—"Come to me young Squeaker," the effect upon him was great, as he became red and pale alternately. "How dare you, sir," continued the Captain, "appear on her Majesty's deck at quarters in that disreputable state?"—The lad had, at the suggestion of Pepper as before related, omitted to change his blue check night shirt worn in the morning watch; his shoes were spotted with sand, and a portion of the Devonport limestone mud; in fact, he did the sloven to perfection, in the vain hope of making a favorable impression on the "Commissioner of Stamps;" when therefore the question was put in tones of thunder—"How dare you, sir, appear on her Majesty's deck at quarters in that disreputable state?" so paralyzed became poor Tregonhorke, that it was some time before he could essay to answer, whilst his rogueish messmates were enjoying his consternation, and the success of their plot.

At length the youth began to stammer out the commencement of an explanation which would have seriously compromised Mr. Pepper, but that worthy having got on the blind side of the Captain, he succeeded in intimating to Tregonhorke, by clenching his fists, what would be his reward in the event of "blowing the gaff" upon him; and thereupon the youth stopped short in what he was about to say. The Captain, however, wound up the affair by saying to the first lieutenant, "Mr. Brewer send that young Squeaker to stand on the capstan."

Our readers may be reminded that the punishments of former days, in reference to the middies, are, by orders from the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, now discontinued; the penalties of their minor offences being at present limited to "stopping their leave for shore." "Watch and watch"—or exaltation on "bitts" or "capstan," as in the case of Tregonhorke, whilst very grave delinquencies are punished by disrating, losing so much time of service, or dismissal altogether from it. But in days of yore

"Oft times mastheading was their fate,
On royal cross-trees perched in state,
Like eagles on a spire;
Or to the gun securely tied
Their fair round hides were scarified,
By flagellation dire."

Our young gentleman was now the very personification of "Patience on the lee cat-head smiling at a wet swab."

To be continued.

A ZINC YACHT.

We have iron and wood, and now we have zinc vessels:—cork has been tried and almost every known substance to manufacture floatable craft, but will they last: that's the question. "A yacht built of zinc was launched from the yard of M. Guibert at Nantes, named the Comte Lehon, has just returned from her voyage to Rio Janeiro, and from the report of the captain, the experiment has been perfectly satisfactory, the vessel having proved an excellent sea boat in repeated gales which she encountered. The captain also states a fact which is of great importance, namely, that her compasses had never been affected, a thing which has frequently happened on board iron vessels, and by which the most fearful accidents have been caused."—*Galignani.*

THE CHANNEL CRUISERS.

(Continued from page 38.)

BY VANDERDECKEN.

CHAPTER XIII.

"There was a laughing devil in his sneer,
That raised emotions both of rage and fear
And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
Hope withering fled—and mercy sighed farewell."

A WELL KNOWN AUTHOR.

"A fond seductive langour clothed his speech,
Evoking feelings prudence failed to teach;
And where his eye with wanton meaning shone,
Virtue soon vanished—and innocence was gone."

AN UNKNOWN AUTHOR.

RICHLY blown moss roses displayed their charms to the eye, and mingled witching perfumes with their more rustic relatives of the flowering briar: gorgeous sun flowers bent their golden heads patronizingly over their modest neighbours the sweet scented violets: the exclusive jessamine strayed from its prescribed trellis work, and entwined its slender arms amongst clusters of the humble woodbine. Flowers of a thousand different hues, shapes, and fragrance, bloomed in each tiny valley, reclined luxuriantly upon each gently shelving bank of velvet turf, half concealed the entrances to mysteriously constructed grottos, and forced themselves through neatly trimmed labyrinths, which led to curiously contrived sylvan bowers: artificial lakes gleamed here and there like brilliant mirrors, rustic bridges of aërial lightness spanned miniature straits, connecting these model inland seas; and artfully woven screens prevented the graceful swan, or merry little teal, from disturbing their scaly neighbours—the gold and silver strangers from the waters of the rising sun: groups of evergreens were interspersed at pleasing intervals with blossoming shrubs, and the dusky foliage of the copper beech was relieved by the leafy lightness of the mountain ash, or threw out in strong contrast the closer verdure of the chesnut or the oak. It was indeed a favoured spot—a little paradise, where nature had gone hand in hand with art,—where flowers, and shrubs and trees, bloomed a floral jubilee, forgetful of their times or seasons; and rarely a visitor could traverse the shores of "Man," between "Harold Tower" and "Banks

How," without gazing long and rapturously at the romantic residence of Mr. Elton.

It was evening,—the same evening as that upon which Ronald Renshaw had met Jack Flaherty at the "Athol Arms." The fair soft summer's eve was changing, quickly changing, and the wild sighing of the wind gave note of what was to come.

The hospitable halls of Elton Cliff resounded with festivity and enjoyment; its fairy pleasure grounds were tenanted with joyous groups, and gay cavaliers and graceful maidens flitted to and fro amongst its leafy bowers: few who had attended the regatta ball were absent from Mr. Elton's fête, and even the "Ton Major" and her "Elect" forgot their animosity to his pretty sister-in-law, and accepted the honest Yorkshireman's cordial invitation.

"And you think she is so beautiful?" enquired "Constance Meriton," with a furtive glance at the person addressed.

"The word is too inexpressive—too common-place,—she is a very angel descended upon earth!" was the passionate answer.

"And you would wish doubtless for an introduction to the divine creature?" continued his interrogator with an animated sneer.

"I anticipate that bliss most witty and accomplished of thy sex, and if secured to me by your potent aid, command me as a devoted slave!"

A contemptuous laugh preceded the reply, "The service is disproportionate to the reward. Come my lord, attend to me, the bliss shall be yours.—Ha! ha! it will be an exceedingly instructive incident—the first meeting of fashionable vice and rustic virtue: let us go—yet mark!—" she exclaimed pausing. "Do not hold me accountable if your lordship's well known devotion to beauty should lead you into a scrape, I warn you that celestial though her beauty be,—she retains sufficient of earthly propensities to have secured a lover, as I am informed a veritable hero, a sea lion—in fact a—"

"Your pardon, Miss Meriton, the monster's name?"

"St. Leon," faltered Constance; her self command utterly deserting her and her fine features becoming suffused with crimson.

"Indeed!" drawled forth her companion with slow and meaning emphasis, and bestowing upon her a searching glance. "Methinks this paragon of the sea has not been unsuccessful in other quarters either—jealousy is—"

'Ere he could finish the sentence Constance drew haughtily back, her eyes flashed unearthly fire, her form seemed to dilate with fury, and her companion started in alarm at the storm he had raised; she felt she was betrayed, and that too to one whom she heartily despised. The moment

to her was an age of torture,—springing forward with a wild forced laugh she was herself again, cool, calm, and designing, "Enough my lord!" she exclaimed gaily, "If you please we will seek *your* bird of paradise!"

"And win me a hundred from Howard Ampston and Harry Sandon," exclaimed his lordship. "A cool fifty with each that I should dance first and last with her this evening, and another hundred that she is a visitor on board the Euryale 'ere a week shall have passed away!"

"This ring,—I fear I shall lose it amongst these shrubs, it fits but loosely!" ejaculated his fair companion as she struggled with his aid through a tangled copse.

"May I have its custody fairest lady!" was the gallant reply; "I shall carry it as bravely as ever knight errant carried a love token!" and a magnificent diamond hoop shone sparklingly as he arranged it on his finger.

"Another link to the chain!" muttered Constance hastening onwards.

Every one seemed happy and abandoned to enjoyment; Commodore De Walden outdid himself in the exuberance of his spirits, peals of merry laughter heralded his advent, whenever he made his appearance upon the skirts of some pleasant little group, and not a few gentle glances beamed approvingly upon the jolly bachelor sailor. Even that mighty senator Dumbell Senhouse, unbent his mind, and relaxing the toughened features of his parchment visage, grinned a smile; a smile such as fancy might depict upon the face of a mummy; and stealthily lent himself to what he deemed to be a moral burglary.

Mrs. Major Nicholson's matrimonial soul was bursting with giant scheming; already Lady Meriton took a mother's freedom, and called her future son-in-law her "Dear Spencer;" and enquired from everybody if they could inform her of the whereabouts of Sir Charles.

High upon the rocky plateau from which Elton Cliff derived its name, stood Godfrey St. Leon; his eye roved over the bay with anxious gaze, and uneasily aloft at signs and tokens which a sailor could not mistake. Suddenly his attention became arrested by the appearance of a vessel from behind the Head of Douglas. She was one of that class known as Skerries Hookers, a large and able vessel, schooner rigged, bows high out of the water, great breadth of beam, fore-mast stepped in her very eyes, no fore-stay, main-mast raked well aft, whilst her dingy bark coloured sails showed out in strong contrast against the snowy caps which were now curling over the waves: his practised eye informed him that she was a clipper of her build, whilst the cloud of canvas which she carried in the teeth of a rising gale, would convey that he who sailed her had a lively idea of the value of time. Onwards she stood across

the bay and he was just turning to descend, when he became motionless as a statue. A little white pendant rose flutteringly from her deck to her main-truck, none but a sailor would have perceived it, and quickly glancing along the anchorage he discovered that a similar pendant was displayed from Sir Charles Meriton's schooner the Samphire; it was but an instant and they had disappeared, long enough however had they been displayed to tell the hawk-eyed sailor that some secret intelligence existed between them: the stranger appeared to have accomplished her purpose, for putting up her helm she jibed and ran down before the wind until she was lost to sight behind the Head. Sir Charles Meriton had not accompanied the ladies of his party,—what could this mean?—five minutes conversation with Rony,—and yet why so disturb himself?—whatever his further reflections might have tended to it is hard to say, they were speedily cut short by a voice exclaiming,—

"Captain St. Leon seems to have tired of the shore life already; the sea alone possesses charms for him!"

Turning quickly he beheld to his surprise, Margery Meriton leaning affectionately upon Eleanor Graham.

"On my word you wrong me Miss Meriton!" he answered hurriedly.

"One might have expected your especial devotion upon this occasion!" observed Eleanor pettishly, "yet what may be expected from a sailor; he can be as rude and changeable as the element he belongs to, when he pleases. I am sure soldiers have much the advantage, they are always gallant, and never forget their duty to the fair sex!"

Godfrey regarded the speaker with a quick stern glance; could this be his gentle loving Eleanor, or had her short intercourse with fashionable life so soon contaminated her: his look was met with supercilious indifference, and it was not until the gathering cloud on Godfrey's brow indicated the inward struggle, that alarmedly she sprung from Margery's side;—but 'ere she could give utterance to the thousand fond apologies which trembled on her lips, the clustering foliage which surrounded the grassy mound upon which they stood was pushed aside, and Constance Meriton made her appearance attended by the companion of her ramble; long and lowly bowed the proud nobleman before the Lily of Douglas, the fame of whose beauty had brought him to that isle, and it was with alicious satisfaction that the haughty Constance witnessed the angry own which disturbed St. Leon's features as he witnessed their introction, an expression which changed into a flush of passionate contempt, Lieutenant General the Earl of Pirston, the richest nobleman, the reatest military authority, the renowned duellist, the most detested artinet, and the most accomplished rouè of his day, bestowed upon him

a well bred stare, meant to be an acknowledgement of the honour of meeting one Captain St. Leon,—of some yacht,—who had won something,—of which he, the noble earl, knew nothing,—and cared far less.

"Have you observed this rarely blossomed pink hawthorn?" exclaimed Constance in order to relieve the general embarrassment.

"My favourite tree!" observed Eleanor, "from beneath its shade you can command an exquisite view!"

"How lovely, how exquisite, how transcendently beautiful!" ejaculated Lord Pirston in soft and silvery accents; but whether it was the tree, or the view, or the fair being before him, which elicited his rapturous exclamations might easily be guessed: unaccustomed as she had been to such undisguised admiration, the crimson blush of innocence mantled upon her cheek, and led the bold earl to believe that his presence had been productive of pleasureable emotion.

Another thought so too, it was Godfrey St. Leon, who making a lowly obeisance to the other ladies of the party, and without vouchsafing look or gesture to Eleanor Graham hastily disappeared.

What would not poor Nellie Graham have given to be enabled to follow him and explain,—explain what?—and womans pride answered —nothing!

Loudly laughed Constance Meriton as catching her sister's arm she hurried down the ascent. "Ha! ha!" laughed the artful girl "my love shall not be despised with impunity, the plot thickens, I feel myself more than a match for them all. Beware St. Leon, beware, lest love so passionate turn to hate more fierce!"

Constance had not miscalculated, she knew more of human nature than she gave herself credit for; she had struck a blow and a fatal one, and two hitherto happy and innocent young hearts writhed in the anguish of mental recrimination; the one fancied a neglect, and torturing it into indifference, determined that it should be met by the same; the other distorted a foolish speech into premeditated slight, and steeled his heart with firm resolves for the future.

As St. Leon entered the Salon de danse he imagined every eye was upon him; more than one indeed, gazed with astonishment at the marked attention paid by the gallant Earl of Pirston to the Lily of Douglas, and as St. Leon had been set down by all the fair sex, old and young, versed in such matters, as the favoured one; it caused no little surprise that not once during that evening had he been seen by her side. As he leaned against the satin drapery of a lofty gothic window, he could not but overhear his name often mentioned, and as he thought with pity. Once or twice she passed him, and, could he believe it, she too gazed

upon him with patronizing pity: his manner became excited, his look wild and haggard, his brain reeled again, and the gallant sailor who had braved the elements in their fiercest moments, who had met death and grappled with its wildest forms, who could dare the most appalling danger without quailing a nerve,—shook and became faint and sick at heart. Suddenly a soft hand was laid upon his arm, a flashing eye met his startled gaze, a warm breath played upon his cheek, and the next moment saw him moving through the mazy waltz, his arm encircling her waist, her heart pressed to his, his voice was hers, his looks were hers, her arm reposed fondly upon his shoulder;—and she who had caused him a world of misery,—Constance Meriton,—triumphed for the hour.

The evening had passed and the dance was done, and affectionate leave taking was terminating the gay festival. Allen Hayward had observed St. Leon's unusually excited manner, and too rightly judging the cause, had mentioned his fears to Commodore De Walden, that their friend might be led to forget himself should circumstances bring him into collision with Lord Pirston. Now it so happened that if ever one man hated another, the high spirited Commodore most cordially detested the profligate earl.

"Let him, Hayward, let him boy: if St. Leon is the man I take him to be, he will give him a d——n good hiding:—let him I say do so, he richly deserves it. He comes amongst us honest yachtsmen with his military swagger, and his soldier ways, and he talks as big as an admiral commanding in chief. Why dash the lubber he don't know the difference between port and starboard, or between a reef pennant and a ring-bolt. I only hope he of the Elly may fall foul of him, and if he wants a friend to stand by him, why Harold De Walden is that man."

"Nay, nay, Commodore!" exclaimed Hayward smiling, "St. Leon has many friends, who if affairs took such a turn as you speak of, would not be likely to see him left to his own resources:—he commands three of us from my craft already!"

"Well then d——e he shall command a fourth!" exclaimed the excited Commodore, "I like the lad well, and from all I can see and hear, there is dirty work meant to him,—I'll stick to him as long as the old Berenice has a plank together!"

"There is some mystery in store, and evil is meant him I know," exclaimed Hayward eagerly, "for I overheard——"

"Hist!" ejaculated De Walden, "he is here!"

As he spoke a numerous party entered the hall, amongst whom was St. Leon accompanied by Noel Marvin and Oswald Peyton; whilst

following closely came the Earl of Pirston attended by his military subordinates, Lieutenant the Hon. Mr. Sandon, and Cornet Ampston. Loud and recklessly laughed the latter party, recklessly we say, because their laughter was caused by observations made aloud, which would have been more creditable to have reserved for a more fitting opportunity than in the hall of the mansion, where open hearted hospitality had proffered them welcome and princely entertainment.

"Rather an expensive ball to me," exclaimed the junior in rank.

"I have paid high too for gazing at an *artless* village beauty!" chimed in his moustachoed confrere with significant emphasis.

"The proprietor is a useful sort of personage to assist at a regatta; if he can do nothing else, he can entertain the visitors, to say nothing of providing little loves of angels for poor souls like us!"

"Those that win may laugh, my lord!"

"Ay, win gold and wear it is an old adage, but," added the earl flushed with triumph and champagne, "have you ever heard of winning diamonds and wearing them?" exhibiting as he spoke the diamond ring which he had received from Constance Meriton.

"A love gift no doubt?"

"Nay, Sandon, but that fifty is enough for one evening's loss, I might be inclined to play double or quits with you on that question?"

"That she who gave you that ring gave it of her own free will?"

"Most assuredly!"

There was a pause, and a dead silence, the party perceived that they had drawn the attention of all upon them—St. Leon had drawn near almost in spite himself, and what did he behold—the ring—the diamond pledge of truth he had placed upon *her* finger, now graced that of the Earl of Pirston; was made the subject to of a wager; it was too much, he gasped almost for breath, and 'ere a friendly arm could avert his inward stride, he was face to face with the stately peer: a leaf might have been heard to flutter amongst that group of living statues, as slowly, distinctly, and with hissing fierceness, he uttered the word,

"Liar!"

"Bravo! cried Commodore De Walden." "A rope is a rope, and a spar is a spar, there is nothing like calling everything by its proper name!"

To be continued.

THE SECOND LECTURE ON NAVAL ARCHITECTURE, BY T. DITCHBURNE, ESQ.—*Delivered at the Prince of Wales Club.*

Stability.—The celebrated Swedish naval architect, Frederick Chapman, supposes two forces to act on a ship, when afloat, one being the ship's weight pressing downwards at its centre of gravity, the other the pressure upwards of the fluid in which she floats through the centre of gravity of displacement. The concurrence of these two forces in righting a ship, after it has inclined, he calls the stability.

It is, however, to be observed, that the weight of the ship acting at the centre of gravity cannot produce any effect in making the ship move round that point. The whole revolving power arises from the vertical pressure of the fluid, which is equal to the weight of the ship, and takes place upwards on the side of the vessel that is immersed further in the fluid by heeling. The ship is thus turned round an axis passing through its centre of gravity, and is also supported by the same buoyancy.

It is well known that the concentrated force of the water, in supporting a ship, and in resisting its heeling, passes through the centre of gravity of displacement, and that the direction of this force, or effort, is perpendicular to the surface of the water; for this reason, if a vessel be at rest and unconfined, its centre of gravity must be in the mean direction of the concentrated force of the water which supports it.

When a ship or vessel heels, it ought to have a tendency of itsel to recover or return to the position it had when upright, and at rest; that is to say, that the centre of gravity ought to be so situated, that the effort of the total weight of the ship may concur with the effort of the water to right her.

This union of efforts, as we have observed, is called *stability*, and the point of stability, or meta-centre, is that point below which the centre of gravity of the ship must be situated to insure its upright position when afloat.

A most palpable instance of the ignorance of the fundamental principles of naval architecture, amongst the authorities who had the important charge of designing our royal navy at the end of the last century, is recorded in the papers on Naval Architecture, by the late Mr. Wilson of the Navy Office, a gentleman whose judgment, talents, and sound professional knowledge, surpassed all I have had the pleasure to know in my profession.

Mr. Wilson, speaking of the cutting down of, or the razeeing, the Anson, a sixty-four gun ship, to a frigate of thirty-eight guns, says "she was cut down in the year 1794; and although in all other maritime states the science of naval construction was pretty well understood, yet so culpably ignorant were the nglish constructors, that this operation, so well calculated, when properly nducted, to produce a good ship, was a complete failure. Seven feet of the pper part of the topsides, together with a deck and guns, making about 160 ns dead weight were removed, by which her stability was greatly increased, ut by a complete absurdity the sails were reduced one-sixth in area. In er first voyage the rolling was so excessive that she sprung several sets of op-masts. To mitigate this, in 1795 her masts and yards were increased to

their original size; but as there was no decrease of ballast she was still a very uneasy ship and, as a necessary result, her wear and tear was excessive,

"Other sixty-fours were cut down, masted, and ballasted in exactly the same manner, and, it need scarcely be added, experienced similar misfortunes; and although they were improved by enlarging their masts and yards, they were still bad ships. Had their transformations been scientifically conducted, a class of frigates would have been continued in the navy, capable from their size, of coping with the large American frigates; and thus the disasters we experienced in the late war, from the superior force of that nation, would, without doubt, have been not merely avoided, but turned into occurrences of a quite opposite character."

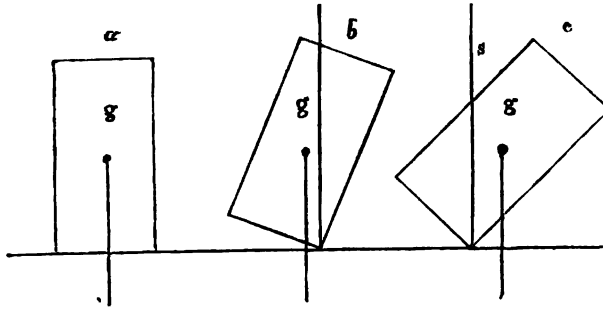
It is, however, fair to state that, our neighbours the French have committed similar blunders; M. de Romme, in his book which he published and called the "Marine Art," relates that "in 1779 the French built three seventy-four gun ships all from the same moulds, or plan, neither of which when equipped could put to sea in fine weather. The three ships were found so crank that to use the lower deck guns was dangerous. They were ordered to be remedied.

"Opinions varied as to the cause of the defect; some persons imagined it to proceed from the form of the hull, others from the ill arrangement of the stowage. The first engineer was ordered to attend at Rochefort, and direct the choice of measures to give the three ships the stability they wanted; he judged that new stowage would remedy the defect, and his opinión was adopted by the Marine Council. One ship was unloaded and again stowed under the direction of the chief engineer: in her first stowage she had 84 tons of iron, and 100 tons of stone ballast, and was reloaded with 198 tons of iron, and 122 tons of stone ballast; and as her draught of water, or displacement, could not be increased it was necessary to take out 130 tons of water, in order to preserve the same load water line. By these means 136 tons were placed, in the second loading eight feet lower than in the first, yet when the ship was completed with the new arrangement of stowage, she was found precisely as deficient as before, inclining twenty-four inches with the men at quarters, and guns out on one side: *she was afterwards doubled with light wood to the thickness of a foot at the extreme breadth, and ten feet under water, decreasing to four inches in the length and depthways; which corrected the defect.*

M. de Romme has judiciously observed, that the defect of instability was not so much owing to want of extreme breadth, as several other seventy-four gun ships had the same, or even less, but in diminishing the breadth at the plane of floatation, too quickly fore and aft, which at once reduced the capacity, and became injurious to the position of the line of support.

I will here attempt again to explain the fundamental principles of stability, and then consider the effect of different forms of the floating body in relation to ships and vessels. I would here claim your attention for a moment to the stability of bodies on the ground. By the laws of motion and of rest, a body will be in motion if its centre of gravity be not sustained and at rest; which cannot be until its centre of gravity is sustained, suppose as an

example, a block of wood or stone to be resting on the ground as *A*, of which *G*, is the centre of gravity sustained, now suppose the same block to be inclined as *B*, in which the centre of gravity is not sustained, it having shifted to one side of the line of support, in this position the body will not remain, but will fall back into the position *A*; and this will always be the case while the centre of gravity falls within the vertical line of the base; but let the body be inclined to the inclination as *C*, where the centre of gravity is without the vertical line of the base, passing beyond the line of support, *S*, then over it falls.



This illustrates the stability and oversetting of ships, vessels may be inclined or heeled over by the force of the wind on their sails to a certain extent, and regain their upright position when the wind abates; but should they be inclined so far over that their centre of gravity comes to the same side of the line of support that the vessel is heeled too, she will then inevitably overset.

It must be borne in mind, that although the various centres here alluded to have no visible existance or resting place in the hull of a vessel; yet they represent forces that have a tangible locality in the natural world, and whoever from want of knowledge or otherwise, misapplies or disregards their dictates will assuredly not escape the penalty consequent upon the violation of nature's laws. Science has admitted that in setting out the proportions of a ship or vessel that shall navigate with safety, stability ought to be a first consideration; and practical knowledge bears its testimony to the fact.

For general reference certain rules have been laid down with regard to the increase of stability under ordinary circumstances; stability, thus circumstanced, increases as the cubes of the breadth, so by adding one quarter to the breadth, the stability is doubled. A vessel double the beam of another the same length and depth, will have four times the stability, and so on s the squares of the breadth, all other things being the same.

Now there is a stability derived from length. The stability of ships as to eir power to carry sail, will be affected singly as their lengths, all else reaining the same; thus, if a vessel be twice the length of another of the ame breadth and depth, she will have twice the capacity of the other, and onsequently carry twice the weight, or cargo, and displace twice the quan-

tity of water at the same depth, and her stability will be twice that of the other; and if three times the length, than three times as stiff; and so on in proportion as the length is increased.

There is also a stability in regard to height, the effects produced by a difference of height are various. In most cases, additional height decreases the stability of the ship, but this depends entirely on how she is loaded, which of course regulates the position of the centre of gravity.

If for example, we have two vessels of the same length and breadth, but the one double the depth of the other the centre of gravity of the one that is double the depth will be double the height, all else being the same, and when she is heeled over to the same angle, the horizontal distance between the centre of gravity and the line of support will only be half that of the horizontal distance between the centre of gravity and line of support in the low vessel, therefore her stability will only be half that of the low vessel.

But you will perceive, that if the deep vessel be loaded with double the cargo, she will sink to double the depth in the water; and if the cargoes are alike, her centre of gravity will be immersed under the surface of the water, in the same proportion to her height as the centre of gravity of the low vessel is immersed in proportion to its height; and when heeled over to the same degree, the centre of gravity of the deep ship will only be half the distance from its line of support, that the centre of gravity of the shallow vessel is from its line of support; but the deep ship from having double the weight or displacing double the quantity of water, will have double the action on that point; and although her meta-centre is only half the height of that of the shallow vessel, yet a double power, acting at half the length of lever is equivalent to a single power acting at the whole length of lever, therefore, in this case, the deep vessel is equally stiff, when loaded in proportion to that depth.

There are also forms best adapted for stability. It may be observed that the forms given to the midship section of ships are always comprehended between the figure of a rectangle and that of a triangle; no ship being so full as the rectangle, nor so sharp as the triangle, experiments therefore on the

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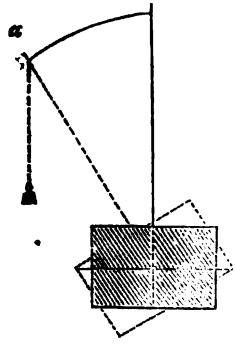
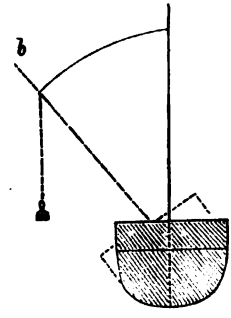


a 34° required a weight of 15lbs.

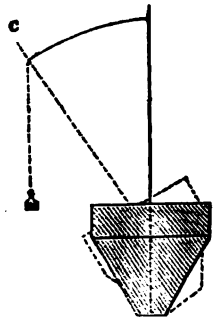
No. 2.



b 34° required a weight of 15lbs.

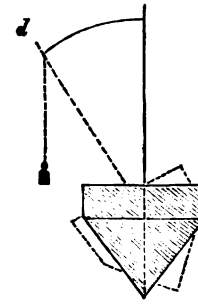
stability of these and the included figures would produce results by means of which comparative stability of various forms may be estimated.

No. 3.



c 35° required a weight of 12lbs.

No. 4.



d 37° required a weight of 11¼lbs.

With this view, experiments have been made with four bodies as represented in the diagrams, the inclining weight was always horizontally applied, and similar in effect to the force of the wind. It should be observed that the specific gravity and capacity of these bodies were precisely equal, although their forms differed extremely, their materials were the same, and they were so balanced as to be turned on their respective centres of gravity when afloat, by the application of a weight, which weight was fastened to a line, the end of which was secured to the mast in the centre of each body, and passed over a pulley.

These experiments were made with great care, and the results were as shown, the respective figures 1, 2, 3 and 4, exceeded each other in stability as they are numbered; but it is to be observed that, although figure 1 exceeded figure 2 in stability until the weight applied amounted to about 13½lbs, the excess with more than that weight was with figure 2; that figure 3 was, with every weight inferior in stability to figures 1 and 2; and figure 4 was, with every weight, inferior to all others. Hence it appears that the form of a midship body best adapted for stability only, is a rectangular or flat bottom with perpendicular sides; and the next best adapted is a semicircle with top sides perpendicular. But there exists much difficulty in constructing the rectangle with sufficient strength, besides its being very ill adapted to heavy seas; as, by the sudden descent in pitching, the bottom will strike the water at right angles nearly, and sustain thereby a violent shock; besides that it would be leewardly under little sail. The semi-circle or figure 2, would not only be inclinable to roll much, but would be deficient capacity for many services. We may therefore conclude a midship body nstructed in a form between the two as most applicable for ships in general; it a midship body approaching more towards figure 3 or 4, would have the reatest advantage in point of velocity, and a greater length and breadth at ie line of floatation might give even them sufficient stability.

To prove the degree of inclination that the windward side of these figures

had, by suddenly cutting the line that suspended the weight when the figures were at their utmost degree of inclination, with the top of the side, to leeward as represented, and being even with the surface of the water, it was found that the inclination or roll was nearly in an inverse ratio to the stability, as the windward side of figure 1 heeled 29°; fig. 2, 33°; fig. 3, 27°; and fig. 4, 23½°.

Vessels which have a sufficient degree of stability, arising from their construction, will certainly sail faster than others, which, in order to carry the same quantity of sail, require to be ballasted with a much greater weight; for the latter, so ballasted, will be much more liable to roll than the former.

CRUIZE OF THE IDAS, 6 TONS, VICE-COMMODORE KNIBBS, P.W.Y.C.

MONDAY, August 1st, 1853.—Wind W.S.W., fresh and cloudy weather; 11h. a.m., got under-way from "the marine station" Blackwall, with whole sail, bound for Margate in company with the Undine, 7 tons; 1h. p.m., passed Gravesend; at 3h. passed the Nore-light ship; 6h. 30m. the Reculvers, and arrived in Margate Harbour, 7h. 45m., and Undine at 8h.; after a beautiful sail down, wind still fresh from W.S.W., and cloudy weather.

Tuesday, 2nd.—8h. a.m., light wind from the N.E., with haze and small rain; 9h. cleared up; 10h., left Margate Harbour bound for Dover in company with Undine; noon off North Foreland, bearing by compass, W.S.W; 2h. 40m. passed the Gull steam light ship; 7h. arrived in Dover Harbour; the Undine close astern, moored together in the West basin; light easterly wind and fine weather.

Wednesday, 3rd.—8h. a.m., light easterly wind and fine weather; 9h. 45m. left Dover Harbour bound to Boulogne in company with Undine; 11h. calm; 3h. p m., light airs from the N.E.; 5h. Calais light-house in sight, (drove abreast Calais by the easterly tide and no wind); 7h. light breeze N.E., Cape Grinez, bore E.S.E., distance three leagues; 8h. light airs from the eastward; midnight arrived in Boulogne Harbour, and found the Undine there, moored together at the east pier, light airs, N.E., and fine weather.

Thursday, 4th.—8h. a.m., light winds from N.E., and fine weather; 9h. left the east pier and removed our vessels higher up the harbour on the opposite side; sunset, light easterly wind and fair weather.

Friday, 5th.—8h. a.m., light easterly winds and fine weather, remained in Harbour all day; at midnight left Boulogne bound for Ramsgate with Undine in company, light breeze and fine weather.

Saturday, 6th.—2h. a.m., calm, off Cape Grinez, calm all day until 2h. p.m., when a light breeze sprung up from the N.E.; 4h. the wind suddenly chopped round to the westward with a nice little breeze, 5h. 30m. passed the South Sand Head light-ship; 7h. abreast of Deal; 10h. 30m. arrived in Ramsgate Harbour; wind westerly, light and cloudy weather.

Sunday, 7th.—Westerly wind and fine weather, remained in harbour all day.

Monday, 8th.—8h. a m., nice breeze from N.E., and cloudy weather; 10h. sailed out of Ramsgate Harbour to fish, returned at 3h. p.m., wind N.E., and fine weather, the Idas remained in harbour all day.

Tuesday, 9th.—8h. a.m , wind N.E., fresh, and fine weather; 11h. 30m. left Ramsgate Harbour, Undine in company, for a cruize to Deal and returned at 3h. p m., after a pleasant sail; wind N.E., and fine weather.

Wednesday, 10th.—8h. a.m., Undine left Ramsgate bound for London, fresh breeze from the N.E. and fine weather; 10h. all hands employed scrubbing sails—finished at 6h. p.m.; wind N.E. and fine weather.

Thursday, 11th.—8h. a.m., wind N.E., and fine weather; 11h. 30m. left Ramsgate Harbour for a cruize to Deal, and returned after a very pleasant sail at 4 p.m.,—wind N.E. and fine weather.

Friday, 12th.—8h. a.m., wind N.E., fresh and cloudy weather; 3h. p.m., left Ramsgate Harbour bound to Margate, and arrived in Margate Harbour at 4h. 30m., after a short but very pleasant sail; strong wind from N.E. and cloudy weather.

Saturday, 13th.—8h. a.m., strong breeze from E.N.E. and cloudy weather, —housed top-mast and got all ready, intending to proceed to Ramsgate, but took the ground hauling out, and could not get her off; at 3h. 30m. p.m, the Idas floated, and we hauled her alongside the pier; strong winds from E.N.E. and heavy sea running outside, with cloudy weather, we thought it better to remain in harbour.

Sunday, 14th.—8h. a.m., strong wind E.N.E., and cloudy weather; at 6h. p.m., more moderate; 7h. single reefed mainsail, whole fore-sail and jib, left Margate Harbour bound to Ramsgate; 8h. 30m., off North Foreland, sea running high, stove three planks in the bow of the dinghy; 9h. 30m. arrived in Ramsgate Harbour, after a pleasant but somewhat rough passage, strong wind from E.N.E., and cloudy weather.

Monday, 15th.—8h. a.m., wind E.N.E., more moderate, and cloudy weather; 10h. sent the dinghy ashore to be repaired; noon left Ramsgate harbour for a cruize, and stood out towards the North Sand Head light-ship; 1h. 30m., p.m., about ship and returned to Ramsgate Harbour, at 2h. 30m., wind N E., fine weather; 8h. wind south, cloudy weather.

Tuesday, 16th.—8h. a.m., wind S.W., fresh, and cloudy weather; 11h. left Ramsgate Harbour for a cruize to Deal; 2h. p.m., come to anchor off Deal and went ashore, 3h. 30m. p.m., returned on board and got under-way bound back to Ramsgate and arrived in the Harbour at 5h. 30m., wind southerly, strong, with rain; 7h., blowing hard from the southward with heavy rain, run out the kedge to hold us off the pier.

Wednesday, 17th.—8h. a.m., strong westerly wind and cloudy weather, on, left Ramsgate Harbour for the purpose of sailing with the Wanderer,) tons, Wanderer 6 tons, and Judy 4 tons, in a friendly match for a dinner, e course to be from Ramsgate Harbour, round a flag boat off Deal Pier d back to Ramsgate Harbour, time for tonnage allowed, and the last yacht pay the "shot." After the start, 1h. p.m., came heavy squall of wind and in, that caused us to down top-sail, and fore-sail, but set them shortly after,

the Wanderer, 6 tons, dowsed every thing in the squall, and gave up the match, consequently she was the losing yacht, the others rounded and came in as follows:—the Wanderer, 10 tons, first; Idas, 6 tons, second; and the Judy, 4 tons, about three-quarters of an hour afterwards; 4h. returned salute to the Mystery, 18 tons, — Dormay, Esq., P.W.Y.C., just arrived in Ramsgate Harbour. Wound up the match at 6h., at the Refectory Tavern, Host Brand, (member of the P.W.Y.C.) where a splendid dinner was provided, to which we all did ample justice.

Thursday, 18th.—8h. a.m., wind N.E., light, and fine weather, 10h. left Ramsgate Harbour, for a sail towards Deal, and returned at 2h. p.m., after a very pleasant trip, wind N.E., light, and fine weather. The Mystery left this morning for Calais.

Friday, 19th.—8h. a.m., wind S.W., fresh, and cloudy weather, left Ramsgate Harbour bound for London, 10h. 30m., a.m. off Margate, wind more moderate, set top-sail, (the Volante passed to leeward bound up,) 3h. p.m., passed the Nore light-ship; 6h. 30m., abreast Chapman Head light-house, wind light; 11h. passed Gravesend; midnight, light airs of wind, and cloudy weather.

Saturday, 20th.—2h. a.m., in Gallion's reach, very cloudy, heavy rain, followed by a fresh breeze from the southward; 2h. 30m. came to anchor off the Marine Station, Blackwall.

LIVERPOOL YACHT CLUB.

A few short months have elapsed since the formation of the Liverpool Yacht Club, and yet through the active and energetic management of its promoters, despite sundry prognostications of the impossibilitiy of establishing a third yacht club on the Mersey, we find that it has been accomplished. It is founded under Admiralty Warrant dated 23rd November 1853, of which we subjoin a copy.

Copy of the Admiralty Warrant of the Liverpool Yacht Club.

LOCUS SIGILLI.

By the Commissioners for executing the Office of Lord High Admiral of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, &c.

Whereas, We deem it expedient, that the vessels belonging to the "Liverpool Yacht Club" shall be permitted to wear the blue ensign of H Majesty's Fleet, on board their respective ve sels, with the distinctive marks of the club in t' Burgee.

We do, therefore, by virtue of the power and authority vested in u hereby warrant and authorize the blue ensign of Her Majesty's Flee with the distinctive marks of the club in the Burgee, to be worn (

board the respective vessels belonging to the "Liverpool Yacht Club" accordingly.

Given under our hands, and the seal of the office of Admiralty, the 23rd day of November, 1853.

(Signed) Alex. Milne.
W. Cowper.

By command of their Lordships.

(Signed) B. Osborne.

We confess we did not enter at all into the views entertained by many at the outset of this club, namely, that it would prove detrimental to the interests of the existing yacht clubs upon the River Mersey; we believe that no such idea crossed the minds of any of the parties interested, when the Prince of Wales's Yacht Club was founded upon the Thames; and we really cannot understand why a sea port which commercially contends the palm with London, cannot afford as equal a support to a third yacht club; the doubt however has been set at rest, the club has been established, and another Burgee has been added to our list. We are happy also in being enabled to state from personal observation, that the utmost cordiality exists between the members of the three clubs, and the only rivalry there appears a prospect of existing between them, is that which we have little doubt will tend still further to increase the fame of the Mersey Yachtsmen, viz. as to which club will turn out the fastest clippers of the season. The election to the Liverpool Yacht Club is, as usual with all clubs, by ballot, one black ball in five excluding: the entrance fee is half-a-guinea, and the annual subscription one guinea. The club meetings take place on the third Wednesday in each month. The yachts of the Liverpool Yacht Club are of two descriptions; viz. "fixed keel yachts," and "centre board," or "sliding keel yachts;" and they are divided into two classes; the first class consisting of yachts of from eight to fifteen tons, and the second class of yachts of from three to eight tons. The rule for admeasurement for the sailing purposes of the club, is the same as that of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club, with the addition of the words, as inserted in the rules of the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, "*or other part of the vessel below the load water line.*" The sailing matches of the club are to be time matches, three quarters of a minute per ton being allowed between three and eight tons, and half a minute per ton between eight and fifteen tons. The rules and regulations of the club have been brought out in a very neat and portable form, and appear to us to be very complete. The club rooms are during the winter months at Mr. Radley's Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool; and during the summer months at Mr. Jones' Royal Hotel, Birkenhead.

The inauguration dinner was celebrated on the 12th of January at the Adelphi Hotel, where a sumptuous entertainment was provided by the worthy host Mr. Radley; a numerous party of the members and their friends sat down shortly after six o'clock, amongst whom were several of the members of the "Royal Mersey" and of the Birkenhead Model Yacht Club, the pro-

ceedings of the evening were of a most enjoyable nature, and were much enchanced by the excellent performances of a society of talented vocalists, under the able management of Mr. Ryall. The entertainment passed off in the most agreeable manner, and the members and their guests separated at a reasonable hour, after having enjoyed a most pleasing meeting.

While we are on the subject of this club we will with pleasure comply with the wishes of several supporters, and preserve in our pages, the address delivered by J. A. Clarke, Esq., at a meeting held early in November last.

"GENTLEMEN:—In rising to address you, I feel diffident of my powers to deal, in a sufficiently comprehensive manner, with the subject matter respecting which we are assembled. When, however, I see around me so many gentlemen connected with yachting interests, and when I think that but a short week has elapsed since the initiatory meeting of the Liverpool Yacht Club took place, it emboldens me to hope, in common with its other originators, that so far the result of our exertions are typical of success. We are met, pursuant to a circular, dated the 29th of October, for the purpose of confirming the foundation of a new yacht club, organised on Friday, the 28th of October, and called the "Liverpool Yacht Club," on which evening a goodly number of gentlemen enrolled themselves as members of the club. It is now our business to take the next important step, namely, the appointment of officers and committee, who will at once frame the rules and regulations for our management and direction; and, furthermore, to solicit those gentlemen who were not present at our first meeting, to aid and assist us by their valuable co-operation.

"It may be naturally inquired, for what purpose do you require a new yacht club? Are there not two clubs in Liverpool already—the Royal Mersey Yacht Club and the Birkenhead Model Yacht Club? Most true there are; but the necessity for the foundation of a new club requires no further answer than the fact that, upon our first night of meeting, a large number of gentlemen enrolled their names, who hitherto (with a few exceptions,) did not belong to any existing club—testifying by their so doing that the necessity did exist.

"It may be further asked, will not our operations tend to antagonistic results with the yacht clubs beforementioned? On the contrary, gentlemen, our first principles are non-interference in any way with the rights, privileges, or operations of any club, much less those in our own waters. We shall, on the contrary, at all times be most ready and anxious to co-operate with them most warmly in any or every course, tending towards the promotion and prosperity of yachting science and interests; and the only rivalry that can ever exist between us will be the fair, and honourable, and friendly contest of vessel against vessel o'er the waters of the noble Mersey. We have also before us an example, that London can boast of three successful and prosperous yacht clubs, none of whom in any way interfere with the other, and whose constant succession of sailing matches upon the Thames tend in degree, of which we are witnesses by undeniable proof, to foster and propa-

gate that spirit and practice of nautical sport and taste, which will ever prove to be the greatest bulwark of this the greatest maritime nation in the world.

"May it not then be reasonable to suppose, that where the necessity exists, as I have shown, Liverpool, that proudly contests the palm as the first seaport in the world, and, I am proud to say, successfully so, can as successfully give birth to and support a second yacht club? In the foundation of this club, we propose to limit the tonnage of yachts to twelve tons, according to the measurements we shall bring before you in the rules about to be compiled. Our funds, after providing for the necessary expenses of carrying on the business of the club, will be solely devoted to the advancement of nautical science, and in providing valuable and useful prizes for competition, not only amongst the yachts belonging to the club, but open also to the yachts of every other club in a fair generous spirit of rivalry—a clear stage and no favour, and may the best boat win and wear her fame.

"There are at present seventeen royal yacht clubs, two yacht clubs not enjoying royal patronage, and two model yacht clubs. I can state, upon excellent authority, that our most gracious Queen will not extend her royal patronage to any other than the seventeen royal clubs already established, so that there cannot be another royal yacht club. I have, however, every reason to felicitate the members of the Liverpool Yacht Club upon the grant by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, of the blue ensign of her Majesty's fleet, to be worn by the vessels belonging to the club, under special several Admiralty warrants, granting all the rights and immunities appertaining thereto, and with which is proposed to be worn a distinctive blue burgee, having emblazoned thereon the arms of Liverpool.

"I also, gentlemen, entertain an earnest hope that when our preliminary arrangements shall have been completed, we shall be enabled to establish a suitable club-house for the accommodation of members, convenient to the water side, with reading rooms and such other comforts as have been so successfully carried out in other clubs; the same to be provided for by a debenture system, which will be submitted to you for consideration at a future period, and proposed to be totally distinct from the club fund.

"Having thus, gentlemen, stated to you, as briefly as I could, though, I fear, in a very incompetent manner, our motives and our intentions, it remains but to ask you to co-operate with us in this our endeavour to advance still further than they have been in Liverpool yachting interests; and by our operations, to increase nautical sport, and promote nautical tastes upon our noble river, to aid the ship-building interests by giving our ship-builders opportunities for the exercise of their talents and genius, no matter though the craft ordered from their slips be but a wee thing of ten tons. From small events great ones have resulted, a colossal fortune having often rewarded the energetic industry of many who commenced upon the banks of the self-same Mersey, with but a shadowy prospect of ultimate success. Let our fortune be our success; and, hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder, let us fairly and honourably enter upon the path before us, determined to place the

Liverpool Yacht Club in that position which its present prospects give us every just hope is perfectly attainable.

"For men judge actions always by events,
But when we manage, by a just foresight,
Success is prudence, and possession right."

ROYAL CORK YACHT CLUB.

We have just received the subjoined letter, says the *Field*, from a leading member of the Royal Cork Yacht Club:—"I am happy to inform you that our new club-house is now in such a state of forwardness, that the principal rooms will be ready on the 25th of March next, and as the lease of the present club-house will then be out, we move into the new club-house on that day. The whole building is to be completed on the 1st of May. On Thursday, May the 4th, the first general meeting of the club for this year will be held, when there will be a ballot for members. Although so early in the season, a number of names of candidates have already been forwarded to me, and I think this year we have every prospect of a large accession of members. I think it probable that there will be a meeting of the building committee soon, and also of the general committee of the club, and if anything is brought forward at these meetings which I think would be interesting to you, I shall not fail to communicate it to you immediately. Measures are now taken to lay down moorings for the yachts of this club, and also any yachts belonging to Royal Yacht Clubs, which may arrive in this harbour, for the use of which a trifling charge will be made. In fact, this old club, after being in existence now upwards of 134 years, has every prospect of continued success and prosperity."

ROYAL WESTERN YACHT CLUB OF IRELAND.

The proceedings of this excellent Yacht Club are carried on with unabated vigour, at their Club House, 113, Grafton Street, Dublin, the accession of members and yachts weekly continue, in our next month's number we shall notice more fully the elections for some time past. Their Yacht List for 1854 will present an imposing array, comprising some of the fastest and finest yachts of the day.

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB.

This excellent club will announce before our next publication, the name of the successful candidate for the Secretaryship,—the present secretary, J. Aldridge, Esq., being a naval officer, is, we believe, ordered afloat. There are six names before the Committee, and no doubt their several qualification for so responsible an office will be well investigated.

The ball of this distinguished club will be held on the 16th of February instant, when no doubt, from the high position of its noble Commodore, and the members generally, a very first-rate affair may be anticipated.

This club has not hitherto met with so much attention as it merited, but we assure the members that every one of the *present* crew of the Yachting Magazine, are actuated with the best feelings towards it, and that hereafter due attention will be paid to its notices.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB.

The monthly meeting was held on Monday, the 16th of January last; being the first meeting in the New Year, a great amount of business had to be disposed of, and also the election of Secretary. On this occasion we were much gratified by the just encomiums passed by Mr. Eagle, (the Treasurer,) when proposing the re-election of their valued and indefatigable Secretary, Mr. Gregory, a gentleman who has now served the club with untiring zeal for many years. Several of the members also expressed the high opinion they entertained of his services, and on his return to his official seat he was rapturously received. Mr. Eagle read the balance sheet of receipts and expenditure during the last year, and in a brief speech stated to the satisfaction of the club, the flourishing condition of the funds, £100 having been invested in government securities, besides liquidating all claims.

The annual ball was fixed for Thursday, the 16th of March, and several gentlemen were appointed Stewards. The harmonious feeling which prevails in this club, will ensure its prosperity; and it is as gratifying to us to announce, as it must be to all lovers of yachting, to hear that *all* the Metropolitan Yacht Clubs are going ahead.

PRINCE OE WALES YACHT CLUB.

The first Meeting of this club was held on Friday the 6th of January, at their new quarters the Freemason's Tavern, Queen Street, Lincolns' Inn Fields, when a numerous party attended. As is usual with the London Clubs after New Year's day business of an important nature occupied the evening, and according to the report of the worthy Treasurer, the Financial department was increasing.

During the evening the Two Volumes of the Yachting Magazine with other books were received, and a vote of thanks was given to Mr. Hunt the Proprie-r "for the great support given by him on all occasions to the yachting terest generally."

The notice of motion, "that 12 tons should be the maximum tonnage for atches after 1854," was brought forward, when Dr. Guest moved as an nendment, "that 15 tons be the maximum tonnage for matches." The ailing committee recommended the amendment for adoption, as it would

include all yachts of about 12 tons, old measurement, and prevent the necessity of ever altering the tonnage again, as it would satisfy all parties, and men could begin to build with full confidence that the tonnage would remain permanent. The commodore supported the amendment with his usual ability, and observed that sixteen yachts, ranging from 14 to 8 tons, were kept from sailing in the matches, whereas not much more than half that number under 8 tons were eligible to sail in matches, and that consequently the club must degenerate under such a system, which was one of actual injustice towards the bulk of yacht owners eligible for racing purposes, but not until the tonnage was raised to 15 tons. He was ably supported by Messrs. Cooper, Greaves, Ackbourn, A. Berncastle, Chubb, Sadlier, Gordon and others. Messrs. Legg and Tuckwell opposed the tonnage being raised; but on the ballot taking place for the amendment—28 were for it, 16 against it—the amendment was lost by two votes, as it requires double the number in favour to alter a law.

The original motion of 12 tons was put—For it 27; against it 10; carried by a majority of 17 that after 1854 the tonnage for matches be raised to 12 tons. The ballot did not take place until midnight, when more than a dozen members who came to vote for 15 tons had left the club to return by rail and omnibus, so that virtually the 15 tons may be said to have been carried, and to prevent in future such an occurrence we advise the Chairman to bring on any such important business at an earlier hour, as members who come to support a measure will not stop to a late hour to do so, and the question that might have been carried is thus lost. We understand that the sailing committee having at their last meeting unanimously recommended that after 1854 15 tons should be the maximum tonnage for matches, as being the most prudent course, and the most beneficial to the members of the club generally, this question will be brought on again by Dr, Guest, who considers that at so late an hour it had not a fair chance of an impartial decision of the club; and a veteran yachtsman suggests that, to give a guarantee of permanency to builders, the law should be passed for five years certain, and we advise builders to hold hard until the tonnage question is permanently settled by the club.

We have received information that Mr. Gordon, late joint Secretary has resigned his office, which has been held by him from the foundation of the club; therefore all communications must be addressed only to C. F. Chubb, Esq., Myrtle Villa, Battersea, or Freemason's Tavern, Great Queen Street.

It is expected that the next meeting Friday Feb. 3rd instant will be very numerously attended.

THE ANNUAL BALL OF THE PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB.

The annual ball of this distinguished club, took place on Tuesday the 10th of January, at the new club house, Freemason's Hall, Lincoln's Inn Fields in the splendid ball room of that far-famed establishment, and a more fashionable and agreeable *re-union*, we will venture to say has seldom assembled under the star spangled roof of that elegant *salle de danse*.

At ten o'clock, Commodore Berncastle opened the ball with Miss Hardcastle, having for *vis-a-vis*, Mrs. Chubb and the Vice-Commodore, and before supper was announced about 200 of the votaries of Terpsichore were keeping cadence to the soft strains of Abbot's celebrated band, and had it not been for the unusual inclemency of the weather, and difficulties of locomotion from the snow storm, at least another hundred would have been present. The nautical devices, and insignia of yachting, with flags of the different yacht clubs ornamented the room on all sides, and a large model of the Mosquito in full sail, by the ingenious Farley, to whom were intrusted all the decorative arrangements, did great credit to that *artiste:* we particularly noticed his new large banner, with the insignia of the three London Yacht Clubs entwined, a sort of *tria juncta in uno*, as they are and always ought to be. The brilliant full dress uniform of the officers, and yacht owners of this club, added not a little to the gaiety of the scene, and may be looked upon as a move in the right direction, since it gives a distinct and suitable *caste* to the character of the entertainment.

We recognized the weather-beaten features of many a veteran yachtsman of this and other clubs, who sat around enjoying the scene, although their dancing days are over. After midnight, the *salle de festins* was thrown open, where a sumptuous supper invited to refreshment; the tables were as crowded with all the delicacies of the season, as the deck of an outward bound emigrant ship is with stores, and the frequent detonation of the noisy champagne, only served to enliven the busy scene of the festive board. The wines were of the choicest order, and to say more about the catering of mine host of the Freemason's Hall, would be to :—

"Gild refined gold,—to add perfume to the Violet."

The gallant Commodore presided, supported by the Vice-Commodore, Treasurer, and Honorary Secretary, and before rejoining the dance, he gave the usual loyal toasts of the "Queen," "Prince of Wales," "Royal Family," and then "Success to the Prince of Wales Yacht Club," and said:—"That he regretted the weather had been so bad, as it kept away that night so many of his fair friends who however willing to come, had been frozen up in their homes, like in the Arctic Regions, and actually prevented from being present by stress of weather. He was determined to meet them again before next winter, and when no atmospheric causes should prevent them from dancing under the banner of the spotless plume to which they had always been so faithful; and for that purpose he would in July have a grand review of the fleet of yachts of the club in front of the gardens of Erith, when they should all manœuvre by signal, something like Spithead last year; but on a smaller scale, and without any steam, as that would be reserved for the evening ashore, when he proposed that a *fete champetre* and *danse al fresco* should take place in the gardens, to which all the ladies present and their friends were invited.

"He considered that not half enough was done by the Yacht Clubs for the amusement of the ladies of yachtsman who were such constant supporters of

the cause, and only required the opportunity to be given to them more frequently of proving it. In this club they were ever devising plans for their amusement, and the last act they had just accomplished, viz. the raising the tonnage of the club, was done with a special view to their accommodation." He concluded with an excellent rallying speech, pointing out the absolute necessity of every true yachtsman supporting the annual ball, and sat down amidst tremendous cheering.

Dancing was kept up with great spirit "until grey eyed morn began to peep." The Commodore (who is a most inveterate dancer,) never deserted the ship, until all hands had left her; and with his usual urbanity of manner, and his exertions to render everything happy and agreeable, in which he was most ably seconded by C. F. Chubb, Esq., the Master of the Ceremonies, and by the worthy Treasurer and Stewards whose management was beyond all praise.

LONDON MODEL YACHT CLUB.

This club rather suddenly made its appearance in the Strand, and we certainly think that some notice of its removal, would have caused a greater attendance, but at the same time we admit it is likely to benefit by the change, being held at the Essex Head, Essex Street, Strand, facing St. Clement's Church, and we hope the old saying will not be realized, viz., "the nearer the church, &c." There's one thing however that we noticed, the house seems well attended by those learned in law! law! law!

The first meeting of the year was held on the 2nd of January, the Monthly Meetings being always held on the first Monday in each month. The chair was occupied by Mr. W. Gordon, who read the rules *seriatim* for approval and confirmation, they had been already published, and that rather premature we consider, as some alteration occurred in some of the rules, and unless the same is reprinted with the alteration in the same Journal, many will be led into error.

During the evening it was announced that the Commodore and Vice Commodore had resigned, and on the nomination of officers the following gentlemen were elected.—

Mr. W. Tuckwell, (the *little* owner of the Blue-eyed Maid) Commodore; Mr. W. Williams, (part owner of the Traveller;) Vice-Commodore; Mr. W. Gordon, (P. W .Y .C.) Rear Commodore; Mr. Biffin (the celebrated wager boat builder) Cup bearer; and that excellent and indefatigable member, Mr. Crabb, was re-elected Secretary with acclamation: This gentleman has been one of the principal mainstays of the club, and we congratulate the members on having secured his valuable services for another year. Among the company we observed Mr. Bartram, a gentleman who has built several clever model yachts, and who contended for the Northumberland Prize, and exhibited his model *life boat* in the Great Exhibition of 1851.

We need scarcely add that the meeting after business was spent in conviviality and enjoyment, and among many other toasts, "the health of Mr. Hunt with success to the *Yachting Magazine*" was drank and duly honored; and in concluding the notice of this club, the members may rest assured that the pages of that work, will be always ready to support as it hitherto has done, the interests of not only the Model Yacht Club of London, but all Clubs having for their object the promotion of the noble cause of yachting.

BIRKENHEAD MODEL YACHT CLUB.

The Annual Ball of this efficient little Yacht Club, was celebrated on the night of the 12th of January at Hillier's, Monksferry Hotel, Monksferry, Cheshire. A numerous and happy party assembled at an early hour, when dancing was commenced and kept up with increasing spirit until midnight, when the supper rooms were thrown open, where every choice viand and delicacy that could tempt the most fastidious appetite were spread in lavish profusion, and we need scarcely add enjoyed with much zest, as grateful refreshment after the merry dance. The stirring strains of Mr. Gribbins's admirable band however soon aroused the dancers to renewed exertion, and quadrille, valse, and stirring polka passed the young hours speedily away, the guests separating at an advanced period of the morning, each and every one delighted by the enjoyment of a most agreeable *re-union*,—rendered perfect by the ceaseless courtesy, attention, and hospitality of the officers and members of the club, to all who had the privilege of their elegantly arranged "Salon de danse". The Committee and officers displayed the utmost good taste in their arrangements, and much credit is due to Mr. Hillier for the manner in which he carried out their wishes. Amongst those present were many members of the Royal Mersey, and Liverpool Yacht Clubs,—and also of other Royal Yacht Clubs.

Our Editor's Locker.

IRELAND *versus* ENGLAND.

London, January 8th, 1854.

Dear Mr. Editor.—Can you inform me, as a yachting man, how it is that nearly all your articles (or sayings,) come from Ireland, Liverpool, and nothing hardly from what I call "Head Quarters," viz.: Isle of Wight? I read in one of your numbers about the "Log of the Pet," of ten or fifteen tons o.m., I believe! who talked about setting his *starboard* watch, (I suppose the cook's was the larboard one,) and beating round the Land's End in a gale, when all the rest put back inside. This account is of course from Paddy Land! why not give us some account of *our own* "fine vessels,"—the race of the "Talisman and Corsair" round the Eddystone for instance? something like a race that was.

In fact, Mr. Editor, I hope you will use your endeavours to prevent yacht racing degenerating in the same way as steeple chasing, (which it certainly has,) it has come to yachting men and racing men, who patronize the rail and send their vessels round.

I have been chaffed in the Thames about the Mosquito, (I speak as a yachting man,) and certainly as my yacht is built for comfort in every way, of course I should be beaten hull down in an hour; but let us have a race round the Eddystone and back in May,—if it come really to blow, some of the clippers would soon cry hold—enough.

Excuse the aught of this, but really we men who like the sea, and are first afloat, and many out all the winter, have *no chance* of winning a leaf in the summer.

I remain, &c., BLUE JACKET.

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

P.S.—There is an eighteen-ton boat performing wonders in the Mediterranean, I see in *Bell's*. It is always the small fry that crow. I shall find out the name.—Irish again by-the-by.

[We have inserted our correspondent's letter, in order that we might not be considered by him as only willing to give place to the sons of Erin's Isle, but surely "Blue Jacket" must be in a fog, a cloud, or some other mystified state, when he deemed the Pet's log Irish, for had he looked into *Hunt's Universal Yacht List* he would have found her English, and belonging to the Thames Yacht Club. Then again respecting the non-insertion of notices of the clubs in the Wight, he must if he is a yachtsman, know that there is nothing doing during the winter months at those places. We thank our correspondent nevertheless, and he will ever find us ready to give a place to the logs of any yacht whether large or small, that their owners will favour us with. We shall be most happy to aid by our humble efforts, yacht racing; and as he observes a race round the Eddystone in a stiffish breeze would not only shew the weatherly qualities of the contending yachts, but also the seamanship of their sailing masters, and our best exertions shall not be wanting to bring about such a race.]

WAR AND YACHTING.

January 10*th*, 1854.

SIR.—In the event of a maritime war with a powerful and enterprising enemy what is to become of our yachts? Incapable for the most part of defence, and unable to compete in speed with the steamers with which the seas will swarm, these beautiful craft will be compelled to limit their voyages to the narrowest bounds, or they will infallibly become the prey as well of the legitimate cruizer as of the still more unscrupulous privateer.

In the vast amount of business and among the important interests, which will press themselves upon the consideration of government, we can scarcely suppose that our amusements, however honourable or even beneficial they may be, will find a place.

If the yacht clubs do not look after their own interests in the event of war, we can scarcely expect that others will; but we have every reason to suppose that we might succeed in procuring any reasonable terms, if the clubs would

agree to abstain from all interference and to request that vessels belonging to their fleet and sailing under their colours should pass unmolested upon the seas.

We know not whether the lettres de marque system will be adopted, or whether both sides will agree to restrict all hostile operations to their respective ships-of-war: but in the former case it would be necessary for every member of a Royal Yacht Club, who wished to try his hand at privateering, to withdraw his own name and that of his yacht from the club list, leave his club colours at home, and take his chance with the rest; and any such member sailing under club colours or laying claim to any club privileges would be esteemed to have broken faith with his club, and to be debarred from re-election.

It is all very well for our yachtsmen to carry on about orders of sailing, manœuvring by signal and so on, but it cannot be seriously supposed that the slightest advantage could be gained by their meddling in the great game which is about to be played; while on the other hand if the war were to put a stop to our legitimate voyages, one of the best nurseries for seamen would be destroyed and the chief stimulus to improvement in naval architecture would be withdrawn.

The Czar, may be a despot and a hundred other things which it is the fashion to call him, but at all events he is a sportsman and a gentleman, and there is little doubt but that he would readily show us any courtesy which we could reasonably demand.

Let the clubs endeavour with the aid of the Admiralty to obtain for themselves the privileges of neutrality, abstaining strictly from espionage and interference, and let those who wish for a tussle with the bear, cruize under their own colours and not get their more pacific friends into mischief.

I am, &c.,

ULYSSES.

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

MEASUREMENT OF YACHTS.

January 19*th*, 1854.

Mr. EDITOR.—Will you allow an uneducated man, but yet a sailor, to spin a short yarn to your readers: the first sporting journal in the world, week after week, contains letters from some very clever men I have no doubt, upon subjects highly useful to yachting gentlemen, still after all they seldom finish the subject completely and satisfactorily; perhaps they may do so in their own minds, but I much question whether two-thirds of what are termed yachtsmen, understand their meaning, I remember several precious long yarns about measurement, and which I have had several opportunities of examining in the *Yachting Magazine*, and I find that no conclusive arrangemant has been made out, or even attempted to be carried out. Its true, my club the London, has altered the method of measurement, but will it be followed out in other clubs? That there should be but one system of measurement no one will deny, and therefore let us poor unenlightened beings have the best.

I am, &c,

TARPAULIN.

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

RIGGING FOR MODEL YACHTS.

January 16th, 1854.

SIR.—Doubtless you are aware the L.M.Y.C., are about to introduce a second class of yachts, of twelve feet keel. I live a distance from town and wish to have my yacht at home to sail, pray what rig should you recommend combining great speed, easily worked, simplicity, soon struck, and portable for land carriage with the boat, to and fro? Perhaps you would be kind enough to give a short description of the sheer mast rig, and your opinion of it, also what is called the dandy rig.

I think the boats will have dropping keels. I have gone through the *Sailing Boat* and find no mention of either rig. If you have space in my jolly old friend the *Yachting Magazine*, an early answer would confer a very great favour, as we shall soon want to build. Hoping you may continue to carry on with a fair wind and a flowing sheet.

I am, &c.,

J. G. L., AN EMBRYO YACHTSMAN.

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

A TEN TON YACHT FOR SALE.

Liverpool, January 24th, 1854.

SIR.—In answer to Eau-Douce I beg to inform you that I have a yacht of 10 tons for sale, which I think will most probably answer his purpose. She was built by George Payne of Southampton. She is s first rate sea-boat, and as to her speed I have never seen anything *near* her size that can touch her. She is coppered and copper fastened throughout; the body amidships best oak; bow astern pine, to make her floaty. She has a new suit of sails (last year) by Lapthorne of Gosport, two fore-sails, old and new, and four jibs, balloon and No. 2 quite new, top-sail new; every rope is good, galvanized anchor and chain, iron and leaden ballast; the latter built up in her. She has horsehair sofa, mattrasses, two horsehair cushions, and four down feather sofa pillows, she has a good cabin and forecastle or galley: she is excessively quick and handy and can be worked by a man and boy with ease.

She was 10 days coming from Gosport to Liverpool last April, but the weather was dreadful every day but *one*, and that she would take about four or five days to go to Weymouth. Unless the weather was fine, she can beat any yacht of her class. I part with her solely because I am giving up yachting.

I enclose further particulars for your guidance, also price required.

I am, &c.,

E. W.

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

Our Log Book.

YACHTS FOR SALE.—*Schooners.*—Intrepid, 60 tons; Fairy Queen, 67 tons; Vestal, 75 tons; Zypheretta 180 tons. *Cutters.*—Ariel, 36 tons; Charm, 10 tons; Champion, 25 tons; Cygnet, 35 tons; Daring, 31 tons; Daisy, 18 tons;

Diavolo, 15 tons; Guerrilla, 45 tons; Pauline, 35 tons; Secret, 25 tons; Sunbeam, 18 tons.—If builders and others will forward the particulars of the yachts they may have for sale we shall be happy to assist them in disposing of the same.

London to Leith in Four Days.—The Spray cutter, of 33 tons, o.m., recently bought by J. A. Longmore, Esq., Secretary of the Eastern Yacht Club, Edinburgh, from J. E. Cox, Esq., of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, reached Leith early on Thursday, the 19th of January, after a remarkably fine passage down, considering the inclement season. She left Blackwall on Sunday, the 15th, under the charge of her old master, Mr. George Hughes. She experienced thick weather and light baffling winds until Monday evening. When she was off Orfordness, a fine rattling breeze from the land then set in and carried her down to Flamborough Head on Tuesday at nightfall. She carried on all night with her jib-headed top-sail set, and by Wednesday evening was off the mouth of the Firth of Forth; thus running from river to river in four days. It was blowing very hard from the westward when she was abreast of St. Abb's Head, and it looked besides very dark and louring to windward. Rather than hazard thrashing her through it during the long winter night, her master wisely hove her to, under a four reefed main-sail and storm jib. It blew great guns with a heavy sea down the Firth, here thirty miles wide, but the little craft made fine weather of it and rode it out like a duck. At daylight she filled again and beat up to Leith with the flood, where she came to anchor in the Roads early in the day.—*Field.*

H.M. Yacht.—The Windsor Castle.—Preparations are making to commence the building of this yacht, which is to be of the following dimensions:—length over all, 315 feet; length of keel 300 feet; breadth of beam, 40 feet; depth of hold, 22 feet; estimated tonnage 2,340 tons.

Lord Colville has purchased the Sultana from the Marquis of Conyngham.

CLUB MEETINGS, 1854.

Feb. 1, Wednesday, Royal Thames Yacht Club, Bedford Hotel, Covent Garden
" 1, " Birkenhead Model Yacht Club, Monksferry Hotel, Monksferry.
" 3, Friday.....Prince of Wales' Yacht Club, Freemasons' Tavern, London
" 4, Saturday.....Royal Harwich Yacht Club, Club-house, Harwich.
" 6, Monday.....London Model Yacht Club, Essex Head, Essex St. Strand.
" 15, Wednesday...Annual Ball of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, Hanover Rooms.
" 15, Wednesday...Liverpool Yacht Club, Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool.
" 17, Friday.....Lecture before the Prince of Wales' Yacht Club, Freemasons' Tavern.
" 20. Monday.....Royal London Yacht Club, Caledonian Hotel, Adelphi.

HIGH WATER TIDE TABLE FOR FEBRUARY.

D of M	High Water Lon. Bridge morn.		High Water Lon. Bridge after.		The time of high water at the following places may be ascertained, by adding to, or substracting from, the time at London Bridge.					
	h	m	h	m			h.	m.		h. m.
1	4	37	4	58	Aberystwith	add	5	23	Aberdeen	sub 0 56
2	5	19	5	38	Alderney		4	38	Aldborough	3 23
3	5	58	6	18	Bantry Bay		1	39	Belfast	4 2
4	6	36	6	57	Bridlington		2	23	Brighton	2 29
5	7	17	7	39	Carmarthan		4	3	Carnarvon	4 47
6	8	4	8	38	Cork Harbour		2	23	Cowes	3 22
7	9	9	9	48	Dartmouth		3	58	Dublin Bar	2 55
8	10	26	11	7	Dudgeon Light		5	23	Dungeness	3 17
9	11	46	—	—	Eddystone		3	8	Folkestone	3 37
10	0	22	0	50	Edinburgh		2	23	Foreland, North	2 22
11	1	14	1	37	Exmouth Bar		4	18	Foreland, South	2 47
12	1	57	2	16	Falmouth		3	8	Gravesend	0 37
13	2	34	2	52	Flamboro' Head		2	23	Greenwich	0 20
14	3	11	3	26	Guernsey Pier		4	23	Harwich	2 37
15	3	43	3	58	Hartlepool		1	38	Howth Harbour	2 59
16	4	15	4	31	Humber Mouth		3	23	Ipswich	2 7
17	4	48	5	5	Kinsale Harbour		2	23	Kentish Knock	2 37
18	5	23	5	42	Land End		2	23	Lowestoft	8 37
19	6	1	6	21	Leith Pier		0	15	Margate	2 2
20	6	42	7	5	Lynn Regis		4	38	Nore Light	0 58
21	7	30	8	0	Plymouth		3	26	Portsmouth	2 27
22	8	37	9	20	Swansea		3	48	Sheerness	1 28
23	10	5	10	52	Torbay		3	58	Southampton	2 27
24	11	40	—	—	Waterford		3	43	Spithead	4 37
25	0	19	0	51	Weymouth		4	23	Yarmouth Roads	5 27
26	1	21	1	48	Whitby		1	38	Calais	2 19
27	2	12	2	34	Amsterdam		0	53	Dieppe	3 2
28	2	57	3	18	Antwerp		2	18	Havre de Grace	4 15
					Bourdeux		4	45	Ostende	1 12
					Cherbourg		5	23	Honfleur	4 37
					Hamburgh		3	53	New York	5 7

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

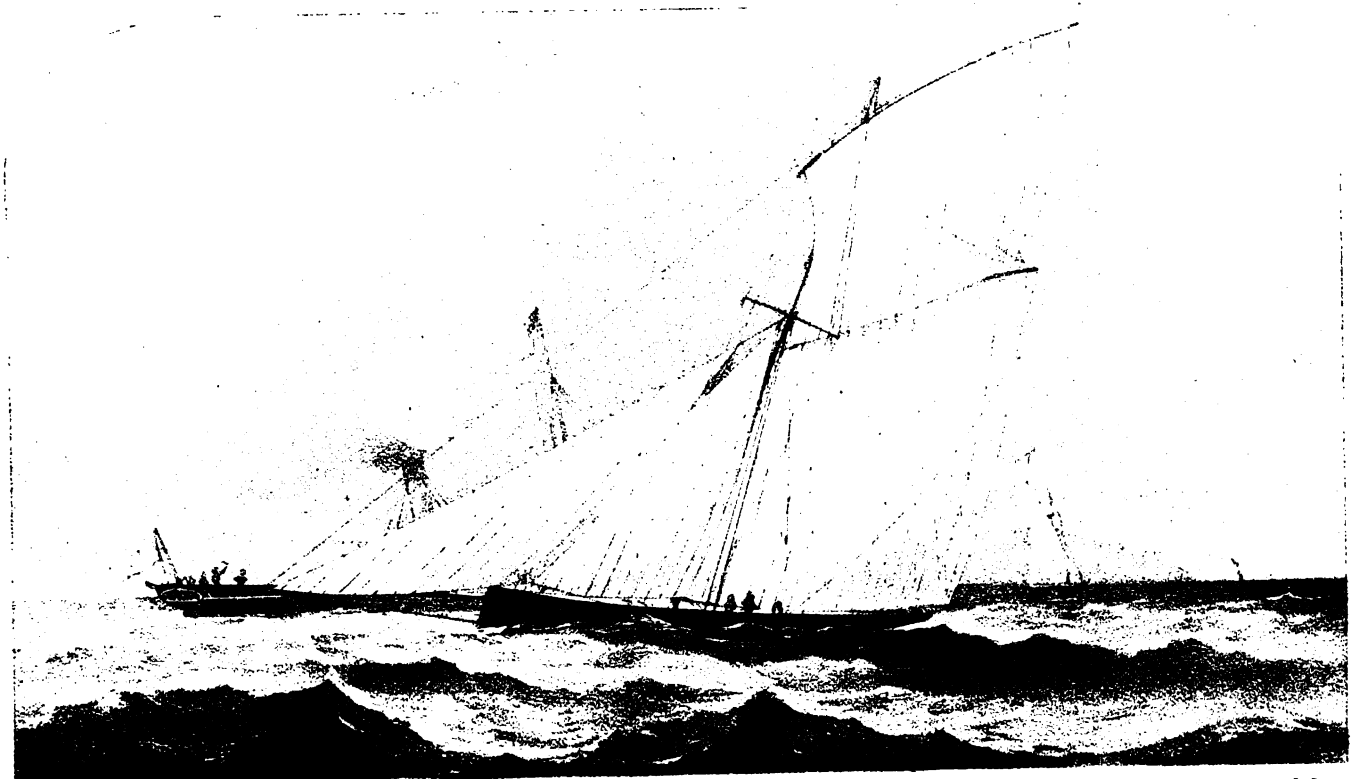
EAU DOUCE.—We have mislaid this gentleman's address, will he oblige by communicating with us.

SINCERITY.—We thank our correspondent for his expression of friendship. Whether the notices that have appeared in a weekly paper are inserted to injure the *Yachting Magazine* we leave the public to determine.

The proprietor of *Hunt's Universal Yacht List* returns his sincere thanks to several secretaries for promises of continued support; and he earnestly requests all secretaries and yacht owners, to forward their lists and alterations early to prevent many inaccuracies, which, otherwise it is impossible to avoid.

THE PRACTICAL FISHERMAN.—The continuation of this article, owing to accident stands over until next mouth.

London:—HUNT & SON. Printers, 6, New Church Street, Edgware Road.



A W Fowles, fecit. Published in Hunts Yachting Magazine, March 1854 Hunt, lith

THE "WILDFIRE" CUTTER, (84 TONS), F. THYNNE, ESQ.

Owner

HUNT'S

YACHTING MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1854.

THE CUTTER YACHT WILDFIRE, 54 TONS.

THIS yacht's racing powers have been displayed but on three occasions, and therefore we are confined to a short account:—the first we have on record was at the Royal Victoria Regatta in 1851, for Her Majesty's cup. In this race the Alarm, Surprise, Destiny, Volante, Fanny, and Bacchante contended. Whilst beating to the Needles the Wildfire gained considerably on the others to that point; between there and St. Catherines, the wind being quarterly, she was after much manœuvring passed by the Bacchante, and by their playing together so long, the Volante was enabled to pass them successively.

From St. Catherines to the Nab, it being dead before the wind, the Wildfire again drew close up to the leading vessels, and the Alarm upon her. From the Nab to the Sandshead she laid her course, and was passed by the Alarm, (a craft about three times as large) to windward! which completely becalmed her; and when she again felt the wind the sudden gust so strained her bobstay that it was carried away, and in consequence when she came from the Sandshead to Ryde station vessel to beat to windward, the jib was comparatively useless from blowing to leeward, thereby endangering the bowsprit, which, although it stood, was so badly sprung, as to be worthless.

Notwithstanding this the moment it came to beating she rapidly overhauled the other vessels and arrived at the starting point twenty-eight seconds astern of the Volante.

In the Royal Squadron match in the same year (although not entered) she started with the competing yachts, and in the race round the island beat the celebrated America as far as the Needles. On this occasion the Fairy came alongside to enquire her name, and on being informed gave a hearty cheer.

In the private match between the America and Sverige she went round with them and beat them both. She had then been lengthened once by the bow and stern.

In 1853 she sailed at Brighton regatta, and would undoubtedly have beaten her competitors (Aurora and Arrow,) had she not carried away her topsail yard, being at the time ahead of Arrow, and a long way of the Aurora; and after that she carried away the balloon jib sheets—consequently Arrow won easily.

The Wildfire was entered at the Royal Victoria regatta last year, but the yachts, Arrow and Florence were scratched the night before the match: and the owner of the Wildfire, not having been apprised of it, arrived at the starting place next morning to be diappointed.

The Wildfire was built by Mr. Hansen of Cowes, in 1849, for her present owner, F. Thynne, Esq.; she was lengthened in 1851, and again in 1853. During the enquiries we have made respecting this yacht, a variety of opinions as to her abilities as a raciug craft have been offered,—from men who located in the right quarter are expected to know *something* about yachts:—"She was a fast vessel after being first lengthened; but the subsequent alteration has spoilt her." "Oh! no: she's faster now." "Avast there, I say Bill's right, she wants two feet more beam to make her a clipper." Another says, "Her owner has spared no pains to make her appearance beautiful, and to improve her sailing, and if he will only race, you 'old salts' will see her show stern to many of the present cracks."

Her dimensions are as follows:—	ft.	in.
Length over all - - - -	80	6
Keel for tonnage - - -	64	2
Breadth extreme - - -	13	9
Depth in hold - - - -	9	0
Burthen in tons - - -	54	0
Draught of water, aft - - -	9	0
Ditto forward - -	6	6

YACHTING STATISTICS.

The time seems now to have arrived when the experience of yacht-builders and yacht-owners might, with propriety, be embodied, so as to form a kind of Naval Statistics, or rather Statistics of the various forms of yachts, from the remotest time down to the present, with their performances. Were the various yacht clubs, now scattered on the shores of this kingdom, to contribute individually as many drawings and models as possible, the result collectively would be most valuable. No great difficulty would be experienced in this, since it is notorious that the lines of most yachts,—from the Brilliant and America downwards, are either in the hands of most amateurs or shipbuilders, or can be procured without much trouble, in those localities in which the yachts "most do congregate." There are several circumstances, however, that would require to be well weighed in forming a tabular statement of the performance of each vessel.

The hull, it must be confessed, is only one of the elements of a yacht, and it is evident that the most beautifully designed vessel may be the slowest in a match, if the other elements of success are wanting. The ballast, in amount and trim, the position of the masts, the area and effective arrangement of the propelling power, the sails,—have all to be considered. We could instance many vessels in which the ballast having been increased or reduced, or altered in position, has been the means of success or the cause of failure. The same in the experience of every yachting man is the case in the alteration of the position of the mast or sails, and many a one has bitterly regretted violating the old rule of leaving well alone. Thus the dimensions and shape of the hull only will not suffice to account for the successful performances of any vessel, and from this circumstance, doubtless, more than any other, has arisen the difficulty of reconciling the apparent anomalies constantly met with in naval architecture. It is highly necessary, therefore, in all statistical enquiries on this subject, that diagrams should be given of the lines of the vessel,—of the position of the ballast,—of her sails, &c., with a short notice of particular points worthy of attention, and an account of her performances.

We are not aware whether the Model Yacht Clubs, now established for some years, have kept any records of this description,—we hope they have. In fact, we cannot conceive that the proper object of such clubs could be accomplished without such statistics, and we shall be glad to hear from the secretaries of the London, the Birkenhead, and the other Model

Yacht Clubs, whether any such records exist. At any rate these clubs might certainly be able to furnish the results of the various trials their vessels have undergone, and the definite points thus arrived at, to shape an approximative model for speed, or for speed and accommodation combined.—For example, many builders maintain that the long, deep, and narrow vessel is the best for speed,—others again build them, especially in America, shorter, more beamy, and drawing considerably less water, with almost an equal show of reason, although it must be confessed that vessels of the former class, as the Volante, the Mosquito, and the Phantom, seem to gain the day.

The grand result to which all scientific yachtsmen hope ultimately to arrive, is the combination of accommodation with speed. It has been observed, that one of the great advantages of the taste of yachting, is the encouragement it gives to the designing and building vessels, which shall serve ultimately as models for vessels of war and commerce. That this would be of the greatest value, there can be no doubt, but we question much whether the advantages have been at all commensurate with the expectations to be realized. It is time to speak out a little, and it must be confessed that the build of the present yachts goes more to show what a commercial or war vessel should *not* be than what she should. Supposing for example that an East Indiaman, of 1000 tons, should be constructed upon the same principle as the crack vessels of the London Model Yacht Club. What weight do you suppose her keel to be? Neither more nor less than *five hundred tons*, with a draught of water of *fifty feet*. The thing is preposterous and an instance of the *argumentum ad absurdum* fully carried out. Such constructions, therefore, are actually impeding the progress of naval architecture. We see that two of the Model Clubs, despairing of deriving any substantial benefit from the performance of the small class of six feet are throwing them overboard, and are about to start model vessels of about two tons. This is, perhaps, a step in the right direction, but we are afraid the grand evil still remains, unless an immediate alteration of the rules establish the contrary. The new craft will be built like their younger predecessors, which a lecturer on yacht building has lately ridiculed, with enormous masses of lead and iron for keels, such as would ruin any ordinary ship owner, putting aside the impossibility of carrying much more weight in the form of the real ballast of a merchant vessel—the cargo. It is therefore with some degree of anxiety, that the yachting world begins to feel that some change is necessary in building models, which shall serve as patterns for large ships. A beautiful vessel as the Volante or Mosquito, would never answer as a cargo vessel, from

their delicate lines and great draught of water; but if it be argued that they were never designed for that purpose, what shall we say of craft of smaller dimensions in the Royal London, the Prince of Wales, and the Model Clubs, which are designed for yachts; but to carry out those proportions, even in yachts like the Volante and Mosquito, would be next to impracticable. Thus, to follow out the argument mentioned above, the keel of the Mosquito ought to weigh upwards of twenty-five tons, and her draught of water fourteen or fifteen feet, with masts and spars of a monstrous character,—to be on the enlarged scale of the Gnat or Blue-Eyed-Maid. Thus the smaller classed yachts, which are called models, are in reality no models at all—but are *sui generis*, and like nothing else in heaven or earth, or on the face of the waters.

In drawing up any statements respecting the best form of vessel therefore, it will be highly necessary to classify the results of the performances of each vessel, in the results of a particular class or tonnage. Vessels generally sail in matches in different classes according to their tonnage, and their performances should be placed accordingly. Let us know in some definite shape why the Mosquito is the fastest vessel of her class. Why is the Kitten the liveliest of the ten tonners. It cannot be because one is built of wood and the other of iron. The lines of the latter are the best of her class, but it does not follow that they are the same as the Mosquito. There are many talented draughtsmen who would earn a deathless reputation by compiling a faithful work, in which these points should be discussed. We believe the Secret has won more cups than any other vessel, and yet her build is totally different from that of the vessels abovenamed. The Mazeppa again has won many prizes, but she and the Kitten are totally unlike. Pray which is the best form for accommodation and speed? W.

Yacht Romp.—We are informed by Mr. Ceely, the well known yacht agent of Blackwall, that he has disposed of this remarkably elegant little clipper. She was designed by Mr. Thomas Waterman, junr. and launched in 1851 from the building yard of Messrs. Mare and Co. of Blackwall. We understand this beautiful specimen of naval architecture on a *petite* scale, realised the unusually high price for an eight ton vessel of £250—although by the *cognoscenti* the amount is regarded as not particularly extravagant, seeing that she is allowed to be, without any exception, the most perfect yacht of her tonnage afloat.

Mr. Ceely has another celebrated yacht, but of larger tonnage than the above named—"The Zuleika," for sale. She is well found and bears the character of a *first-rate*.

TREGONHORKE'S FIRST TRIP IN A MAN-OF-WAR.

(*Continued from page* 83.)

BY A VETERAN YACHTSMAN,

"Now the sea did rise and the winds did blow,
Just as our ship got out in't,
The main ocean ran most cruel-ly,
And the ship was tumbled about in't,
There was one cried—'tack!' another said—'sheet!'
And the Hossifer 'Helm's a lee,'
I'm blessed if I know'd 'tack' from 'sheet,'
'Twere all the same thing to me."

BUT let us record an act which redounds to the honor of Pepper, who, on witnessing poor Tregonhorke's undeserved exaltation, went aft to Mr. Brewer, and confessed to him the part he had taken to "sell" the youth, and said; as it was designed as a lark, and might prove a lesson to the lad, whereby a portion of his verdancy would be removed in the school of experience, he, Pepper, trusted that the "Commissioner" would soften the matter in such a way to Captain Stronglungs, that our hero might not only be released from his pedestal and punishment, but that himself, the real delinquent, might be included in the amnesty. This was accordingly done, and after the piercer and the gimlet eye had operated on Pepper—and the mouth of the crater had emitted a thundering jobation, that individual retired from the "presence," with orders for the liberation of his watch mate.

"Now, youngster," said Pepper, as soon as they had reached the mess berth, "you are a regular brick for not having split upon me, gentlemen, I propose that 'Boots' be considered as a "brick."

"And as I thay the thame," said Soundings, "I have once more the honor to thecond the mothon made by my friend Pepper."

"Agreed," chimed in Savage, and "I'll drink his health as soon as the purser's steward serves out his grog."

"But," said Pepper, "what made you tremble and look so frightened when the Captain spoke to you, your rueful countenance reminded one of a sick monkey drinking vinegar, or the pleasant appearance of a bundle of sticks going to a certain warm place to be burnt."

"Why," replied Tregonhorke, "I never heard such an awful voice in my life, it resembled a very loud clap of thunder.

"Ah! you were thunder struck," rejoined Pepper "but his voice 'tis nothing now to what it formerly was: 'tis not a great while since he had

to pay a hundred ponnds, stopped from his salary, owing to a want of control over his 'jawing tack."

"How so," asked Tregonhorke.

"Why you see he ordered the mastcr to meet him in the storekeeper's office of the dockyard, the hour was named by the captain, with a strict injunction that the officer should be punctual, but it so happened that a thick fog prevented the boat from finding out the 'Camber entrance,' and consequently the time appointed by the skipper had long since passed. This so enraged him that on the master's appearance Captain Stronglungs bellowed out,—'By G—d sir I'll——,' the remainder of what he intended to say was interrupted by a tremendous crash and a shriek. The crash was owing to the concussion produced by the sound of his voice, which broke every pane of glass in the establishment; but the shriek was a far more serious matter, that arose from a sickly young clerk, who had the drums of his ears broke on that occasion, and he has been deaf ever since."

"The glass must have been very thin," put in our hero with one of his incredulous looks.

"There you are greatly mistaken I assure you Boots, every pane of it it was *crown glass*,—but as you have not much time to lose before the Admiral Superintendant will be on board, the sooner you "fix up" as the yankees say, for muster, the better.

In accordance with this suggestion Tregonhorke repaired to his chest, commenced arranging his pewter basin and traps, preparatory to the and necessary ablution.

"Rondo," called out Pepper.

"Yes, Massa Pepper," responded the darkie. "Send Mr. Tregonhorke's marine here," said the former.

It will be observed that notwithstanding the *sobriquet* of "Boots," was applied to the youth by his messmates, they never so far lost sight of the service as to speak of him to an inferior by any other than his proper name.

To the order just given to Rondo," he replied "Yes sar, suppose Massa Tickemoff want de water to shave 'em beard, I first go call de drummer sar, to beat all the hairs together."

"You had better beat your retreat Master Blackey," said Pepper, "or there are no snakes in Virginia, if there won't be a very curious conjunction between my shoe and the after part of your unmentionables."

"I'm off reckly sar, as de rocket say to de red hot poker when it burn em skin sar,"—saying which Rondo disappeared up the ladder.

"I say, Boots," said Savage, who now made his appearance, "did you ever see a play called the 'Merchant of Venice?'"

"Yes, sir; I think that's the one where the jew Shylock wants to cut off a pound of flesh from his debtor's breast."

"Ah!" rejoined Savage, "I see you know all about it,—well then, you, I dare say remember the sentence in that case was to the effect, that if one drop of blood was spilt in the execution thereof; that is, in the cutting off from the merchant the pound of flesh, Mr. Shylock would be made to slip his wind for it."

"I suppose, Mr. Savage," said Tregonhorke, "'slipping his wind,' means that he would be put to death?"

"Of course it does," growled the former, "I mean that Shylock would be made to 'kick the bucket,' which is all one and the same thing.—Now, what I want to impress on your mind, Boots, is, that if in polishing that ugly mug of yours, you spill one drop of soap-suds on the Slasher's lower-deck,—I don't intend to make you kick the bucket for that offence; but I most decidedly shall put your head into that by your side, for the reception of your slops. You know therefore what you have to trust to."

"Pleasant prospect that," soliloquized Tregonhorke, "how I should enjoy a loiter on the banks of my papa's duck pond,—however I must make the best of my bargain, and as I heard Savage say when he was in a little difficulty yesterday about something,—'That with the aid of a pair of fisherman's boots he hoped to get through it.' If I find *that* a good remedy in such cases, I shall certainly write to mamma for a supply of those articles, as I am afraid I shall in the course of my service have to wear out a great many pairs."

As there is nothing interesting to the reader in the ceremony of a visit from the admiral superintendant and his staff, for the purpose of paying the advance of two month's wages to the crew, we will suppose *that* service to have been completed, and that the gallant admiral and *suite* have been the recipients of all the honours due to their exalted position. On their embarkation and departure, and whilst they were making for the shore in a fine cutter yacht, always at the disposal of the dockyard chief,—the Slasher had commenced heaving in on her small bower anchor, or in other words was in the act of "unmooring:" the men at the capstan went round merrily to the drum and fife, playing "the girl I left behind me," while the officers were frequently heard to cheer them on with such sentences as, "Well behaved my lads." "Heave round cheerly boys." "Stamp and go men." "What say ye' for a rally lads." "Heave and a wash," and so on until the order was given "Paul the capstan." Implying that the ponderous anchor was now at the hawse hole, which in due time was "catted," and "fished," the

"messenger" brought to the best bower cable, and once more the capstan revolved to a change of tune, as the cable was shortened into a "long stay peak;" the breeze being rather too strong for loosing sails, with a short scope out.

Tregonhorke by the orders of Mr. Brewer repaired to the little platform denominated "the poop," with an injunction to keep his eye on the flagstaff at Mount Wise, and an intimation that he was to make himself thoroughly conversant with the duties of a signal midshipman, these did not under general circumstances involve much of a sinecure, for when sailing in company with fleets or squadrons, or indeed with any senior officer, the signal middy has to be at his post from daylight until sunset, and as it is imperative that the most trifling manœuvre, on board the senior officer's ship, be reported simultaneously with the performance thereof, the eye of the officer in question, can never with safety be removed from the telescope. As to signals made by the Admiral or Commodore; it is expected that the answering pendant of the ship to whom they are directed will be at the mast head, almost as quickly as the flags of her who may be signalizing: so expert do these signal officers get by practice, that we can vouch for the fact of having often witnessed a ship's answering pendant being up in acknowledgement of a message, *before* the flags of the chief were "broke" or in other words, unrolled; in which form they generally are sent up to the masthead, long habit enabling those whose duty it was to attend to such matters, to ascertain the number or character of a flag in the above apparently obscure form. It must however be admitted that the feat is not so easy of accomplishment in the present day, for the simple reason, that to the numeral flags, are now added, those representing letters of the alphabet, whilst the difficulty is farther increased by the introduction of cornet flags, triangles, burgees, &c., and so complete is the code now in use that any sentence of whatever nature, or unusual word, if required, could be implied by it with the greatest ease, even by the old code, in use up to the latter end of 1815. We can remember that a ship about to join the fleet (off Toulon) under the gallant Sir Edward Pellew, afterwards Lord Exmouth, happened to get becalmed at a distance of perhaps seven miles, when she telegraphed to the Admiral a lengthened detail of the battle of Victoria: this when written down was sufficient to complete a good paragraph for the *Times* newspaper,—but this is a digression.

The sails of the Slasher were now loosed, topsails sheeted home, and hoisted, the geer of the courses overhauled, the jib-halliards stretched along, and yards braced "a box" for casting: the capstan was again manned, the bars whereof were now "pinned and swifted," the drum

and fife once more went merrily, this time the lively strain of "Off she goes" was selected, till at length was heard from the officer stationed on the forecastle "We are a short stay peak, sir." "Very well," replied Mr. Brewer, "clap on the nipper thick and dry for weighing." "Aye aye, sir," responded the officer. "Stick to it my lads," sung out the middies at the capstan, "heave and break him out of the ground." "Another rally and she's away;" and thus encouraged thoseat the capstan did their best, and in a short space the Slasher's head began to pay off to starboard, "She's away sir," was now heard from forward.

"The outside man from every bar to the starboard head braces," sung out the first lieutenant. "Man the jib halliards!—let go the down haul! hoist away!—brace round the head-yards!—cheerily, men."

The Slasher having by these manœuvres been got "under command," and there being a clear drift owing to the Sound being tolerably free from ships, the main-yard was now squared, the helm put down, and she was laid to on the port tack to enable those forward to "cat and fish the anchor." On the completion of which, the order to pipe hands to make sail, was given; the main-yard "filled," the courses set, spanker hauled out, and off walked the Slasher at seven knots an hour. She was now reaching in towards the dangerous reef of rocks and patches which stretches across from Drake's Island to Mount Edgecumbe, and of necessity must soon "go on the other tack." "Ready about if you please, sir," said Mr. Jackson, the master, to Captain Stronglungs.—"About ship, Mr. Brewer," sung out the latter. This order was repeated to the boatswain, who thereupon piped in a short jerking style as if in a violent hurry,—"'Bout ship," the same being taken up by his mates.

As however it is not our purpose to write a work on naval tactics, we do not intend to follow up all the skilful manœuvres the Slasher was made to perform in working out of the Western Channel of the Plymouth Sound entrance; it is sufficient for us to state that in process of time she had succeeded in obtaining a tolerable offing, and as the wind stood at south-west, it was not long before the gallant ship was standing down channel on the port tack, making a good lay for the Dodman.

A rattling ebb tide running counter to a strong south-westerly wind, is not a circumstance particularly well calculated to impart very pleasureable sensations to the generality of persons who are on their *premier* sea voyage. The Slasher notwithstanding her excellent qualities as a sea boat, soon began to drive piles,—as we nautical men say when a ship plunges heavily,—the effect of which became apparent from the countenances of some of the greenhorns on board, amongst whom we must regret having to include Tregonhorke.

As the signal staff on Mount Wise was now shut out from view by the land, the young gentleman was but too glad to come down from off the poop, and betake himself to a berth removed from the extreme end of the ship, and in a measure to lessen the effect of the disagreeable pitching and tossing. But, alas! he was doomed to pay that penalty levied upon all, with few exceptions, under similar circumstances. That fine ruddy complexion of which the youth was the possessor, and which may be considered as the birthright of a Cornishman, was departing from him at a railroad pace, and sundry yawns coming thick and fast gave intimation that the extortionate Mr. Davy Jones, was anxiously boring him for the accustomed tribute.

How strange it is that on board ship no one can be found to sympathise with those under the influence of *mal de mer*. Old stagers actually seem to enjoy the distress of every victim to the malady, and coarse ill-timed jokes are on such occasions thick as blackberries. They however, though mighty disagreeable, often have the beneficial effect of turning qualmishness into downright sea-sickness; and the patient thereby gets relieved:—but we acquit the jokers of any intention to lessen the miseries of the sufferers.

"I thay, Boots," said Soundings, "take a glath of thalt water."

"Salt water be hanged," interposed Savage, from the square of the main-hatchway, "take a bite of a tallow candle."

"Don't do any such thing, Boots," chimed in Pepper, "take my advice you'll get out and walk a bit."

"By golly, Massa Pepper," said Rondo the darkie, "dares noting like em country dance for do em Massa Tickemoff lilly good, sar."

"What do you mean by a country dance being a remedy for sea-sickness?" enquired Savage.

"Why you no see, Massa, that in de country dance dere is down de middle and up again:—now 'spose I go in de berth and catch em big cockroach dat now in de tumbler after lilly drop of grog dat Massa Savage leave in de bottom,—but only very lilly drop:—well, young Massa, 'spose em swallow de big cockroach,—em d—m fat fellow too, and *tink* fine for de nose,—em sure to make de country dance in de stomach, because em go down de middle and up agen, Massa;—and de young mishman get well and feell all de same pleasure as de captain of de afterguard when em finished coiling de ropes down."

Whilst Rondo's hearers were laughing as loudly as the sanctity of the deck would permit them at the proposed remedy, poor Tregonhorke, who had heard all the darkie had said on the subject, began to feel as if the disgusting insect was about to commence the country dance, and off he bolted to a convenient part of the Slasher's lee scuppers.

"Halloa!" sung out Savage, "what a d——l of a hurry Boots is gone off in."

"Oh I'm sure its quite excusable," replied Pepper, "as it is evident that his business is most particularly *urge—nt.* He'll be all right by to-morrow."

But before to-morrow came, our hero's tribulation was great; the smell of a newly painted ship,—effluvia from bilge water,—an increasing wind and sea,—witnessing the ills of other greenhorns, all tended to make him feel wretched, and—it must be confessed—to sigh for *terra firma.* Glad indeed was the youth when the hammocks were piped down and he could avail himself of a chance to turn in.

As the Slasher approached the headlands lying to the westward, she began to break off from her course, and it was manifest that a breeze was at hand. Before midnight the wind was at W.S.W., and the ship reduced to close reefed top-sails and courses; she was then put about to gain an offing. Towards 4 A.M., the gale had considerably increased, and it became necessary to further shorten sail. The hands were turned up, and without ceremony, Tregonhorke was capsized out of his hammock by Savage, who exclaimed as the boy fell on the wet deck, "Now, Boots, don't be skulking when the hands are called,—show a leg.—To your station on the poop, young fellow, and report to the captain the very moment you hear the dog fish bark;—be smart or I shall give you a taste of your hammock lashing."

More dead than alive, shivering and half dressed, the youth groped his way up the hatchway to the deck. The rain fell in torrents, the wind howled through the rigging and blocks, forked flashes of lightning every now and then broke through the pitchy darkness, showing for a moment the heavily strained canvas and cordage, the sea broke around and against the ship, and as its crested waves dashed her side the phosphorescent light therefrom threw a ghastly glare upon surrounding objects. In the midst of this strife of the elements, the powerful voice of Captain Stronglungs was heard to shout—

"Mr. Brewer, take the main-sail off her carefully; mind what you are about, and don't spring the main-yard."

"Aye, aye, sir," replied the first lieutenant, and immediately gave orders to—"Man the weather main-clue garnet!—stand by to ease off the main-tack handsomely. Where is Mr. Savage?" continued the officer.

"Here I am, sir!" replied that worthy.

"Then see a careful hand to the main-tack, let him ease it off cautiously as we take in the slack of the clue garnet. Forecastle, there! are you manned with the weather buntline?"

"All manned, sir," sung out the second lieutenant, "Haul-taut."

At this juncture a crash resembling the loudest thunder was heard; a flash of forked lightning showed the weather clew of the main-sail fluttering in the gale and the canvas in shreds, whilst a man from aloft sung out, "The main-yard is gone in the slings, sir."

This was followed by the splitting of the main-top-sail, and in a few minutes afterwards the sail was completely blown from the bolt ropes. These disasters arose from the "cavil" to which the main-tack had been belayed, having been torn away in the squall from its bolt, thereby rendering the experienced seamanship of Mr. Brewer nugatory, as, had this casualty not occurred, he would in a few minutes have safely taken in the main-sail by the careful easing off of the tack, whilst the men at the weather clue-garnet and buntline, could have gradually "spilled" the sail by gathering in the slack, as the canvas uprose, the lee-clue being easily managed after the weather one had been secured. Every skilful seaman takes care to profit by the hint of Falconer, who says in his admirable poem of the "Shipwreck," that—

> "He who strives the tempest to disarm,
> Should never first embrail the *lee*-yard arm."

The Slasher had now lost her main-sail, main-top-sail, and sprung the main-yard; the gale raged with greater fury than ever, and the ship was laid-to under the try-sails and fore-stay-sail; Captain Stronglungs having determined to put into port as soon as the ship's position could be ascertained, and the weather cleared sufficiently to enable the ship to run for the land with safety.

But whilst the seamen were aloft clearing the wreck, let us glance at Tregonhorke in the lee scuppers, who like a drowned rat, was *throwing overboard Her Majesty's provisions at an awful rate;* from this uncomfortable billet he was summoned by the "Commissioner of Stamps," and ordered to take the log-board down in the gun-room to Mr. Jackson the Master, to enable the latter to work up the dead reckoning. Whilst in the performance of this duty, which was managed with much difficulty, he encountered Pepper, who enquired how he relished such pleasant sailing.

Tregonhorke, whose ideas on the subject had undergone considerable change during the past twelve hours, replied to the question by hoping that they were not often to be visited by hurricanes of a similar description as that now assailing them.

"Pooh, pooh, Boots," said Pepper, "do you call this a hurricane, why my dear fellow stop till you see it requires one watch of the after-guard to hold the captain's wig upon his head."

"I thay," chimed in young Soundings, "I wath wonth in a thip that wath blown out of the water and carried into a field of thurnips, fifteen miles inland."

Tregonhorke could not help regretting that the Slasher had not been favoured with so much good luck, as he would have liked it amazingly to be set down in the fine turnip field at the back of the Rectory.

"By golly, Massa Soundings," said Rondo, who happened to be mixing a stiff nor'-wester for Savage, from a private stock of the latter's, "by golly, sar, you come it bery strong, as the debil said to de sailmaker when he cotch em stiching up em wife's mouth with two yarn spunyarn."

"Not so strong as that grog you're mixing, you black nigger!" said Pepper.

"Ah, Massa Pepper, how you call 'em strong, sar,—by golly de grog is *half* water."

"I thud like to try," said Soundings.

"The devil you would!" observed Savage, as he splashed down the ladder with his shoes filled with water. "I'd break every bone in the nigger's black carcase if he gave away, or even spilt as much as would wet a mite's whiskers:—tip us the 'Oh! be joyful!' Rondo."

So saying Savage received the grog from the darkie; he then turned towards his messmates and politely but ironically remarking, "My sarvice to you, *gentlemen*," he drank the contents of the tumbler, transferring the small quantity usually remaining at the bottom of the glass into the face of Tregonhorke, exclaiming, "Go on deck and do your watch Boots, or I'll pull your nose."

At this command, our hero, wet through as he was, once more ascended the ladder. The ship was now under snug canvas and "making good weather of it," although the wind and sea had not abated; the Commissioner of Stamps was still on deck, but the watch had been long since "called;" the crew were hauling taut the weather braces, when he caught a glimpse of the youth as he endeavoured to reach the quarter-deck. Now, thought the Commissioner, I'll give you a taste of my quality, young fellow. Whereupon he sung out, "Mr. Tregonhorke, I don't see any of the main-top men here.—After part of the watch to muster, young gentleman."

This command somewhat startled as well as puzzled our hero, as not knowing how to proceed he contented himself by replying,—"Sir."

Now Brewer never permitted an officer to misunderstand an order after it was once given, and any one asking for a repetition of a command, always rendered him furious. Indeed he was not singular in this

respect, as it is by most officers considered an unpardonable offence, and when the youngsters transgress on this head, they are certain to suffer such a penalty as will on future occasions ensure proper attention to orders. Tregonhorke had therefore put his foot into it, as the saying goes; and he had no sooner uttered the word, "Sir," thus asking for a repetition, than the Commissioner said "Come here, Mr. Tregonhorke. Did'nt you hear what I said, sir?" (stamp.)

"No, sir,—I am sorry,—a little cold in my head prevented me from hearing you!" said Tregonhorke.

"Cold in your head, sir?" (stamp, stamp,) "What business have you with a cold in your head, sir? Isn't it your watch, Mr. Tregonhorke? (stamp, stamp, stamp.) I never permit any one on duty to have such things,—therefore get rid of it at once, or I shall open your ears with a crowbar."

The youth not knowing how to reply to such *reasonable* ideas, thought it better to be silent, and was proceeding to walk to the other side of the deck, when in a voice of thunder, the Commissioner roared out, "I ordered you to muster the after part of the watch, sir." He thereupon commenced such a hornpipe of stamps, that it could only be compared to the singular action of the "howling dervishes," when engaged in their fanatical religious duties at their mosque in Scutari.

"I hav'nt made out my watch bill yet, sir!" stammered the lad.

"No watch bill, sir?" roared the wrathful commissioner, accompanying the question by an awful stamp.

"You gave me two days, sir, to get it ready!" said Tregonhorke.

At this moment the captain's bell was heard to tinkle, which turned the thoughts of the first lieutenant into another channel, expecting as he did, a message from the chief as soon as the bell had been answered by the sentry at the cabin door. In this conclusion he was borne out by the latter emerging from the companion ladder, who approaching the Commissioner with a respectful salute, said, "The captain wants to know who it is that's making such a noise on the deck, sir?"

"Here, Mr. Tregonhorke," said Brewer, "go down to Captain Stronglungs, and explain to him why you've been making such a noise. Sentry, the young gentleman will answer the captain's message."

At this order our hero was perfectly petrified, knowing as he did that he had scarcely opened his mouth; there did not however appear to be any escape, and like many a martyr of bye-gone days, he must it was evident be forced to plead guilty in spite of his innocence. Whilst these ideas ran through his mind the Commissioner had decamped, and there was nothing for it but to follow the sentry to the cabin of Captain

Stronglungs;—on arriving at the door of which, the "jolly" poked in his head and announced, "A *génelimen* from the quarter-deck, sir."

"Who's that?" demanded the captain in his *fortissima* style.

"It's me, sir!" said the lad, with his teeth chattering.

"*You*, sir!—then what the d——l do *you* want?"

"Mr. Brewer sent me to you, sir;—something about making a noise, sir."

Humph;—Oh! I see, thought the captain; the land lies thus,—Brewer has been issuing stamps at a smart rate, and this boy is the recipient, as well as the cause thereof. Well, well, I must uphold discipline, and support the executives; but the youth has had a tolerable taste of a seaman's life, although not three days in the Service, and it would be a charity to send him to his hammock. I am a father myself, and he's but of tender age. "I'll tell you what it is young gentleman," said the chief, addressing Trogonhorke, "the next time you make a noise over my head, I shall direct Mr. Brewer to put you in watch and watch for a month. Go to him now, and say what I have told you; you'll then make my compliments and add, that I shall feel obliged if he will allow you to turn in, that you may have a chance of getting rid of that cold which you appear to have."

"Thank you, sir," replied the youth, as he tripped away with a lighter heart than he had come down the ladder with but a few moments before.

On regaining the deck he found the Commissioner in a much more amiable mood than the one he had previously left him in, in fact the stamping fit was over, and he had no sooner observed the approach of our hero than he called out as if in anticipation of the captain's wish—"Youngster, you may turn in." A permission which the boy was but too glad to avail himself of, and it was not long before he was soundly snoring in his hammock.

We have said that Mr. Jackson, the master, had the log-board taken to him in order that the situation of the Slasher might be ascertained; and that officer's report to the captain was that the entrance to Falmouth harbour bore N.N.E., distant six leagues; but as this calculation was solely by the dead reckoning, a thing not to be entirely relied upon, where strong tides prevail as they do in the British Channel; or after driving about at the mercy of a gale of wind, it was not considered prudent to run in for the land until the thick weather, which then prevailed, should so far amend as to enable them on board the ship to see at least four miles ahead. Accordingly when Tregonhorke turned out at seven o'clock, she was still with her head off shore, under the fore and aft

sails, and only awaiting clear weather to bear up for Falmouth. The rigging and spars had been duly examined by the boatswain and carpenter, as soon as the daylight permitted them to do so, and it was discovered that in addition to the main yard being sprung, in the way of the slings, the bowsprit was badly fractured: as soon as the crew had breakfasted, they were set about a temporary repair of damages, and notwithstanding the disadvantages of a gale, it was in an incredible short space of time that the gallant crew contrived to fish the damaged spars and make the ship look a little creditable to go into harbour.

Just past noon the weather showed symptoms of clearing, and when Mr. Jackson took the log-book and reckoning in for the inspection of Captain Stronglungs, it was determined after sounding, to "wear ship," and stand in for the land; but previous to taking leave of Mr. Jackson, we wish to inform the reader that this worthy had served his apprenticeship in one of M——h's whaling ships, and as his education had not been completed at either of the Universities, he was a precious deal more of the seaman than the scholar. But as if anxious to make people believe to the contrary, Jackson endeavoured to be very select in his words, which some how or the other, were in nine cases out of ten entirely misapplied:—in proof of which we may mention, that one morning the Captain enquired his opinion of a newly patented anchor; Jackson thereupon proceeded to overhaul every part of the ponderous machine before he answered the Captain, and determined to give his ideas on the subject in first rate "*dick*," as the sailors say, he cast about him for a suitable reply.

"Well, Mr. Jackson," said the Captain, who was beginning to show signs of impatience, "what do you think of it?"

Jackson to make sure of being quite right, before he committed himself by expressing an unsound opinion, took another overhaul of the anchor, and having further strengthened and fortified himself in his ideas by passing his hand over every part of it, exclaimed—"Think of it, Captain Stronglungs, why I think, sir, that 'ere anchor is very *buoyant*."

"By Gad," roared the skipper in convulsive laughter, "that must account for so many fellows who have the credit of *going on shore on the sheet anchor*, and taking the best bower for a walking stick." But let us resume.

On looking over the Slasher's log-book, written up by the master, Captain Stronglungs found the following entry—"At *daylite* found the *boltsplit* sprung." "Why, Mr. Jackson," said he, "what on earth word is this," pointing with his pencil to *boltsplit*.

"That sir," replied Jackson, "why boltsplit, sir."

"But surely, Mr. Jackson," remarked the chief, "you don't mean me to believe that you can't spell bowsprit."

"In course I can, sir," said the master. "Isn't b-o-l-t—bolt? and an't s-p-l-i-t—split? and isn't that boltsplit?

"Well," responded the Captain almost choking with laughter, "if you don't *bolt* out of the cabin I shall certainly *split* my sides.—You'll be the death of me, Jackson."

The deep sea lead and line was now passed along to windward, and when all was ready, the Slasher's way was deadened, and the plummet thrown into the sea from the weather cathead,—it reached the bottom at up and down soundings with forty-seven fathoms of line; and upon an examination of the "arming" when the lead was hauled in, the character of the bottom proved to be "sand and shells," as this fully agreed with the soundings fixed upon the Channel Chart, agreeing with the dead reckoning given in to Captain Stronglungs by Jackson, the hands were at once turned up to "wear ship;" the fore and main topsails and fore-sail were loosed, and as soon as she "fell off," the helm was put hard-a-weather—the square sails were gradually filled to assist her running away from the sea, and in due time the Slasher was bowling off nine-and-a-half knots, with the wind two points on the port-quarter. But we must not lose sight of Tregonhorke, who we are happy to say, was fast recovering from his sea sickness; and now that the ship was nearly before the wind, the deck was dried, and things began to assume a little more of a cheerful aspect.

"Boots," said Savage, as they were about to commence dinner, "shall I help you to some of this currie?"

"Ah, I see how it is," remarked Pepper, "we are going into port and shall doubtless have some of Boots's sisters on board, Savage wants to *curry* favor with him in the hope of becoming a brother-in-law." At this speech down went Savage's knife and fork, and up went his colours, as he exclaimed "By the living jingo, Pepper, I wont stand an insult!—You know my aversion to the whole sex, therefore don't anger me by associating my name in any way whatever with———"

"Oh! Missa Dinah she lived in Virginny,
Oh! Missa Dinah she lived like a lady."

Sung Rondo as he poked his black cocoa-nut into the berth.

"The d——l take you and Missa Dinah into the bargain Master Quamino," called out Savage, as his wrath was thus diverted into a new direction, and he endeavoured to eject the darkie with his toe. Rondo however vanished in a twinkling, and escaped the intended contact.

"I thay Pepper," enquired Soundings, "can't thu give uth a good *Mumkauthen.*"

"If you wish me to tell you a downright twister, which bye-the-bye I am totally unaccustomed to———"

"You can't tell a bigger onethan that," interrupted Savage.

"Unless," retorted Pepper, "I were to call you a civilized being."

The conversation was now broken in upon by an announcement from the deck that the mist had cleared away, and that the land between the Black Head and the Manacles was in sight; and that Mr. Tregonhorke was wanted on deck immediately with his spy glass, a ship being in sight having the appearance of a man-of-war.

"Consider yourself in for a smart issue of stamps my lad," said one of Tregonhorke's messmates, as the youth struggled to get out of the berth, he having an inside place.

"And there's one to begin with, you young rascal," chimed in Savage, at the same time stamping his foot upon our hero, who was endeavouring to crawl out by getting under the table. "I remember," continued the former, "when I was a youngster, my eyes were once plugged up with hot 'duff,' for daring to disturb my messmates whilst they were at dinner."

"Mr. Tregonhorke," said the Commissioner of Stamps, as the former emerged from the top of the main hatchway ladder, "make our number to the stranger." "Aye, aye, sir," replied he, with a sharpness that pleased Brewer mightily.

It fortunately happened for our signal mid that he had made himself acquainted with the ship's number before she left Plymouth Sound, when as it will be remembered by our readers, he was placed on the poop to watch the signal station on Mount Wise, consequently with the assistance of the quarter-master, the necessary pendants and flags were soon bent together.

Now it so happened, that in consequence of the main try-sail being set and the sheet well eased off, it was not convenient to hoist up the flags by the lee signal halliards, they were therefore of necessity bent on to the weather ones, and no sooner did the upper pendant reach (in hoisting) as high up as the try-sail gaff, than the fly of it, as a matter of course took a turn round the peak halliards, and the neck of the block, and there it seem determined to remain in spite of the numerous attempts of the man at the signal halliards to clear it. Brewer happened to be forward and casting his eyes round he saw the signal half up, and by this time *two* flags foul as we have described: in a moment the Commissioner's metal was up, and rushing aft he pitched into Tregonhorke in a style that perfectly astonished him.

"What do you mean, sir, by disgracing the ship in this manner," began Brewer, as he proceeded to describe an amazing amount of circles of different radii about the youth, taking care however to lessen their diameter, after the manner of buffalo hunters, until the game is almost limited to the centre of the circle: the stamps he issued increasing in power as he neared Tregonhorke, so that those appropriated to the first circle might be estimated as penny ones, whilst the latter were by comparison, of the value of a shilling. "What do you mean sir, I, ask, by disgracing the ship with that lubberly trick;"—and here the commissioner pointed to the foul buntin.

"Its not my fault sir;" said the alarmed boy, "the wind blew them there, sir."

"By G—d I'll stop your wind young fellow, go up, sir, on the gaff and clear the flags."

We need scarcely remind our readers that it was still blowing a smart gale of wind, and it will readily be inferred that the ship was rolling, heavily, it therefore became a serious affair to Tregonhorke unaccustomed as he was to go aloft, and it was lucky for him that he was unexpectedly relieved from this dangerous and disagreeable duty by the captain, who sung out from the top of the companion ladder—"Brewer just step down a minute;" and at the same time he winked significantly to the master (who was close by) and looked up at the flags, and then at the youth. Jackson at once took the hint, and as soon as the Commissioner had dived he hailed the main top, and ordered a man down on the gaff to remedy the evil, at the same moment prohibiting by a sign our hero from ascending the main rigging, which he was about to essay. By the time therefore that the authorities returned to the deck, the Slasher's number was properly displayed from her mast head, where however it did not long remain, seeing that the supposed man-of-war turned out to be one of the "American liners."

The Slasher was now "smoothening her water" at a rapid rate, and by three o'clock that afternoon she was snugly at anchor in Carrick Roads, Falmouth, when our hero had an opportunity of writing to his parents, "a full, true, and particular account," of all his perils and sufferings.

A closer examination now took place as to the damage the ship had sustained in her spars during the gale of the past night, and it was found that the head of the main-mast was in a worse condition than the main-yard, and that at least a week must elapse before she could again be ready to proceed on her cruize, therefore in due time Tregonhorke got a reply to his letter, and a large plum cake, the former contained many urgent wishes from his dear mamma that he would give up so perilous a

service, and return to the duck pond and chimney corner. Had the proposition been made to him when he was so disagreeably engaged in the lee scuppers of the Slasher, he might have been weak enough to entertain it; but he had well calculated, that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the difficulty of every undertaking is mostly in the beginning; and notwithstanding the oft times alarming aspect of the "Commissioner," and the tricks of his mess mates, which he had the sense to know he would have to put up with, our hero was firm to the back bone: we honor him for it, and shall be glad at some future time to record his success and rise in a Service, which with all its faults he had chosen; but we for the present, rest from our labors, having only undertaken to jot down, the noble "Tregonhorke's *first* trip in a man-of-war."

A VOICE IN THE AIR.

Hark! to the sound that re-echoes afar,
'Tis filling the heavens—encircling each star;
Out o'er the sea it spreads,—borne on the wind,
It rivals the thunder—leaves lightning behind.

'Tis the long slumbering "Lion" awaked from his dream,
And Britain is hastening her past to redeem;
Now loose is her banner—right broadly unfurled,
As of old—still it waves—Oriflamme of the world.

Hearts of oak to the fight!—quick!—quick then advance!
'Twine ye the Rose with the Lilies of France:
Let the Thistle undaunted send claymore and spear,
And the Shamrock shall yield us the wild Irish cheer.

Sons of the British Isles strike for your Queen,
Her flag's at the main—waving glorious I ween;
In the Black sea and Baltic may tremble the foe,
For bloody Sinope our vengeance shall know.

Hoist away cheerily!—home with the sheets!—
Royals and stu'n'-sails!—Hurrah for the Fleets.
Ho! yonder's the signal—the Russ is in sight!
Hurrah!—roll the drums—clear the decks for the fight.

On—onwards their double necked Eagle to gorge,
With the banner of France, or the cross of St. George
They sweep,—But a word, "Fore and aft boys let fly!"
And teach the proud tyrant to strike or to die.

Another—ay, come,—come ye serfs of the Bear!
British mariners soon shall ye crouch to in fear,
'Tis a goodly ship too,—"Ready all for the word!"
And naught save a crash and a shriek shall be heard.

Ye brave of Sinope who rest in the Bay,
Your prowess shall shine when old Time shall decay!
And crowns of "Immortelle" shall evermore bloom,
When avenged ye shall be in your watery tomb.

Dublin. V

RIGGING FOR MODEL YACHTS.

In reply to the letter of "J. G. L., an embryo yachtsman," (which appared in our last number,) as to what rig we recommended for Model Yachts, "combining *great speed*, easily worked, simplicity, soon struck, and portable for land carriage:" we cannot undertake to recommend any particular rig unless the model were before us; because much depends on the form of the hull.

With regard to our giving a description of the *sheer* mast, and *dandy* rig; both of these are so ably described in the pages of the *Sailing Boat*, that we cannot do better than refer him to that most excellent work.

We fear that "an embryo yachtsman" must have scanned those pages very cursorily when he states, he finds no mention of either of these rigs in the *Sailing Boat*. If he turns to page 104 he will find the *sheer mast* rig under the head *Revolving rig*, and at page 258 another kind of *sheer* mast rig. The *Dandy* rig applies to small trading vessels, but is no other than the *yawl* rig described at page 58; it consists of the same sails as a cutter with the addition of a mizen, but the main-sail is not so wide at the foot, and is worked without a boom. At pages 171 and 172 are two different methods of striking single masts for portable land carriage.

We strongly advise "an embryo yachtsman" to go through the pages of the *Sailing Boat* more carefully, and he will be able to make choice from the many pretty varieties there described as to the best rig for his model yacht.—Ed.

THE MOST NOVEL BUILD ON RECORD.

[A distinguished secretary of a celebrated Royal Yacht Club, having recently addressed a circular to a newly elected member, containing amongst other matters a request that he would immediately forward to him for insertion in the club lists, the "name," "rig," and "tonnage," of his yacht; received in answer the following novel description of the result of inventive genius.]

Crossing the Line, August,—1853.

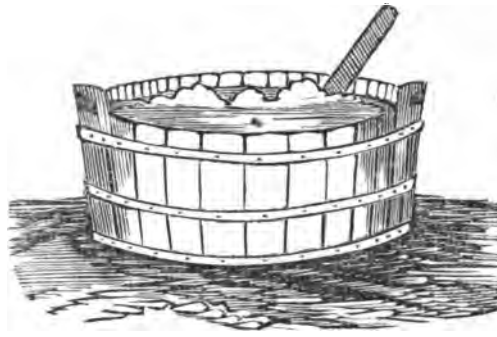
"*Much frothy matter on the surface of the water.*"

Sir.—In answer to your enquiry as to the "name," "rig," and "tonnage," of my yacht, I beg to inform you, that esteeming it a duty I owe to the maritime interests of my country, as well as to the Royal Yacht Club I have had the honor of being so recently elected a member of, to promote by every possible means in my power the noble pastime

of yachting, and also of raising to a higher standard than it has hitherto occupied, the abstruse science of yacht building, I have at some expense of time, trouble, money, and anxiety of mind, at length become the owner of a craft which quite comes up to my idea of what the present class of yachts might with advantage be altered to, to render them generally useful, and independent of any such lesson as that so lately inculcated by that wretched specimen the "America." The particulars of my vessel are as follows:—Having heard that the boom of a very celebrated yankee clipper was constructed of hoops and staves, I have applied the like plan with triumphant success to the *hull* of my vessel, she is therefore built of oak staves and braced round with galvanized hoop iron, being likewise iron fastened where requisite that metal should be used; she has exactly the same beam as length over all, and draws the same number of feet and inches aft as forward, is perfectly flat-bottomed, so as to take the ground with perfect ease and comparative safety; in fact she might be laid upon a bed of rocks without the slightest hesitation, or the prospect of sustaining material injury. I have in this very flat bottom succeeded in doing away with that awful yankee humbug—"the sliding keel!" She does not carry any permanent spars, although occasionally whilst shifting canvas a short and thick jury mast is stepped to assist the operation: she is wholly undecked and carries all her canvas beneath the bulwarks, which latter are nearly on a level with her water line, save where two timber heads are left standing some inches above the rail, as nearly as possible amid-ships; which timber heads are accurately pierced in the centre by a portion of the arc of a great circle standing vertically upon a horizontal base, and which I find essentially important and highly useful when a rapid shift of moorings is requisite, or as auxiliary propellers whereby to arrive at a maximum speed. Being an advocate for water ballast, I have her principally ballasted with soap suds, which latter I find to be much more economical, cleanly, and and easier to be shifted from its slippery nature than the usual cumbrous arrangement of metal and shot ballast. I engage her to stand any weather, and to be the stiffest vessel under canvas ever yet launched, and that she can be handled 500 per cent cheaper than any yacht in existence at the present moment. I hope to be early on the station and shall have much pleasure in explaining to any of your enthusiastic yachtsmen the beauties of this by no means novel, though admirable build. In the mean time I enclose you a rough sketch of her sheer plan, I have not yet determined upon a name, her cubic displacement is various according to the quantity of canvas she carries.

Your's, &c., C. W.

Shear Plan of the most recent improvement in Yacht Building.



EXPERIENCES IN BOAT SAILING.

(*Continued from page 72.*)

FROM the Hellespont to the Mediterranean is an easy transition, and again I return to Lord Byron and his friends.

Whether his Lordship was as reckless and daring a hero at sea as he would lead us to suppose, is a question which we do not presume to decide; that he possessed a portion of the genuine love for the ocean, which leads men for pleasure's sake to wander "o'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea" can scarcely be doubted, and perhaps (with the sole exception of the love passages) none of his poetry comes more straight from the heart than those spirit stirring verses, in which he gives free rein to his passion for the sea.

Accordingly we find that his Lordship was the owner of a small schooner called the Bolivar, after one of the freedom-conferring revolutionists of South America, a precursor of the modern chieftain, Santa Anna of cut-throat celebrity, and another hero of the same metal who after running away to make room for his rival and to save his throat, is now solacing himself here and enjoying the hospitalities of John Bull. It was the fashion in those days to sacrifice to freedom by making heroes of Bolivar and his kindred spirits; hence my Lord Byron's schooner "the Bolivar," a vessel of which as far as I can learn his Lordship made but little use. This took place some five-and-thirty years since, when the taste for yachting had already struck root.

Even then it was considered an aristocratic thing to be the owner of a yacht, and however humble Lord Byron's doings may have been in this way, we may be sure that in spite of his love for bears and bulldogs

it was no vulgar matter that his Lordship suffered to come between the wind and his nobility.

But such cock boat Bolivars have now given way to more lordly successors. The Solent fleet already forms a third estate in the marine of England, a fact of which every yachtsman may well be proud. And the Irish yachts especially are deserving of high and honorable mention, and amongst these none more so, than those that sail from the glorious harbour of Cork.

Small however as Lord Byron's personal achievements at sea may have been, still his Bolivar taste connected with a fame even then seen to be imperishable, and still more his fashionable repute (for never was a man so much the rage,) tended to cultivate that taste for yachting which already was in existence.

It is said that the beautiful portrait of Byron by Lawrence representing him a sailor's jacket, and the ends of his black barcelona flying in the breeze, drove sailor mad, a host of aspiring youths sufficient in number to have manned the Baltic fleet. But unfortunately it is more convenient to sport a tarpaulin hat and a sailor's tie, to bespatter one's conversation with odds and ends of nautical phrase, and to swagger in one's gait than it is

> "To see one's native land receding through
> The growing waters;"

while

> "Standing on the deck the dashing spray
> Flies on one's face and makes it weather tough."

However I have no doubt that Byron's example, his poetry, and his picture combined, did something to promote the growing taste for yachting: nor shall I apologize for introducing here the name of one of his friends, a man, devoid of affectation as he was great in soul, a man of noble mind and honest purpose, who in spirit was every inch a sailor: I mean of course Percy Bysshe Shelley. Honour to his memory!

Poor Shelley seems to have been actually in love with the water, and he would willingly have passed his life afloat. Loving the sport for its own sake, he pursued it, strange to say, with an ardour only equalled by his want of skill; for of the practical science of boat sailing he seems to have been entirely ignorant.

> "A restless impulse urged him to embark,
> And meet lone death on the drear ocean's waste,
> For well he knew that mighty shadow loves,
> The slimy caverns of the populous deep."

Poor Shelley! These were prophetic words; for as is well kuown he courted his fate by his rashness and was drowned.

The details of the poet's melancholy end are few; he put off in unpromising Mediterranean weather in an undecked boat, constructed by an English naval officer. The craft which was only twenty feet long was schooner rigged, carrying two fore and aft sails, and preposterously enough for the Mediterranean, two gaff top-sails. She had two tons of ballast, and besides water casks and other things, she was cumbered up with a canoe. Such was the craft. The crew consisted of Shelley his friend Williams, and Vincent a seaman, all apparently ignorant of the commonest precautions of boat sailing, for they were observed to have all lower sail set and the sheets made fast when they left the shore.

Stretching out in the bay of Lerici, they were seen by some Italian fishermen who were unable to render help, to be struck by a sudden squall, and to go down in deep water.

When Shelley's remains were found they could scarcely be recognized except by one kind and faithful friend, (Mr. Leigh Hunt,) a man whose heart was ever in the right place, "beating most healthy music." He has survived his friends, and unlike Byron and Shelley has I hope long outlived the calumnies once cast upon him.

Such was the end of poor Shelley, a pitiable fate, but one which I have no doubt was met by that intrepid poet, with the courage he had always shown in a life of very mingled yarn, and with a philosophic spirit.

Mais tout céde à leur arrêt supréme
Rien ne suspend la mort, ce monde illimité
Est l'esclave eternel de la fatalitè
A d' immutables lois Dieu soumit la dature.

And depend upon it one of the immutable laws of nature is, that those who go to sea in a little boat with her sheets fast, will one day come in for a wet jacket, if not for a restless grave, down in the deep blue sea.

"And though 'tis true that man can only die once
'Tis ugly lying in the gulf of Lyons."

THE PRACTICAL FISHERMAN.

(*Continued from page* 27.)

When a bib seizes upon the bait, he generally gives two or three smart jerks in succession, which he continues with increasing strength when he feels the prick of the hook, and finds that it has taken fast hold on him. Unless, therefore, you feel a continued struggle after a bite, it is not advisable to haul up at once, for the chances are that the fish has not succeeded in carrying off the whole bait, and even if he has done so, having two hooks down, you have still another to trust to; whereas if you haul up with the certainty of having no fish on, you throw away the favourable chance without a sufficiently corresponding advantage. Indeed, when there are plenty of fish about, we have generally found it the wisest plan not to pull up, even when we feel that we have one fish fast, but rather to let the line remain a short time longer for the chance of securing a fish to the other hook, and thus be enabled to haul up two fish at the same time, for neither bibs nor pouting when once hooked can easily free themselves again. Unless the ground is very uneven, one fisherman may very well manage two lines, or indeed many more, baiting and lowering one, and hauling up another. This can only be done, however, when the ground is tolerably even, for in bib, and also in pouting fishing, it is essential that the bait should be close upon the bottom, yet without actually resting upon it, so that when the ground is uneven, and the boat sheers about ever so little, constant attention is necessary to keep the baits at the proper distance, without which you will be certain to take very few fish. Nor will it do to let the sinkers rest entirely on the bottom, as independently of their being likely to get into the interstices of the rocks, they will be certain to foul some of the other lines, and perhaps entangle up the whole together in a way that may take some considerable time and no small degree of trouble and vexation to get clear again. A similar unpleasant result also arises if there is much stream running where the lightest lines are used in the fore part of the boat, for the lighter leads being carried away by the tide, the lighter lines are by this means brought in contact with those lines abaft which are more heavily weighted, and thus the whole inevitably becomes entangled in each other. As a rule, therefore, never to be departed from, the lines must be weighted according to their position in the boat, the heavy lines being forward, and the lighter ones in the after part of the boat.

Although bibs are eager biters, they generally leave off suddenly, and without any apparent cause.. When the tide begins to run too rapidly,

this may easily be accounted for, as these fish, perhaps from their bulky make, are not well adapted to struggle against a powerful current, and therefore they choose their times for feeding when they may do so with the least inconvenience: still we have often known them leave off biting suddenly, when there has been no current whatever, or any other apparent cause for their so doing. This doubtless proceeds occasionally from their being scared away by some larger and more powerful kind of fish, the latter of which securing the baits intended for their prey, the fisherman has no means of detecting their presence. Still we are inclined to think that both bibs and pouting often voluntarily move away to some other known locality in search of food at some particular time of tide, for we have frequently noticed these fish beginning to bite at a certain state of the tide, when they may be hauled on board as fast as the lines can be let out, and then on a sudden all is quiet, not a nibble can be obtained; and yet, on the following day, and at a corresponding time of tide, the fish will again appear, and after biting away for about the same length of time will disappear, or at any rate leave off biting in precisely the same sudden manner as before; and thus they may be found to go on day after day for weeks together. This we have remarked more particularly with respect to the larger kind of bibs, than the smaller ones; the latter of which possessing a less roving disposition, remain and bite and nibble away for hours at the same spot, after the more bulky members of their family have moved themselves off or ceased feeding.

Bibs and pouting are often driven from their grounds by the squid, which, as we have already noticed, seize upon the bibs and pouting* when fastened on the hooks, and often succeed in carrying off the fish altogether, either by breaking the snooding, or detaching the fish itself by main force from the hook; and it is really surprising to witness the strength these uncouth monsters of the deep are capable of exerting, and do exert too, in struggling with you for the prize. The mode of capturing them we have before treated upon.† The mark by which you may discover your hooked fish to have been assailed by a squid, is a small piece bitten out of the nape of the neck by the parrot beaked mouth of this most singular marine production.

It is by no means a bad device when fishing for bibs or pouting, to have a strong conger line prepared and cast overboard, particularly if you can procure squid for bait; if not, you can put on a small bib or pouting; for should a large conger, as very often happens, presume to intrude upon your sport, it is not improbable that you may succeed in capturing him, and thus gain an additional prize, while at the same time you remove a troublesome intruder upon your sport.

* *Ante* p. 416, vol. ii. † See p. 26.

Pollack are also usually found on the same grounds as bibs or pouting, particularly when the bottom is rocky. It is therefore a good plan, when fishing for the latter kind of fish, to have over a few light lines fitted for pollack, in the manner we shall hereafter describe when we come to treat on pollack fishing. These can be attached to short rods of whalebone, or sticks, fixed to the gunwale of the boat, by which means not only can a bite be easily discerned, but the rods will prevent a dead strain upon the tackle when a fish is hooked.

All these matters will, however, form subjects for our future consideration when treating upon pollack fishing.

In fishing for bibs, we have sometimes taken cray fish, and these of very large size. These crustaceous animals take the baits at the bottom, and by the act of conveying it to their mouths the snoods are certain to become entangled on their legs, which from their number and crooked formation, are sure to retain a fresh hold upon one or other of the hooks, generally penetrating and holding fast in the softer tendonous parts under some of the joints. When thus fettered, it is surprising the force a fish of this kind will display in its efforts to get free, and its motions being naturally retrogade or tail foremost, it is able to exert its full strength against being hauled on board. This it does by continued hard jerks, which if not yielded to, with the tackle usually employed in bib fishing, will rend the snoods asunder; but if line is given, so as to allow it to exhaust its rage, it will soon wear out its strength between the labour of pulling about the lead and the resistance that the fishermen may safely oppose to its efforts, till at length it will offer merely its own dead weight, and may be raised to some distance from the ground without showing any resistance, though this is only as the deceitful lull in a storm, for it is pretty certain to make one more struggle at least before it will suffer itself to be pulled up to the surface, which the fisherman must be duly prepared for, otherwise the cray fish will surely gain the day. As soon as its long horns emerge above water, they should be seized fast hold of, and the fish lifted by them on board. Inexperienced fishermen are very apt to attempt to haul in a cray fish by grasping it by the body, which it is needless to say is never repeated, for the edge of every plate of the caudal end of the cray fish is sharpened like the blades of a pair of sheers, which by a smart flap of the tail, bringing the edges quickly together: it can use with the same effect, and cut every trespassing finger that is interposed between them to the very bone.

Accidents of this kind were of frequent occurrence amongst the miners in a part of Cornwall, in which we were residing some few years since,

on the surrounding coasts of which cray fish were exceedingly plentiful; and as the miners during their intervals of labour often spend their time in fishing, they not unfrequently come in contact with a cray fish, which grasping at too eagerly, they incurred the pains and penalties we have before alluded to, nor did it seem that others profited by the dear-bought experience of their comrades, if we could judge from the many instances we witnessed upon a return of miners from their fishing excursions, of one or other of them with wounded hand, bound up with a pocket handkerchief, the result of an encounter with an incensed cray fish.

And now a word or two about the pouting in particular, which being of much the same habits as the bib, we have hitherto treated of, together with that fish, so that baits and tackling that will do for the one will be equally applicable to the other; except that when pouting are the principal fish to be anticipated, finer tackle and smaller hooks should be used, and the stouter kind of tackling used for bibs in deep water in the open sea should never be employed when fishing solely for pouting. The latter fish indeed are seldom found in any quantity in the deep waters, where this stout and heavy tackle becomes necessary. Neither are pouting by any means so general a fish as the bib, and to the eastward we believe they are very rare. In the Southampton water, in which many years ago we were in the habit of fishing almost daily for several successive seasons, although we captured dozens and dozens of bibs every time we made the attempt, we only recollect seeing two specimens of the true pouting or power cod fish;* nor do we recollect taking many of these fishes on the northern coast of Cornwall, during the time we were in the habit of fishing in that part of the world. But if scarce in some other localities, these fish are plentiful on the southern coasts of Devon and Cornwall, and Plymouth Sound may almost be said to swarm with them during the summer, and throughout the whole of the autumn months:—these fishes generally make their appearance in May, and become scarce in the early part of November.

In pouting fishing several lines may be used at the same time, if the fish are not biting away very briskly, and being fastened to short rods fixed in the gunwale in the same way as pollack lines, a bite on any one of them may easily be detected.

Both bibs and pouting are delicious fish when nicely fried, but they ought to be eaten very soon after they are caught, and should never be allowed to remain long without being gutted, otherwise the decomposi-

* At Southampton, and many places to the eastward, the bib is known as the whiting pouting or pout, and might by persons ignorant of Ichythyology, and not viewing the two fishes together, be mistaken for the same fish.

tion of the liver and intestines, which is amazingly rapid in both these fish, will impart a disagreeable taint, which is one cause why bibs and pouting are not held in higher estimation; in fact neither of these fish can be eaten in perfection, unless they are cooked within ten or twelve hours after they are caught, and we have found such a marked difference in flavour, between those we have had cooked on the evening of the day on which they were caught, and those dressed for breakfast on the following morning, that a person could hardly suppose them the same identical species of fish. Bibs will certainly keep better than pouting; but even these are much better when dressed on the same day they are taken. Neither of these fish will take salt well, nor should any ever be sprinkled over them as it deprives them of their good flavour, and imparts a rancid saltness in its stead.

Although we often see bibs exposed for sale in the fishmarkets of Plymouth and Devonport, we never saw a single pouting in either of those places, although caught in such abundance in their immediate neighbourhood; and yet we have continually found fish of an inferior quality of no larger size, exhibited in the fish markets of both the above named places, which seem to find no lack of customers. The cause of this we suppose to be that pouting keep so badly, fishmongers do not choose to invest any capital, small as it may be in the purchase of so perishable a commodity; still if pouting can be obtained fresh from the sea, and transferred without loss of time to the frying pan, they furnish one of the most delicious dishes of fish that can possibly be eaten, and if their merits were as well known as those of the whitebait, which from their delicate nature, can only be eaten in perfection near the place they are taken, we believe the Pier Hotel in Millbay, would acquire equal celebrity for its fried pouting, taken within a hundred yards of the house, as is now most deservedly enjoyed by the Ship at Greenwich, or at Lovegrove's, at Blackwall, for their delicious fried whitebait, upon which so many hundred lovers of the good things of this world, have feasted and will continue to feast most joyously, for years and years to come.

(To be continued.)

THE CHANNEL CRUISERS.

(*Continued from page* 90.)

BY VANDERDECKEN.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Skill'd by a touch to deepen scandal's tints,
With all the high mendacity of hints,
While mingling truth with falsehood, sneers with smiles,
A thread of candour with a web of wiles."

BYRON.

THE wild tempest raged fiercely as ever, and in naught save the lessening darkness was a change perceptible.

"I expect the lads will get into a rare mess, Ben!" exclaimed a seaman, as boat-hook in hand he endeavoured to keep a yacht's dinghy* from grinding her sides against the pier stairs.

"It's a wicked night surely, old ship!" rejoined his shipmate, who was performing a like good office in a long and handsomely proportioned gig, "and I say it's a mortal shame for 'em to leave the barkie in charge of that lad, and get a sucking-the-monkey† up there alongside of old Mother Blazes,—fair play is fair play a'tween man and man, and when the skipper and owner's away it's not fair or sailor-like, and there's my mind on't."

"Right, Ben, old boy! right as a trivet."

"Where the devil can the skipper be though?"

"I'm blessed if I can guess, Bo',—he's arter nothing foolish you may depend. I say, Ben!" continued the speaker in a lower tone, "Did'st ever hear the captain himself was a free-trader in his day?"

"Vast you there, lad!" was the reply; "so 'twas said t'other night at old Mother Blazes', and that that is the reason as how he and Rony Renshaw are so thick in their ways;—but what have we to do with such spent yarns as that.—Some of these southern lubbers have got a grip of the wrong purchase fall, and are sweating up a good story, block and block,—let 'em yarn away say I,—he's a sailor and a tough one too, and knows what's a sailor's due; and as long as he rates me A.B., I'll sail with him be it a-pleasuring or privateering!"

"Here's another, Bo', as ar'nt afraid to say the same. I say, Ben!

* Punt. † Getting drunk.

I've a good mind to get aboard, for if the captain comes and finds the boy left in charge, and only one anchor down, it will be nobody's business to come on deck in the morning.—Hey! Bo', there's morning breaking fast:—

> "Says the pilot, to me; says the pilot, says he,—
> The grey in the east soon brighter shall be;
> Brighter the moment the dark hour is past,
> Brighter and brighter 'till day comes at last."

"I'd sooner you'd jump ashore and away up and get the lads down; the skipper is sure to be up at his house at Kirk-Onchan, and the captain will be down in no time or less, for these quality sprees ashore seldom last longer nor daybreak."

The seaman proceeded to execute his shipmate's desire, but he had not proceeded for five minutes space, 'ere his rapid return apprised his comrade that their worst fears were realized.

"By the Lord, Bo'! here's a mess!—the Captain as I'm a living man, and the Commodore of the Royal ——————, with Mr. Hayward and the gentlemen of the Abeona."

"Away! away! boy! and rouse 'em out,—we must make the best of a bad job. Bundle 'em out like old junk,—kick and cuff 'em: d——n 'em, 'tis disgraceful!" exclaimed Ben, foreseeing St. Leon's wrath.

In a few minutes the men came tumbling and rolling along, all of them more or less uncertain of their equilibrium; but they had scarcely got seated on their thwarts 'ere St. Leon appeared. He was absorbed in conversation with Sir Harold De Walden and Hayward, and it was not until the party were seated in the stern sheets of the gig, that he perceived his whole crew had been on shore.

"How is this, Wells?" he exclaimed sternly to the mate. "Is Mr. Renshaw on board?"

"No, sir,—not been on board since your honor left us!"

"What!" exclaimed St. Leon, with startling energy. "And pray how long have the crew been on shore?'

"We were waiting for your honor in the gig since six bells to-night!"

"Or rather you were drinking for my honor. And pray whom have you left in charge?"

"Will Howard, sir!"

"A cabin lad! left in charge, and upon such a night too. By heaven! 'tis too bad.—I did not think Rony would have served me such a trick as this!"

"'Tis regatta time, St. Leon;" observed Sir Harold, "and possibly they had leave for their jollification!"

"Nay, nay, Commodore, I fear there is more than can be rightly arrived at in this matter.—Give way men with a will," he shouted, in stern and hurried accents. "It would seem that our adventures are to run into the morning!"

Silence reigned amongst the party as each huddled himself up in oil-skin covering, and cast furtive glances upon the little forest of masts towards which the swift gig was bounding lightly: a few more powerful strokes from the now excited crew, and they were in the midst of the fleet of yachts, which careened to the gale, and strained again upon their cables as if to burst the stout links which held them. Wild and shrilly whistled the north-wester amongst the spars and rigging of the little clippers, and the foam was caught up in snowy clouds and whirled in vapoury masses along their decks, whilst the hoarse roar of the sea borne up even against the wind, told an o'er true tale of the fatal character of the storm.

Eagerly gazed St. Leon, and loud and sternly were his orders thundered to the startled crew; eagerly looked Commodore De Walden; and Hayward muttered in anxious tones to Oswald Peyton and Marvin. They were alongside the Berenice, and her broad decks were quickly covered with her hardy crew, who testified with anxious gestures and loud exclamations, their interest in some event which had occurred; but nothing distinct could be heard amidst the roar of the angry winds. Onwards they swept, and a fierce shout from the Abeona's seamen arrested their attention in a like manner. Through the fleet and without heeding either hail or gesture, Godfrey St. Leon kept his course; persuaded, as were all with him, that some freak (if not of man,) of the elements, had wrought mischief upon his bonny bark. Could they credit their senses!—even the crew were sobered into motionless astonishment:—no long low graceful hull was there, rising easily over the heaving sea;—no taper spars bent to the rushing blast;—no neatly fitted rigging or mazy gear, showed out in delicate tracery through the grey morning light:—The Fairy Elly had disappeared!

In half-an-hour from the time we left the party seeking for explanation of the Fairy's exit; the morning watches on board the fleet were astonished to see two cutter yachts under storm canvas, glide rapidly away from the anchorage, one of whom took the leading wind for the south-east, the other stood to the south-west.

As day advanced so the weather moderated; and at noon one would have scarcely thought the wind had ever risen above a zephyr's sigh; naught safe the uneasy roll of the subsiding sea gave evidence of the wildness of the past night.

Sir Charles Meriton sat alone in the cabin of the Samphire; papers littered the table, which with hurried hand and feverish eye he tossed about in eager search: he looked haggard and worn and our readers need scarcely ask why.

"The devil!" he muttered, "everything seems combined against me, I have silenced one witness, but," he added fiercely, "if this paper is adrift, it were better that I had silenced myself!"—He touched a bell.

"Is Flaherty on board?"

"I shall enquire, Sir Charles!"

Mr. Parry made his appearance. "Flaherty sailed last night in the Skerries Hooker, Sir Charles, which touched alongside;—he stated he had orders to finish *your* work!"—Parry bestowed a keen gaze on the baronet as he uttered the last words.

"What!" shouted the latter, jumping to his feet. "Flaherty gone, and to *finish my work!* Ay! ay!" he continued with a strong effort, "It is all right,—quite right,—that will do, Mr. Parry."

"The Earl of Pirston's gig is alongside, sir, waiting an answer to this note!"

And Parry left the cabin apparently satisfied, but he was not. The baronet hastily broke the seal,—it ran thus:—

"Dear Meriton.—A word with you on board the Euryale.—I would have come to you but I want to keep my hand steady,—"straight shooting" is the password, and as you are well versed in it,—the "code of honour" may be the countersign.

"Thine,

"*R——— Schooner Euryale*, 18—." "Pirston."

The note dropped from his hand, his lips trembled, and conscience paled his stricken brow.

Straight shooting!—Code of honour!—had he been watched!—But no!—Flaherty was gone, and the evidence of his guilt had been removed; and he laughed hoarsely at his fears as again grasping the note he re-read its contents.

The Earl of Pirston lounged luxuriously on a satin damask sofa in the gorgeously appointed cabin of his beautiful schooner, the Euryale; his fine person was concealed in the soft folds of a rich silk dressing gown, whilst from time to time he lazily blew forth a little curling column of smoke from the tube of a magnificent hookah which stood upon a table near him. A Nubian boy dressed in oriental costume, gently opened the door, and announced the arrival of Sir Charles Meriton. The haughty Earl scarcely noticed the salutation of the Baronet as he motioned him to be seated.

"Excuse me, Meriton, for disturbing you, but the fact is a little affair at that ball we went to last night has rather ruffled me!"

"Indeed!—an affair of honour in fact?"

"Well that is just what I wished to consult you about!"

Sir Charles drew a long breath, and even smiled cheerfully.

"Nay, man, don't laugh at it!" exclaimed the Earl, pettishly, "I am serious,—it concerns you too, for it was all about your daughter's ring!"

"My daughter's ring, my Lord of Pirston!" exclaimed Sir Charles, rising and his brow contracting sternly.

"Softly, softly, man! sit thee down!" and the Earl related the events which are known to our readers.

"I know not the fellow, this St. Leon, or whatever you call him,—nor do I believe he is known beyond the fact of his belonging to a Royal Yacht Club!"

"But he is known it seems, if we are to admit that our Commodore, Harold De Walden is known. He was his companion and adviser last evening, together with others of our Royal Club! Now I tell you Meriton, I have received unmistakeable evidence of premeditated insult from more than one yachtsman, and I tell you!" he exclaimed raising himself upon his elbow, his eyes gleaming with ferocity, and his face crimson with rage. "I will no longer be controlled by past circumstances: by heaven I will make an example to your commodores in the person of this man!"

"Ha! he was with Sir Harold De Walden you say?" enquired Sir Charles cautiously.

"He was;—but you shall hear what makes me doubt whether I can meet him!" The silver bell summoned his sable attendant.

"I have left Sandon and Howard Ampston at the Castle Mona," continued the Earl; "relying on your good offices, and practical experience!" he added with a sneer.

Sir Charles was now thinking deeply—he answered abstractedly—

"Oh! certainly—of course Pirston!—yes!—yes!—That is if——"

"If what?" exclaimed his Lordship with meaning emphasis.

"Oh! nothing—nothing! answered Sir Charles hurriedly, "I am with you!"

"Humph!" ejaculated his Lordship, and sunk back amongst a pile of silken pillows.

Now there was something the wily baronet would have wished otherwise: he did not feel as easy to act as if he had had the assurance that Sir Harold De Walden would not be associated with this man to be shot.

The cabin door again opened, and the Nubian, making a profound obeisance, ushered in the master of the schooner.

"This Captain St. Leon of the Fairy Elly yacht—you told me you had heard somewhat of him, Mr. Lorimer?"

"Yes, my Lord, some of our lads here aboard, were up in yon Douglas town a night or two ago, having a dance or some such fun—"

"Confine yourself to the question asked sirrah!" cried the Earl imperiously.

"I beg pardon, I—I—did hear that this Captain St. Leon had been a smuggler or privateer, or some such thing, with a man who sailed his yacht for him—one Ronald Renshaw!"

Sir Charles Meriton—started as if he had been stung by an adder.

"That will do! begone sirrah!" and the man retreated with a scowl of honest indignation at the manner of his reception and dismissal.

"You now have my reasons for consulting you!"

"I—I—don't think you can meet this man, Pirston" said Sir Charles agitatedly.

"How know you that—we have but the idle prate of some common sailors. Now, mark me Meriton,—you must see this St. Leon; and if he refers you to a friend worthy of meeting, why our work is done. If we do not make him own his fitness to be chastised, his friend shall answer for him."

Sir Charles moved uneasily in his seat, he would have given a round sum to be excused of this errand, and inwardly cursed his imprudence in having consented to the request of the fire-eating Earl;—he ascended the companion with measured steps, and the gig of the Euryale was quickly in waiting.

"No half measures mind, Meriton!" added Lord Pirston, as the former descended into the boat.

"Where is the Fairy Elly lying?" enquired the baronet, without replying to the savage warning.

"She sailed this morning, sir,—accompanied by the Berenice and Abeona!" was the reply.

"Where,—when,—what hour?" shouted the Earl.

"We know not, my Lord, but the two latter vessels left in the height of the gale:—they were seen standing on different courses at day-break!" returned the seaman in a loud voice.

"Then your lordship may rest satisfied!" shouted Sir Charles Meriton, ascending again with a loud laugh of unmistakeable satisfaction. "You see I was right, the fellow is some adventurer, and was afraid to be unmasked.—The others were ashamed of their temporary connexion with him and have gone—"

"Not yet!" exclaimed a loud voice from the seaward gangway, and Sir Harold De Walden sprung upon the deck. "Not yet!" continued he, "our vessels it is true are gone on different courses to unveil if possible deeper villany; but old Harold De Walden and Captain St. Leon remain,—not to be unmasked, but to unmask!"

"Ha!" exclaimed Lord Pirston, starting back a few paces at the unlooked for appearance of the tough old Commodore. "This is indeed an unexpected pleasure!"

"So it would appear, my Lord:—I hope it may end as well for some of us!"

The Earl exchanged a significant look with Sir Charles.

"My good friend, De Walden!" continued the latter, in his most bland and winning accents, "it surely cannot be that you appear—"

"As a sailor and the friend of a sailor!" gruffly interrupted the Commodore.

"Say rather as the dupe of a nameless adventurer! ha! ha!" ejaculated the Baronet with a cold sarcastic laugh. "Can the gallant Commodore De Walden, the leading yachtsman of Great Britain, the pattern of nautical propriety afloat,—inform us who this wonderful protegé of yours is?"

God's mercy,—I never thought of that!"—hurriedly muttered the Commodore half aloud.

"Rumour doth not pronounce favourably as to his antecedents!" continued his tormentor.

"Enough!" cried Lord Pirston, "I think the cabin below is a more suitable place to discuss such matters.—Here, boy,—my jacket!" and divesting himself of his silken trappings, he threw himself carelessly into the boat. "Enough, gentlemen!—to you I entrust myself, Sir Charles.—Commodore De Walden will have no objection I am sure, to answer personally an insult which he appeared personally to approve of!" and with a malignant sneer and contemptuous wave of his hand, he departed for the shore.

"'Tis enough, Sir Charles Meriton!" said the Commodore, ascending from the cabin of the Euryale, after a somewhat lengthened conference, "Honesty is a flag which cannot be mistaken, and if the lad has it not at the fore, I have lived to become a dolt, and you may write me a lubber into the bargain;—and harkye,—you have the name of a diplomatist,—I thank you for your advice, seasoned as it has been by hints that make me doubt whether honour or honesty exists in the world:—diplomacy is no doubt a fine thing, but it often serves to cloak most damnable villany.—Nay, start not, nor look angrily at me, man!—When

I see a man whilst engaged in the maintenance of his friend's honour, instead of arms, use arguments,—I doubt his honesty, and I question his courage! It is now!" continued Sir Harold, consulting his watch, "two o'clock,—at two o'clock on Thursday, the 30th of August, I shall be at the rendezvous named by you, prepared in person if necessary, to give you and your amiable principal the most unlimited satisfaction!—Adieu!"

Sir Charles Meriton leaned moodily upon the quarter of the Euryale, and gazed after the fast receding boat; he had overreached himself and instead of gaining time had lost it; 'twere better to have let them fight, for sooner would his designs on Walden Chace be realized. But this man, this St. Leon:—his startled gaze struck the seamen who were about the deck:—could it be?—yes,—no other,—everything combined to convince him now, that St. Leon, the reputed adventurer, the proscribed free-trader, was not other than the being he had been pursuing with the ceaseless ferocity of a tiger, to blot out whose existence even blood had stained his hand, to accomplish whose destruction he had panted with unnatural desire. Here upon the very eve of his triumph he found this Marplot taken by the hand, and by the very man too whom he had designed to be the stepping stone of his ambition;—he gasped for breath a very hell raged within him.—Oh, but to grasp and crush and scatter him in dust to the winds.—Away, away, now for the fighting Earl; away, time is flying; he can work legitimate murder.

Some of our readers have doubtless visited the far-famed Dublin Bay, to such as have not we say,—go and do so, and you will have an opportunity of gazing upon a scene, once viewed, ever to be remembered. In the bight of this bay is situated the beautiful harbour of Kingstown. To the southward appears the bold promontary of Bray Head; to the north looming like a rugged island rises the old hill of Howth, whilst more immediately adjacent to the harbour we have mentioned stands the picturesque little island of Dalkey,—from whence, as you approach seaward, appears to spring up a vast amphitheatre of hills, range upon range, until they disappear in the fair north-west. It was the 30th of August, and a day of glorious sunshine:* noon had passed, and the gentle sea breeze freshened gradually from the northward-of-east as the strength of the sun's rays declined. Two schooner yachts were observed beating out of Kingstown harbour, and many a quid of "baccy" was wagered by the "forty-foot" road idlers as to which of them should weather their piers first; it no doubt furnished matter of dispute, for both weathered the east pier together, and putting up their helms grace-

* The incident we now endeavour to describe actually occurred.

fully swept along the shore; one of them took the inner or Dalkey Sound; and as she reached abreast of the little harbour of the Colamore, lowered both her gigs filled with men, who pulled rapidly for the island.

The other schooner took the outer or Muglin Sound, and landed a party of gentlemen, and two boats crews likewise, on the east side of the island. The men seemed to have been well instructed, as leaving the boats in charge of the boat keepers they dispersed themselves over the island; several visitors were firmly but respectfully requested to leave, and were escorted to their boats and fairly launched, whilst any attempt at landing was as firmly and respectfully denied. The island was fairly in the possession of the yachtsmen, and the schooners reached up and down either Sound under easy canvas, efficiently guarding it.

"The 30th of August has arrived at last, and the hour you appointed is at hand; methinks your assurances of this De Walden's determination are likely to turn out as baseless as his bravery!" exclaimed one of the party, whom we need scarcely say was Lord Pirston.

"Not so Pirston," answered Sir Charles Meriton. "Look and judge for yourself!"

The Earl took the glass, and gazed long and earnestly in the direction indicated. "A goodly fleet of Channel Cruisers certainly,—no less than three of them; we shall have a naval engagement certainly!" and he laughed sarcastically.

To the southward of the Kish floating light,—just enough to clear the bank, three gallant yachts were seen steering direct for Dalkey—their hulls appearing like tiny specks under clouds of snowy canvas, huge square-sails bellied out to the fresh breeze; and as the schooners were discovered, a gun from the largest sounded warningly along the sea.

The Earl of Pirston stood watch in hand sternly regarding the approaching vessels. "You have named an hour and I will hold him to it!" he muttered to Sir Charles.

"Nay, nay, the wind may drop."

"I care not, it will but add to his disgrace."

"But,—but Pirston you must fight."

"Whom?—enquired the earl significantly—"If 'tis De Walden—arrives he in time I shall have my satisfaction;—but if the other prove worthy—"

"He does, he will, right, right, Pirston what then? "One of us shall leave this island but as a corpse," was the half whispered reply accompanied by a look of the most fiendish vindictiveness.

"They have landed!" exclaimed the baronet with a savage smile; and

the next moment he stood face to face with—his Son! His coward conscience smote him as he gazed in gloomy curiosity upon that noble form and flashing eye; and the words of the murdered pilot were hissing in his ear "*Your Son is alive and more like the old Admiral in body and spirit nor ever you were.*" Mechanically he conversed with Sir Harold De Walden; he knew he was measuring off a certain number of paces, or that some one had measured them; he felt himself speaking to Lord Pirston, and yet the voice sounded as not his own.—They are placed, and the groups are dispersed; and two figures alone stand boldly in relief; and he chuckles that the sunlight flashes strongly in the eyes of his victim. There is a gallant, fearless, honest, open smile upon that face that strikes him to the heart, as with a thousand chill keen blades he glares wildly as the signal is acknowledged but by a solitary explosion; and grinds his teeth in fury as the raised barrel pours forth its contents harmlessly in the air. Again they take their places, but this time courtesy has departed before the savage rejoinder of "No satisfaction but blood!" And the gallant General reels to the earth from the force of the ball tearing through his collar. He is on his feet foaming with impotent rage; there is a solemn stillness; all save the murmuring of the tide; for the third time the combatants take their stand, and Sir Harold De Walden in loud angry tones protests that it "Shall be the last, or himself!" There was a little fluttering fabric of snowy purity flickered momentarily and was gone. The hard sharp reports were blended into one, and the Earl of Pirston leaping wildly from the earth, fell heavily upon his face, just as a seaman rushed from the hill to say that a revenue cruiser was landing a large number of her crew on the western side. To get the wounded man to the boat was but the work of an instant, and the five vessels speedily proved that the Royal Cruiser was no match for the Channel Cruisers.

The same night under cover of the darkness a four-oared gig with muffled oars pulled rapidly and silently into Kingstown harbour; a low groan of suffering occasionally escaped from a man who lay stretched along the stern gratings.

As he was placed in the carriage which awaited his arrival, he grasped his companion "Money and influence shall fail!" he whispered, "or I will have revenge!"

(*To be continued.*)

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACES.

On Thursday, February 23rd, the Cambridge University Boat-Races commenced under most favourable auspices, and as it is our intention for the future to chronicle the proceedings of these most manly and interesting sports it may perhaps be expedient for the sake of those of our readers who are not University men, to give a short account of the manners and customs, which distinguish the University Boat-Races, from all others with which we are acquainted.

Imagine a fine evening in May: the heat of the day has passed away and all scholastic labours and duties are at an end.

In a German University you might find the students bearded and moustached, with unwieldy pipes and eccentric costume, strolling away to the drunken orgies of the Kneipe, or hastening to the gates of the suburban coffee garden, there with housemaids for their partners, and amid mingled clouds of dust and tobacco to dance away the evening hours, or to share sickly beer and equally sickly sentiment, with thick ancled bourgoises, and tawny wenches of the campagne.

But with us happily it is otherwise. Imagine a fine evening in the merry month of May. From the gate of each college in our University is pouring a throng of young men from eighteen to three-and-twenty years old. Straight built tall active fellows, for the most part as you need wish to see: and interesting and various are the different groups you encounter. There goes the pale reading man with his high brow, his hollow cheek, and his contracted gait, there you may see by his side a group of young fellows of rank and fortune, their grooms and horses waiting at the college gate. There rattles by a high slang dog cart drawn by one spare lean raw boned quadruped, and laden with a freight of low fast youngsters clad in ponchos and trowsers marvellous to behold, perfuming the air with their full flavoured "weeds;" and perhaps favouring society with a few dissonant and abortive flourishes on a horn.

Here comes a knot of men talking quietly but eagerly together as they march down the street; their tall wiry frames, their healthy cheerful faces, their manly bearing and their dress tell the tale: that is the first Trinity crew, the head of the river! They have a hard race before them to night, and they have a proud position to maintain; but look at them as they pass before you, and you cannot but wonder where the men are to come from to beat them. Meanwhile as we follow the lead and fall in with the throng, a peep of a bright blue Jersey frock under the folds of an overcoat, a boating hat, or now and then a dapper little coxswain, radiant with buttons and carrying the club colours tightly rolled round the staff, tell us that we are surrounded by the men who are to take active part in to-night's contest. The further we proceed the denser grows the throng; dusty artizans, and suburban black-guards, sedate and meek-visaged dons, industriously marching at a forced pace; for although on pleasure bent they have an eye to their digestions; apoplectic citizens with their portly wives, and their rosy cheeked daughters, all are bustling in the same direction to the races.

But we must hasten to the scene of action; and having passed down two or three streets, and crossed a common we arrive at the river, and great indeed is the disappointment of the stranger when he first sees the stream on which the rivals are to contend. A shallow sluggish muddy creek scarcely sixty feet wide, cumbered with weeds, and diversified here and there with carcases of murdered cats, or perhaps from time to time the corpse of a suicide porker, or the melancholy remains of an accidental sheep: such is the classic Cam. The banks are low, flat, and utterly uninteresting, and the numerous windings, are most unfavourable for rowing; accordingly it is found necessary to fix the racing ground at a distance of about three miles from the town, where the reaches are somewhat longer and the water is less obstructed.

However, dull and ugly as the river is, on these occasions there is no lack of gaiety on the banks or upon the river itself.

On the left bank, the opposite side to the common we have crossed, the huge boat-houses of Searle, Logan and Sewell, present a scene of the greatest bustle and excitement. The yards are by this time filled with the crews of the racing boats, dressed in caps and frocks of the brightest and quaintest colours, the workmen are bringing the long narrow thoroughbred looking boats from the docks, while some of the rowers are testing for the twentieth time the length of their stretchers and the soundness of their rowlocks, and others are anxiously discussing and speculating on the results of the struggle.

In the meantime numbers of boats, funnies, four oars, and eights, manned chiefly by volunteers from the awkward squad, are paddling downward, and many are the disasters, in the shape of broken oars, smashed rudders, and disabled boats, which befal these unskilful practitioners upon the narrow and crowded stream.

But it is time that we should give some description of the boats which are to figure in the race, differing widely as they do from any boat or craft with which a yachtsman or seaman has to do.

A racing eight oar is about 60 feet in length, and her width is two feet, little more than enough to enable the rower to sit comfortably to his work, the oars are worked upon square wooden rowlocks fitted upon iron outriggers which project eighteen inches from the gunwale, the bow and stern are covered in for several feet with canvas, or rather linen; for the sides are but a few inches from the water, and the open part where the rowers sit is protected by a low wash streak on either side.

The midship section is an arc of a circle or nearly so, some having rather more floor, some less, according to the weight of the crew. This formation of course renders them excessively crank, indeed, but for the steadying power of the oars it would be almost impossible to sit in them or keep them in equilibrio. The oars which are square in the loom, and with broad and curved blades are fourteen feet in length, made of the best white Baltic fir, and almost as stiff as pokers. It is considered that nothing is so inefficient or so trying to the arm in rowing as that which sailors like, a springing oar. The boats themselves were formerly built of wainscoat oak, and more recently

of mahogany, but of late it has been found that no material is so light and keeps its form so well as the best white Baltic fir.

An eight oar so constructed, complete with all her gear costs about £70, and may last as a first class boat for possibly five years. And considering that two men can take her by bow and stern, and lift her with ease, and that she has to stand all the work that eight strapping fellows can put into her day after day, it must be allowed that she is a good bit of workmanship if she lasts so long.

The manner in which the race is managed is as follows:—

In so narrow a river it is obviously impossible even for two boats to row abreast for any distance without collision, it is therefore necessary that they should row what is called a Bumping race.

The lowest boat rows down with her colours flying till she comes to her allotted post, she then douses her colours, turns round and takes up her position, her coxswain having hold of a line attached to the post; she is followed by the boat next above her, which in like manner is turned round and moored thirty yards ahead of the last; the next thirty yards above her; and so on to the first boat, the head of the river as she is called, which consequently has clear water ahead of her. Two guns are then fired for preparation, and at the third off they go. Then if our friend the lowest succeeds in overhauling the one above her and can give her but the lightest touch, *actum est*, it is a bump; these two row aside and their race is over. The successful crew hoist their colours, and in the next race take the place which they have won; and the same rule applies to all, so that in every race many bumps take place and many boats change places.

Thus in the eleven races of the year a low boat may gain, or a high boat lose eleven places, or even more; for suppose that the third C bumps the second B, and thus makes a hiatus between the fourth D and the first A, then if D can succeed in bumping A; in the following race D takes the place of A, and A must subside to the fourth position.

The boats are also divided into two classes of about sixteen each: the first class of course consists of the best boats, and the second which at Oxford go by the name of Torpids, at Cambridge are denominated Sloggers or Cannibals; the latter name is ingeniously derived from the supposition that they "canna pull;" but it really arose from a certain Mr. C———n the founder of the sect, who from the ferocity of his appearance went by the familiar name of Cannibal C———n among his friends and acquaintances.

These classes row on alternate days, and the unfortunate last boat of the first class has to work double tides, for she not only has to row last in her own class, but she also takes the first place in the Sloggers, and must vacate her position in favour of any more ferocious cannibal that can walk into her. So much for explanation,—and now suppose that after half an hour's walk we have arrived at the Long Reach, at the top of which, close to the railway bridge is the winning post. The course here is straight for nearly half a mile, and though it has not much beauty to boast of, yet the crowds that on a fine summer evening throng the banks, the barges passing down, crowded

with passengers, their gay colours flying, and the musicians "puffing loud discord" as they go, and the general eagerness and excitement that prevail constitute a most lively and stirring scene.

By this time the racing boats are beginning to pass us as they go to take up their stations lower down: and a stranger cannot but be struck with the racing and thoroughbred look which distinguishes them. The boats are so low that at some distance you see nothing but the men sitting as it were upon the water, and so crank that the capture of a single shellfish is sufficient to capsize them, and yet down they go, with their colours flying, the men swinging fore and aft, the oars dashing into the water, and rolling the bubbling waters from their blades with the precision of a machine.

I wish some of our yachtsmen could see them row: often we have observed some smart gig dashing up to the steps at Cowes or the pier at Southampton, the men rolling and screwing themselves about, with their shoulders over their ears, their feet stuck athwart the boat, each man's eyes intently fixed on the blade of his oar.—Backs bent and elbows up, while the owner reclines gracefully in the stern sheets, fully persuaded he is doing it in style.

It is very curious that there is not one sailor in a hundred that can row.

But look at these fellows! See how upright they sit, well over their work; how they reach out and grasp the water with their broad blades, observe how every nerve and muscle is brought into play to tug the oar without jerk or irregularity fairly through the water; and all this without twist or contortion, by sheer strength and weight: then as soon as the stroke is finished, without that hideous pause on the feather in which seamen generally indulge, but with swift uninterrupted motion the oar is rolled out of the stream, and glancing with the speed of light upward and forward to the utmost stretch of the rower, is again dashed in for the next stroke.

One after the other down they go, in their gay jackets, cheered and encouraged by the crowds that line the bank: and I should like to find another country in the world which could turn out a set of young fellows, who would be willing day after day, under the driving sleets of February, as well as in the bright summer evenings, to come down and face the toil and slavery of the oar, with no motive but emulation, and no reward but honour.

By this time they have reached the starting posts, the lower boats have already swung round with their heads up stream, and are lying close in shore while their crews are strolling on the bank, or chatting to knots of enthusiastic partizans.

Meanwhile as the higher boats are coming down, each lowering her flag and taking a short and dashing spurt before she turns, the excitement momentarily increases. That crew now rattling down with the slashing stroke is the hird Trinity,* old Eton and Westminster men. Those in the red striped

* In the larger colleges there are generally two or more clubs. They are called irst Trinity, Second Trinity, Third Trinity, &c., according to the date of their ommencement. Each club also may have several crews engaged in the same ace. This will explain the meaning of First Trinity 2nd, Second Trinity ird, &c.

Jerseys are the St. John's, always a plucky and persevering crew, and a most troublesome boat to shake off; at last the observed of all beholders, the First Trinity, the head of the river appears, and having taken her canter, she swings round to take the place of honour, and the first gun is fired.

And now three minutes of intense and painful excitement, while the last caution to the crew or directions to the coxswain are given by the captain:—"Five, old fellow, be steady and don't get frantic!" "Give her plenty of room round Ditton; the river is low."—"Six feather high, &c. &c."

Bang goes the second gun, and expected though it is, your heart jumps at the sound.

One minute more, just time to shove gently out clear of the bank and to pull up to the full length of the line. "Back half a stroke, Seven:—pull, Two: steady!"—ten seconds more: "Oars back close to the water."—five seconds more:—"Off!!!"

A hundred oars are dashing in the stream, five hundred voices in every key from a sixteen foot C to a fortissimo scream in alt are yelling out words of encouragement. "Well pulled John's!" "Well started Trinity!" "Now give it her!" "Now you gain!" "You are gaining!" "You are gaining!" "Bravo Trinity! now you tail 'em!" and a hundred other ejaculations are heard; and a rush of footsteps, and a cloud of dust accompanies the combatants, and away they go. Trinity has the lead and keeps it, but their adversaries are rattling after them scarce thirty yards astern, and one foul stroke or a lump of weeds may lose the race. Away they go, sixteen boats, and eight times sixteen oars tearing up the water: each oar tugging at its task with the power, the pluck, the very life of the brave English lad that pulls it: the Post Reach is passed, a quarter of a mile has been rowed with no alteration in the position of the first boats, and they swing round the corner; the Johnians gaining a little at the turn. This is followed by a short straight reach, called the Spout, through which they rush at the rate of ten knots, or thereabouts.

Here the river takes a sweeping curve to the left. Round it they swing—Bow, Three and Five doing their utmost to aid the rudder and help her round. Round they go with faultless precision, shouts of "well steered! well steered!" resounding from the bank. The Johnians however still gain a little at the turn; and now that they reach the straight running, the shouts are redoubled, and again Trinity walks away from her dangerous pursuer. Five hundred yards and they approach Ditton Corner, shouts in bass, tenor, and more piercing treble echoing from the Plough Inn as they pass. Round the corner to the right through the still pool of Ditton; under the great trees where bright eyes, brighter bonnets, and waving handkerchiefs cheer on the exhausted crews. Again the Johnians have gained at the corner, and now with a quicker stroke and redoubled efforts they are palpably gaining on the favourite. The roar is deafening,—"Trinity! Johns! Johns! Trinity! you gain! you gain!"—St. Johns has gained half her distance,—scarce twelve yards of water separate the stem of the favourite from the long mischievous bow of the Avenger.

But pluck for ever! not a man flinches from his work or fails to back up the efforts of the stroke. He watches his time, and quickens the stroke. Every man takes it up on the instant. Like magic the boat jumps from under them, and stroke by stroke she rapidly leaves her foe. The shouts for Trinity are redoubled; "Johns! Johns!" shouts a little knock-kneed man in the midst of the throng, but he trips over his feet, tumbles over, and is seen no more.

Trinity wins! Trinity has it! take her in! Everybody shouts for the winner, and amid the crash of the band, the cheers of hundreds, and a tumult of dust and vociferation Trinity rows in eight strokes ahead of St. John's who have pulled as they always do, a most plucky race throughout, and after all have scarcely lost an oar's length on their foe.

But meanwhile an exciting scene has been going on below. Three boats close together, scarce a yard between bow and stern, stern and bow, come bearing up the Plough Reach.

Every effort that man can make is made by the crews, every shout and yell that imagination can conceive is raised by the spectators, but the men are beat, the stroke flags, and nothing but pluck keeps them up to the tug of war. Now Caius! Now Peterhouse! Now Magdalene! (we are speaking of former days.) Magdalene leads by a foot, while Peterhouse is scarcely a yard ahead of Caius. The excitement is tremendous; a Caius Don mad with enthusiasm tumbles into the Cam: a Peterhouse freshman pulls him out. Peterhouse bow is within an inch of Magdalene, but fails to hit the rudder and passes on one side. Magdalene seizes the opportunity, makes a dying effort, and pulls away two yards clear; at the same moment Caius makes a dash at Peterhouse—"You gain! you gain! you overlap! tis a bump hurrah! hurrah! well pulled Caius." A Caius freshman who is rowing (Two) jumps up and cheers. "Sit down you fool!" growls the captain, "you ought not to be able to speak." "Well pulled Caius!" "Well pulled Peterhouse!" the two retire from the fray, and Magdalene rows away released from her peril. A few minutes and all is over. Laurels are won and lost. Five colours flying from the sterns of the victors tell us that five bumps have been made.

Protests and disputes are rare, and are almost always decided by an order for the disputants to row it over again. All is conducted with the utmost eagerness and emulation, but with gentlemanlike feeling and good humour. Such is a Cambridge Boat-Race.

The racing this season began with the contest of the Cannibals or Second Division, which was fixed for 3h. p.m., on Wednesday, the 22nd of February.

These awkward squad evolutions are generally considered rather a ridiculous exhibition, but this year the rowing of some of the lower crews had attracted much attention, and there was a very fair muster of spectators on the bank.

The King's boat was much admired, and strong hopes of her continued success are entertained. Queen's also, with their green jackets and caps, were not without admirers; and Trinity Hall, considering their Cannibal state, were respectable enough.

They started in the following order.—The Bumps are indicated by brackets.

Second Division, February 22nd, 1854.

17 Magdalene, (withdrawn for the present by special permission.)
18 Queen's
19 King's
20 Trinity Hall, 2nd
21 Clare Hall
22 Second Trinity
23 First Trinity, 3rd
24 Catharine Hall
25 Jesus 2nd
26 Caius 2nd
27 Corpus 2d. scratched after the race
28 Emmanuel 3rd
29 Second Trinity 2nd
30 First Trinity 4th
31 Third Trinity 2nd

There was a good race between King's and Queen's, both boats being very good for their place. Trinity Hall also rattled along famously and gained considerably upon King's.

On the following day, Thursday, the first race of the First Division took place, and if we substitute a cold February afternoon for a bright evening in May, and if we leave out the bright eyes and bonnets, the description of an imaginary race which we have already given, will apply pretty closely to the event of Thursday.

The King's boat again attracted our notice, and though they have got among more formidable competitors we have no fears for them. The Sidney crew went well; and Corpus also. Emmanuel also turned out a very good crew; while Trinity Hall, Third Trinity, St. John's, and First Trinity, all showed themselves to be first class boats.

The higher boats are very equally matched, and appeared to us to have improved much both in style and speed, and it was not difficult to see that there are materials in abundance to form a good University crew.

The results will be found as before.

First Division, February 23rd, 1854.

1 First Trinity
2 St. John's
3 Third Trinity
4 Christ's
5 Trinity Hall
6 Emmanuel
7 Caius
8 St. John's 2nd
9 First Trinity 2nd
10 Corpus
11 Jesus
12 Sidney
13 St. John's 3rd
14 Peterhouse
15 Emmanuel 2nd
16 King's

Second Division, February 24th 1854.

17 Magdalene, withdrawn for the present by special permission
18 St. John's, Lady Margaret 3rd
19 Queen's
20 Trinity Hall
21 Clare Hall
22 Second Trinity 1st
23 First Trinity 3rd
24 Catharine Hall
25 Caius 2nd
26 Jesus 2nd
27 Emmanuel 3rd
28 Second Trinity 2nd
29 Third Trinity 2nd
30 First Trinity 4th

First Division, February 25th, 1854.

1 First Trinity
2 St. John's, Lady Margaret 1st
3 Third Trinity
4 Trinity Hall
5 Christ's
6 Emmanuel
7 Caius
8 First Trinity 2nd
9 St. John's Lady Margaret 2nd
10 Corpus
11 Sidney
12 Jesus
13 King's
14 Emmanuel 2nd
15 Peterhouse
16 Queen's

The Lady Margaret 1st. who rowed remarkably well, were within a quarter of a yard of the First Trinity at Grassy Corner, when unluckily they steered too near the bank and gave Trinity time to get away. About the Plough they nearly caught them up again, and kept very close on them all the way up the Long Reach. There was also very good racing between Trinity Hall and Third Trinity, and between Emmanuel and Christ's. In fact it is almost impossible to speak too highly of the rowing of the first six boats; a more plucky race has seldom been seen on the river. King's, which is perhaps the most promising of the lower boats, made its bump as usual, in spite we believe of losing an oar.

The proceedings of the 27th and 28th Feb. will be given in our next.

HURRAH FOR THE BALTIC!

Hurrah my boys! Heave to the song;
The anchor is in sight;
Loose topsails! Halliards stretch along,
We're off to sea to-night.

Sheet home my hearties! Hoist away!
Let fall the foresail too!
To-morrow with the dawn of day,
We'll have the foe in view.

Away aloft—out stun'-sail booms,
And let the good ship fly;
Now show the world that England's sons,
Will conquer or will die.

Let recreant knaves or fools suppose,
We've lost our ancient fame;
They'll find whene'er we meet our foes
Our metal still the same.

The Lion long hath ta'en his rest,
The Bear hath had his day;
The Lion lifts his lordly crest,
And Bruin slinks away.

E.A.S.

Our Editor's Locker.

WAR AND YACHTING.

"As many ablebodied seamen as can be procured are wanted for the service of the navy at the present crisis, and we are endeavouring, as well as we can, to make up the deficiency by parading our pensioners for coast-guard

duty, and by inviting the assistance of as many landsmen as are willing to join, and try the event of a brush with the Russians. We think, however, we can point out a source which seems to have been overlooked, from which a large body of prime seamen may be readily procured. The men of whom we speak are among the smartest and ablest seamen afloat—we speak of our yachtsmen. Supposing the owners of yachts were either to determine upon laying up their yachts for this summer, or, better still, were to retain but a small portion of their crews, as many for each yacht as might serve for the nucleus of a fresh crew, they would be rendering essential service to the State. Nothing would be a simpler matter, if we may judge from what we know to be passing at the present moment in the public service, than to train up inexperienced seamen to a point which would render them fully competent for performing any service that yacht-owners might require of them. If this counsel should be found adapted to the circumstances of the times, we can have no doubt that the Queen will be the first to set an example to her subjects by the sacrifice of her pleasure to the public good. Every yachtsman will be eager to follow the example of the Sovereign in so patriotic a cause, or, at least, all will be ashamed not to follow it. We believe we are not overstating the case when we say that some thousand seamen would be rendered available for the navy, who will have a strong inducement to keep aloof from the service if they see a prospect before them of obtaining an engagement with a yacht-owner two months hence. The point may fairly be left to the consideration of those who are accustomed to go down to the sea in yachts. We are very confident that it is only necessary the point should be brought under their notice, in order that they themselves may reflect if they cannot by act or sacrifice promote the public service. The mere butterflies of the Yacht Clubs may, perhaps, manage to do without their regattas for one year—those gentlemen who engage in such pursuits in a more energetic spirit may yet contrive to have their annual cruise with positive benefit to the public service.—*Times, Feb. 16th.*

Cambridge, Feb. 20th, 1854.

SIR.—I am surprised to find in the *Times* a leading article, in which owners of yachts are called upon to lay up their vessels, or to go to sea half manned, in order to leave their seamen free to seek service in the Royal Navy.

In case of a sudden and critical emergency, such for instance as invasion, English gentlemen do not require to be told that it would be their duty to give up their men and their vessels to the service of their country.

But with all due deference to so high an authority as the *Times*, we would suggest that the present case is widely different. We are now about to enter upon a war of which it is possible that neither one nor two years will see the end, and which will tax to the utmost the resources of the country.

Now it surely will not be denied by the *Times*, that, the greater the demand for seamen, the greater will be the inducement to landsmen to send their sons to sea; and the more seamen will be deterred from taking service

in Foreign ships: consequently the larger will be our stock of men, and the greater will be the maritime resources of our country.

On the other hand by laying up our yachts we should be closing a school in which numbers of youngsters are yearly trained and taught their duties, we should damp the efforts of those who are promoting the daily improving science of Naval Architecture: in fact, we should be stifling the very energies which we ought to develop to the utmost. Our real policy is to encourage the shipping interests by all legitimate means; whereas by abandoning our yachts we should act the part of the avaricious but short sighted speculator, who enamoured of the golden eggs, killed the goose that laid them; while those who recommend such a course might as well counsel the Yorkshire and Lincolnshire farmers to break up their breeding studs in order to provide horses to drag the tumbrils of the Artillery.

I remain, &c.,

To the Editor of H.Y.M. ULYSSES.

GRAPNELS.

Kilmoroy, Loch-gilp-head, Feb. 9th, 1854.

SIR.—Observing that one of your correspondents in noticing the comparative advantages of anchors or grapnels for boats, gives the preference to the latter, (but for the drawback of their being difficult of stowage;) I am induced to send you a sketch and description of one I have used now for

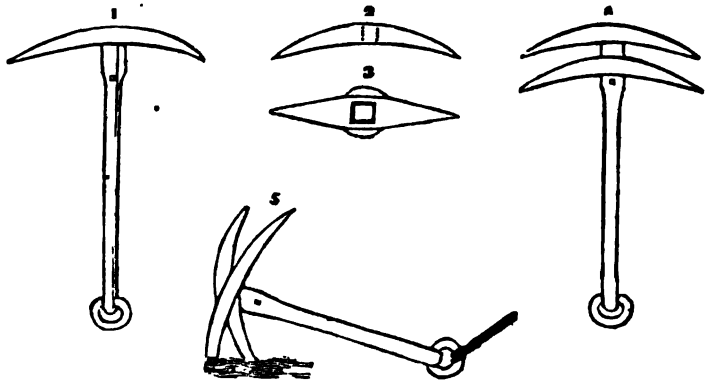


Fig. 1.—The body and fixed arms of the grapnel. 2—The shifting arms (detached) in profile. 3.—Seen vertically. 4.—The shifting grapnel complete, stowed. 5.—In use.

many years. It is made with only two fixed arms opposite to each other; the shank for a few inches from the crown is enlarged to a square, being that which would be described about the circle or other figure given by a transverse section of the rest of the shank. Two other arms forged in one have a square hole at the point of junction for the shank to pass through.

In this way the moving arms will either stand at right angles to the fixed ones, and form a grapnel ready for use, or being slipped a little way down,

to the round part of the shank they have a greater turn given to them, and are then pushed close up to, and in the same plane with the fixed arms, and show flat like an unstocked anchor, over which however they have the additional advantage for stowage of having no palms. The shifting arms are kept in either position as the shifting iron stock of an anchor is, by a key passing into a slit in the shank; but perhaps it would be better merely to stop them to the crown by a piece of spun yarn in either position.

In making such a grapnel, the shifting arms must be put on before it is finished, as they cannot be slipped on after the ring is finished.

I see no reason why this should not be adopted for small yachts, but the grapnel I have is only large enough for a four-oared boat.

I am, &c.,

To the Editor of the H.Y.M. J. P. Orde.

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB.

The Annual Ball of this club was held on the 15th ult. at the Hanover Square Rooms, and as might be expected was fashionably and numerously attended.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB.

The monthly meeting of this Club was held on the 20th ult, when several gentlemen were admitted as members and others were proposed for next meeting. After the business of the evening the Commodore stated that, as they were now on the eve of war, if not actually at war, he thought he might trespass on the usual rule, that no toasts should be proposed at the monthly meetings, in favour of those gallant and brave men who were already in the Black Sea, and also those who were about to proceed there and to the Baltic, to support the honour and glory of their country, and to resist oppression and ambition; and who would, there was no doubt, add fresh laurels to those which already crowned the two services; and he, therefore, begged to propose "The Navy and Army," which was received by the gentlemen present in the most enthusiastic manner. After some capital singing, wound up by "God save the Queen," the meeting adjourned.

Prince of Wales Yacht Club.

The usual monthly meeting of this club was held on Friday, the 3rd of February at the club-house, Freemasons' Tavern, Commodore Berncastle in the chair. The five gentlemen proposed at the last meeting were duly elected, and eight new names are on the list for the next ballot. Mr. Dormay was elected to the Sailing Committee. Mr. Gordon's resignation was announced to the club. All communications must in future be addressed to C. F. Chubb, honorary secretary, Myrtle Villa, Battersea, and all moneys paid only to him.

Dr. Guest gave notice of motion for the 3rd of March, "That after 1854, fifteen tons be the maximum tonnage of yachts allowed to sail in the matches of the club."

Lieutenant Foord, Madras Army, gave notice of motion, "That no shifting ballast be allowed in the matches of the club."

The monthly conversazione of this club was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Friday, the 17th inst., when a working model of a new plan for lowering boats evenly, and preventing their filling with water, was exhibited by Mr. Clifford; the great novelty, simplicity, and efficacy of which elicited universal applause. A boat laden with its crew may be lowered by one of the crew only in the boat, without any other assistance whatever, either from the ship or any one on board, and at the will of the man lowering, the boat may be disengaged instantly she touches the water. In the event of any person being overboard, one man can jump into the boat, and lower himself in a few seconds. The great merit of the invention consists in a block of an entirely novel construction, never before used, and through which the ropes that lower the boat pass. Simple as the entire action of the whole is, it will be pleasing and useful to the engineer and sailor to see the simple means by which he may control the descent of the heaviest weights on the principle here used. The monthly meeting will be held on Friday next, the 3rd of March, when the Election of officers will take place.

LIVERPOOL YACHT CLUB.

The monthly meeting of this club was held on Wednesday evening, the 15th of February, when the gentlemen proposed at the previous meeting were ballotted for and duly elected, and several others nominated for the next month's ballot.

The April meeting will be held at the Birkenhead hotel, when a club-room will be provided for the season. On the 22nd of April the members open the season by sailing in company. On the 3rd of May a private match will be sailed between the Jessica and Sirocco, round the Formby light-ship, for a valuable cup, and later in the same month the first club match will come off.

The principal prizes it is likely will be sailed for immediately after the Royal Mersey Regatta: this we believe will be done, for the purpose of adding to the amusements on that occasion.

LONDON MODEL YACHT CLUB.

This Club has again changed its quarters, from the Essex Head, to Anderton's Hotel, Fleet Street, where it will meet on Monday the 6th of March, for the first time. A very full meeting is anticipated as the new rules are to be confirmed, and twenty-three gentlemen ballotted for.

We are gratified in seeing the progress of this Club, as we pride ourselves on being the means of bringing it into general notice.

ON SHIPWRECKS AND THE INVENTIONS FOR PRESERVING LIFE FROM DROWNING.

Under this head we shall from time to time register such Inventions as may be brought before the public. The constant occurrence of Shipwreck is now become a serious matter. When the law passed for the Examination of those in command of sailing vessels, it was thought a shipwreck would be hardly ever heard of,—especially through either ignorance or actual carelessness; but experience, bitter experience, has proved the fallacy of that thought. 'Tis true we do not now hear of men having the command of vessels who can neither read nor write, as was but too often the case in time past, who for want of nautical lore, ran on rocks and shoals, the "old tubs" which were sent out to sea heavily Underwritten. Now, we have a different class in command, still shipwrecks *do* occur, rocks are met *before* unknown, and human life is sacrificed, not by units, but by hundreds. God forbid that we should say that all shipwrecks were caused through carelessness or foolhardiness. For we find it stated in an excellent publication,—The *Leisure Hour*, that

"Perhaps, after contending with a driving gale and stormy sea all day, the sky is moonless, clothed with clouds, and the night exhibits at every point the blackness of darkness to the toilworn mariner. The rain pelts pitilessly, and the drenching spray comes overboard like a deluge. The wind blows with hurricane violence, while ever and anon the lightning reveals the terrific rage of the ocean, heaving and rolling in tremendous billows. To and fro, up and down, hither and thither, the huge ship is tossed on their bosom, like a helpless cork. The gale lasts, and the danger increases; the pumps are kept hard at work, the vessel has scarcely time to rise from one sea, before another as furiously strikes her. The masts creak beneath the pressure of the wind against themselves alone, for the sails are gone into shreds, and fly from the yards through the gaskets like so many coach-whips. Every one now thinks of the unfriendly strand with the utmost anxiety; the passing hour is eagerly noted, and daybreak looked for with intense impatience. News perchance comes aloft, that the men cannot stand to the pumps, the ship lying almost on her beam-ends, or that they are choked, and the water is half way up the quarter-deck. Lights are exhibited, and guns are fired at intervals as signals of distress. At length a shock is felt; and a thumping grinding noise beneath the feet of the sailors mingles with the roar of the [illegible] and boiling ocean. The dismal truth is recognized at once, that the ship has struck a rock, or run aground. 'Keep to the quarter-deck, my lads,' shouts the commander; 'when she goes to pieces 'tis your [illegible]

"The [illegible] and grinding noise of the vessel continues; the de[illegible] [illegible] another of the hapless crew is swept off by the su[illegible] [illegible] from the remainder, till the awful crisis [illegible] when the hardier survivors

"Rather hung the wave,
[illegible] though sinking in the grave."

all frequently perishing, a mere remnant managing to reach the land, 'some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship." Such is a shipwreck—a terrible incident—and one of almost daily occurrence in the history of maritime nations.

"Fierce gales and mountainous billows have not been the only foes of the shipwrecked seaman. Men on shore have frequently been more cruel to him than the storm, taking away the life which the ocean has spared, in order to seize upon the property scattered by the wild waves on the beach. There are few things more remarkable and mournful than the tenacity with which the barbarous notion has been retained that persons and property saved from the perils of the sea have been stripped by the elements of their rights, and spared by the mercy of Providence only to suffer from the cupidity of man. In the early times of Greece and Rome, little distinction was drawn between the stranger and the enemy. Hence shipwrecked individuals, if not slain, as the quickest way of dealing with them, were always plundered, and very commonly doomed to slavery by the inhabitants of the coasts. But commerce and navigation demanded protection as they extended society also, as it improved, listened to the dictates of justice and humanity, and adopted measures to protect such unfortunates. It was at length made a capital offence by the Roman law to destroy persons shipwrecked, or to prevent their saving the vessel; and the stealing even a plank from a wreck or a ship in distress, made the party answerable for the loss of the entire vessel and cargo."

Our limited space compels us to conclude with merely inserting the following specimens of Laurie's Patents:

Double Pillow—which when opened and placed round the body will sustain Six persons in the water.

CLUB MEETINGS, 1854.

M 1, Wednesday, Royal Thames Yacht Club, Bedford Hotel, Covent Garden.
" , " Birkenhead Model Yacht Club, Monksferry Hotel, Monksferry.
" , Friday.....Prince of Wales' Yacht Club, Freemasons' Tavern, London
" 4, Saturday.....Royal Harwich Yacht Club, Club-house, Harwich.

" 6, Monday..... ..London Model Yacht Club, Anderton's Hotel, Fleet Street
" 15, Wednesday...Annual Ball of the Royal London Yacht Club, Willis's Rooms.
" 15, Wednesday...Liverpool Yacht Club, Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool.
" 17, Friday.....Lecture before the Prince of Wales' Yacht Club, Freemasons' Tavern.
" 20. Monday.....Royal London Yacht Club, Caledonian Hotel, Adelphi.

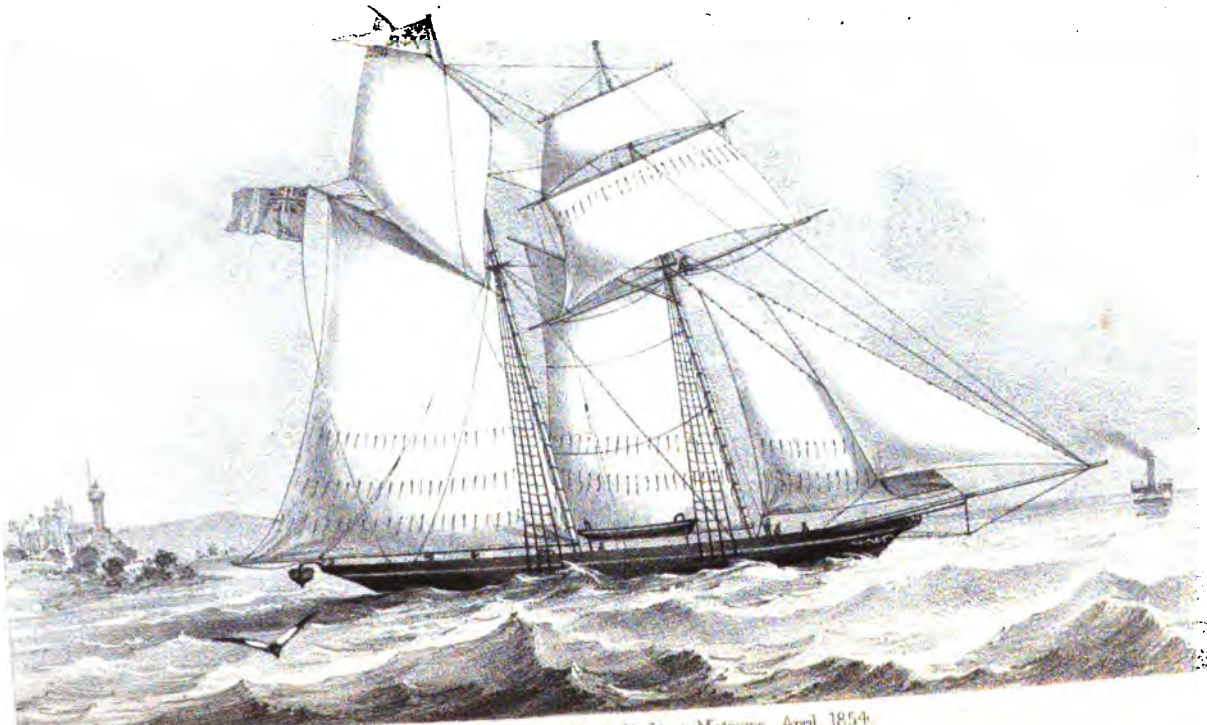
HIGH WATER TIDE TABLE FOR MARCH.

Day of M	High Water Lon. Bridge morn.		after.		The time of high water at the following places may be ascertained, by adding to, or substracting from, the time at London Bridge.					
	h	m	h	m			h.	m.		h.	m.
1	3	37	3	56	Aberystwith.....	add	5	23	Aberdeen.....	sub 0	56
2	4	14	4	32	Alderney.....		4	38	Aldborough.....	3	23
3	4	50	5	5	Bantry Bay.....		1	39	Belfast.....	4	2
4	5	22	5	39	Bridlington.....		2	23	Brighton.....	2	29
5	5	56	6	13	Carmarthan.....		4	3	Carnarvon.....	4	47
6	6	31	6	51	Cork Harbour.....		2	23	Cowes.....	3	22
7	7	12	7	35	Dartmouth.....		3	58	Dublin Bar.....	2	55
8	8	8	8	47	Dudgeon Light.....		5	23	Dungeness.....	3	17
9	9	32	10	16	Eddystone.....		3	8	Folkestone.....	3	37
10	11	1	11	42	Edinburgh.....		2	23	Foreland, North.....	2	22
11	—	—	0	20	Exmouth Bar.....		4	18	Foreland, South.....	2	47
12	0	49	1	12	Falmouth.....		3	8	Gravesend.....	0	37
13	1	33	1	53	Flamboro' Head.....		2	23	Greenwich.....	0	20
14	2	11	2	28	Guernsey Pier.....		4	23	Harwich.....	2	37
15	2	44	3	2	Hartlepool.....		1	38	Howth Harbour.....	2	59
16	3	16	3	32	Humber Mouth.....		3	23	Ipswich.....	2	7
17	3	49	4	5	Kinsale Harbour.....		2	23	Kentish Knock.....	2	37
18	4	24	4	41	Land End.....		2	23	Lowestoft.....	3	37
19	4	58	5	18	Leith Pier.....		0	15	Margate.....	2	2
20	5	36	5	55	Lynn Regis.....		4	38	Nore Light.....	0	58
21	6	18	6	43	Plymouth.....		3	26	Portsmouth.....	2	27
22	7	10	7	43	Swansea.....		3	48	Sheerness.....	1	28
23	8	23	9	10	Torbay.....		3	58	Southampton.....	2	27
24	10	0	10	51	Waterford.....		3	43	Spithead.....	4	37
25	11	37	—	—	Weymouth.....		4	23	Yarmouth Roads.....	5	27
26	0	14	0	46	Whitby.....		1	38	Calais.....	2	19
27	1	13	1	36	Amsterdam.....		0	53	Dieppe.....	3	2
28	1	56	2	18	Antwerp.....		2	18	Havre de Grace.....	4	15
29	2	35	2	54	Bourdeux.....		4	45	Ostende.....	1	12
30	3	10	3	28	Cherbourg.....		5	23	Honfleur.....	4	37
31	3	45	4	1	Hamburgh.....		3	53	New York.....	5	7

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. A. S.—Cockadoodle,—Blue Jacket,—Lough Ree,—and many others are received. The sketch from Liverpool received and shall appear forthwith, also the Rules of the Liverpool Yacht Club: we thank our correspondent, and shall be glad to hear from him whenever any thing occurs which he considers necessary to communicate.

London—HUNT & SON. Printers, 6, New Church Street, Edgware Road.



Published in Hunts Yachting Magazine, April, 1854.

Hunt, Lith.

THE GITANA, 168 TONS, RALPH WARD JACKSON ESQ.

HUNT'S

YACHTING MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1854.

THE GITANA YACHT, 168 TONS.

THIS yacht, the property of Ralph Ward Jackson, Esq., was built by Hansen of Cowes, and has long been a favorite. She was last the property of His Grace the present Duke of Newcastle, from whom she was purchased in 1852 by Mr. Jackson, who has made many alterations and improvements both in her hull and rig. She has lately returned from a circumnavigation of the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland. Her dimensions are as follows:—

	ft.	in.
Length over all - - -	110	0
Length of keel - - - -	90	0
Beam - - - - -	23	6
Draught of water, aft - - -	11	0
Ditto forward - -	8	0
Register tonnage - - -	168	0

She is a noble looking serviceable vessel, such a one as can take a gentleman's family across the Atlantic with confidence of security in the planks beneath their feet. She has none of the appearance of being a racer, althe' we believe her worthy owner would not scruple to accept a challenge from some crack, who might find this substantial looking vessel no contemptible antagonist.

A TALE OF A TUB.

Chapter I.

"Phaselus iste quem videtis hospites,
Ait fuisse navium celerrimus."

It was a beautiful still summer evening; the Needle Rocks and the glittering cliffs of Alum Bay were shining bright in the rosy light of the setting sun; little family coteries of puffins and willocks were engaged in low chattering conversations, or screaming from time to time to some neighbouring group as they rose and fell upon the sea. Great sleepy billows came rolling in from the ocean till they stumbled over the rocks and fell crashing, muttering, and roaring upon the stony shore; a shoal of porpoises in the offing were splashing and panting as they chased one another in clumsy sport. A fisherman in his boat was hauling lobster-pots in the bay, and sometimes lost from view behind a wave, sometimes lifted high in air, still the sound of his song was heard over the sea.

A few large ships lay becalmed in the distance, their forms magnified and distorted in all the fantastic devices of the mirage, and a nondescript looking cutter of about forty tons was striving in vain with square-sail and square-top-sail set to stem the stream of ebb which was rushing down the Needles channel, while the clank of the Bell buoy sounded fainter and fainter to the ears of the impatient skipper who after trying the effect of a varied and copious stock of maledictions, at length solaced himself with his pipe and subsided into stillness.

The cutter's deck was crowded with unshipshape lumber of various kinds, agricultural implements, and poultry living and dead, a dog kennel, a velocipede, and a donkey formed part of the incongrous mass. In the bows several seafaring men were smoking the pipe of peace, and abaft a motley herd of passengers, men, women, and children, were joking over the gin bottle and the gooseberries which they had brought by way of refreshment; some sick, and others saucy; enjoying life after their own fashion.

At length the chilly damp of evening drove them all into their den below, and left the deck of the good packet Maid Marion to darkness and to me.

For a long time I remained awake enjoying the calmness of the scene, and setting the groaning of the gaff and the creaking of the helm to various dreamy melodies; till at length after heartily abusing the sluggish old tub, that would not go ahead, I wrapped my coat around me

and lay down to rest, when between sleeping and waking a strange illusion stole over my senses.

The harsh and discordant creaking of which I have spoken seemed gradually to shape itself into articulate sounds, at first confused, but afterwards more and more distinct, till at length they sounded like the complaining tones of a matron advanced in years, and really became almost as intelligible and agreeable to the ear as such voices usually are.

"Ah!" said the voice, "you may stare, but it's me that's talking to you."

"And pray Madam," I replied, "who are you"?

"Who am I! why the Maid Marion yacht to be sure, that you have been abusing this half hour. Tub indeed! 'Twasn't a tub they called me when a Princess was present at my launch, and a Peeress broke the bottle on my bows. But times are changed with me, and I'd have you to know that it isn't such company as this I was used to in my younger days."

So saying the old smack turned up her nose, 'till I began to fear she would carry away her bobstay, and I hastened to appease her wounded feelings with honeyed words.

"Pray forgive me,—I assure you I have a very great respect for you, and the last thing I thought of was to hurt your feelings, indeed I did not know that you had any."

"So people always think, that no one has any feeling but themselves; but I could tell you a tale—"

"Oh! my dear old smack," I interrupted, "if you would just tell me the history of your life, I should like so much to hear it. The skipper is asleep, we are quite alone, and really we have nothing else to do, for 'tis as calm as a clock."

"Young man," said she with dignity, "don't be impudent, but take my helm out of that sleepy old skipper's paw, for it breaks my back to yaw about thus, and stay—just trice up my main tack a bit. There, there young man, that will do," said she, arranging the folds of her mainsail with much modesty—"and now I will tell you how we used to do things when I was young.

"My first owner was a princely old fellow, a nobleman of the old school. Well do I remember how proud I was when he first rowed alongside and took possession of me as his lawful bride. He was a tall and stately man, with a quiet unstudied dignity in all that he said and did, and he was a seaman every inch.

"He had fought his country's battles on many a distant field, his voice was heard in the highest council of the nation, and his advice was

received and deferred to by his king: and now in his serene and peaceful old age I was chosen to waft him over the sea, the companion of his solitude, and the sharer of his sports.

"You may scarcely believe it" continued the old hooker, "but changed as I am now I was considered a beauty in my day."

With these words the brave old craft whose lines still showed some traces of symmetry, tossed her head upon a billow, and then elevating her stern, made me a coquettish courtesy as she subsided into the trough of the sea.

"And often when I am engaged in these unladylike pursuits I think over the good old days: often and often I call to mind the brave summer nights in years gone by, for many a time when there was a breeze, the gallant old Earl would come on deck, and sending all hands below, he would take the helm: and 'tis a proud young cutter I was then, and many a long yarn we spun together till daylight dawned. 'Tis not every one can make a ship talk, I can tell you, but he understood my language and so I did his, and we always got on well together.

"But as for these hard fisted lubbers 'tis no use trying to make them comprehend—often I say to them as plain as I can 'steady the helm you lubber! don't yaw me about that way:' or else 'for God's sake unhitch that greasy old rope off my tiller, and do ease me a bit in this chop of a sea.' But 'tis no use talking to them, so I sometimes lose my temper a little, and heave a bucket or two of salt water in their faces, and though it is not very ladylike to spit in a person's face, 'tis only tit for tat, for they are always spitting all over me, and besides, 'Evil communications corrupt good manners,' and it's really the only way to make them understand.

"But as I was telling you, the good old Earl knew how to make a ship talk, and he could steer me running in a following sea with the tip of his finger, when it would take two of these lubbers to steady the helm, and then they would be in danger of gybing me every moment. So I loved my good old Lord, for he always handled me kindly, and gave me the best of everything.

The sofas in my cabin were covered with Utrecht velvet, my floor was carpeted, and my panels the purest white, picked out with gold: it is true I was dressed and painted in a manner which now you conceited youngsters would laugh at. Ten white ports on either side gave matronly dignity to my slender form, and eight brass guns bade defiance to the lawless addresses of the licentious pirate or wanton privateer."

I could scarcely suppress a smile at these words, for the jolly old tub

was half as broad as she was long, with a pair of bows like a Lady Mayoress, and a great bulky termination at her other end, for which I shall not venture to seek a simile.

"Yes," she continued, "I certainly looked very pretty, my deck dressed with a coating of red lead and sand, my spars as smart as paint could make them, my brass guns polished bright as the sun, and my name painted in gilt letters behind me. Yes, I certainly must have been very good looking; and the Earl grew very proud of his barkie; and one morning he matched me to sail a grand race round the island with Mr. Rodney's far famed cutter Circe for a thousand pounds.

"Imagine if you can the excitement of my feelings when I learned the news that so high an honour and so hard a trial was reserved for me. I protest my knees trembled when I heard it: the whole of the next night, I could not sleep, but broke my sheer and wandered round and round my anchor, fouled half a dozen sleepy old yachts, set the whole harbour in an uproar, and brought fearful liabilities upon my own eyes and those of my respected skipper.

"Oh! what a busy scene was the preparation for the struggle! The most delightful bit of excitement for me was the arrival of a beautiful new suit of racing sails by Eversfield, as white as snow, of the finest material, and all in the newest fashion.

"Balloon-jibs and top-sails were then unknown, but what would you think of stu'n-sails on both sides, square top-sail, and top-mast stu'n-sail, with a water-sail under the boom and a top-gallant sail over all? Ah! those were something like sails! none of your modern lean flat chested deal boards of things, but jolly good sails that put you in mind of Sir John Falstaff when they were full. Trust me those flat sails are good for nothing, at least with a craft that has a decent pair of bows of her own and something of a *tournure* behind her.

"'Tis true these lean new fashioned half-starved yachts manage to slide along with a flat sail and be hanged to them. But I would not give an old marlin'spike to sail as they do. Why you can't see them go, no foam under their bows, no bright spray tossed on either side, and worst of all no wake behind them.

"Ah! you should have seen me go in the good old times; the white foam smoking up under my bowsprit, a shower of spray like the spouting of a whale sparkling like a rainbow on my weather beam, and a ton or two of water on the lee side of the deck. With my boom well off and my bowsprit in the air I went to windward in style, crashing through the billows, dashing aside the ripples, a pillar of froth ahead, and a curling wake astern,—that was something like sailing I can tell you.

"Yes, it was a beautiful suit of sails, and I could not but be proud when they were all bent and hoisted, and the smooth Solent gave me a perfect reflection of my figure in its transparent waters.

"But if my pride was flattered on that occasion, there was a deep humiliation in store for me on the morrow, when I was put on shore to be scrubbed and overhauled preparatory to the race. Conceive the feelings of a poor young thing as I was then, when the tide went out and left me exposed to the eyes of all who chose to admire or criticise my proportions; and that too with a saucy man-of-war brig, scarcely a hundred yards off, commanding a full view of everything. I protest it was too bad, and when at last some sheets of damaged copper were stripped off, and I was so far entirely uncovered, I thought my legs would have given way, and I should have sunk into the mud with shame and confusion.

"However everything has an end, and by and by the rising tide came gently flowing into the Medina, soothed my ruffled feelings, and released me from my uncomfortable position; and I confess that several expressions of admiration that I could not but overhear, and one especially from the impudent man-of-war, had some effect in allaying my irritation.

"Thursday, the 10th of August, was the day appointed for the race; it was now Tuesday and the plot began to thicken.

"It was intended to keep the affair as private as possible to avoid the confusion of a crowd, but such an event as this could not be concealed. The flood tide bore the news on its waves to Portsmouth; the Ryde wherries caught the rumour and spread it far and wide; the evening breeze whispered the secret to an Itchen ferry-boat with whom he had a flirtation, and quickly she told the story among her kith and kin, that Maid Marion and Circe were to sail on Thursday for a thousand pounds. Every tide brought some fresh arrival whom the news of the coming event had attracted to Cowes, and it was evident to me that however the contest ended, there would be thousands present to cheer my triumph or to witness my disgrace.

"Oh! for a breeze! a strong steady westerly wind, that would try our strength to the utmost and leave nothing to chance! Oh! for a breeze! But it is vain to wish or whistle for a wind. My good skipper whistled and wished, wished and whistled till he got a corkscrew twist in his countenance, and a trick of whistling against his will that will only be silenced in the grave, but in vain! All Tuesday and Wednesday we had light flighty breezes from the eastward and long intervals of hopeless helpless calm.

"Our hearts were half broken with anxiety, and our adversary, whose strength was in fine weather, grew quite saucy and disagreeable in her manners.

"However on Wednesday eve a change took place, the soft ripples that flowed around my sides with the evening flood, were warm with the breath of the west wind; the sky which had long been bright and chilly was overspread with soft fleecy clouds, and the skipper came rolling up from the cabin and swore that the glass had fallen, and that there would be a strong westerly wind before the dawn.

"But alas! in the midst of my hopes a grievous disappointment befel me; for at sunset a boat from the shore rowed alongside, and announced that the Earl had met with an accident on his way from town, and could not come on board,—the match was to take place, and I was to sail without him.

"This was indeed a cruel blow: in addition to my sorrow for my poor master, I knew that half my chance of success was gone, for no one could handle me as he could. Long and bitterly I wept, till at last I feared that such protracted weeping might establish a permanent leak, and my dear master hated a wet craft, so I dried my tears, and determined that happen what might I would do my best, and make every effort for his sake to win."

Here she paused, and it seemed to me that Maid Marion's voice faltered as she spoke of her old master, and certainly a few drops of moisture fell heavily from the eye of the forestay and pattered upon the deck.

And here let me observe, that if any man should presume to throw a doubt over this faithful history, affirming it to be incredible that a ship should discourse after such a goodly fashion, let him search the very good and true Chronicle of Godofredus or Jeffrey ap Arthur de Monmouth, or the admirable history of the Martyrs, by Master John Fox, and divers other good and notable books, which no man could presume to question, and I dare to say that he will find therein more marvellous things than these. But I hasten to the history of the grand race which Maid Marion proceeded to relate to me in the following words.

(To be continued.)

THE CHANNEL CRUISER'S.

(*Continued from page* 153.)

BY VANDERDECKEN.

CHAPTER XV.

"I am but mad, north-north-west:
When the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw."—HAMLET.

HEAVILY and with a wild cry of agony, fell poor Ronald Renshaw, and the blood flowed freely from the torn wound inflicted by Sir Charles Meriton's unerring hand; groans of rage, hate, and pain, ascended alternately from the rocky cleft in which he struggled helplessly; and but feebly sounded his voice amidst the wild war of nature which raged above him; writhing in anguish and incapable of exertion, the poor pilot already felt the flowing tide surge over his feet, and knew that 'ere long he should be smothered in a rocky grave; thoughts of his old Elspeth, the patient and affectionate partner of a toil-worn life! of the grey hairs which would soon become greyer with saddening sorrow; none to solace her, for his ways were her ways, they were rugged, but they were honest; and what would the poor old woman do without the rough old man, whose pride and joy it had been to lighten to her the long voyage of life. Callous by habit and hardened to emotion, yet the heart, the good kind heart would have its way; and great round scalding drops rolled down the furrowed cheeks of a man who had thought such like were fled for ever, aye, gone as were the sunny days when they both were young;—his good kind Master too his adored foster-son, whom he had sworn to see righted;—and who was there now that could do it:—his pretty vessel too, next to Elspeth, the joy of his heart, rolling helplessly upon the surging sea, for who was there to tend her like him. His agonised thoughts tortured him worse than the rankling wound through which his life was ebbing fast, and strange withal the simple seaman felt no fear of death. Suddenly a sound smote upon his ear, and an unearthly laugh rang clear and strong above the stirring gale.

"Ha! ha! ho! ho! hurroo!—We hoo!—hah! 'Caramba' as we say in Shpain—ho! ho! bravo va Don Carlos Meritonos—we hoo! we hoo!"

"In the name of saints and devils who are you?" gasped the startled

and fainting pilot, as a dark form bent over him, uttering those most extraordinary exclamations.

"El Loco de la Lago Grande!" exclaimed the unknown—"We hoo! hurroo! that I am folk's say,—Nabocklish as we say in Ireland. Och! sure divil resave the fear uv you Senor Timonero, but any way 'fuera de aqui' as we say to the beggars!"

"Ha! El Loco, you here?"

"Ay! darlin' and may be 'ids as well for you that I am,—'punto en boca' old shipmate, until I get your ould bones into a hammock "*Weary-Wish*" a-hoy! hoo! hoo! hoy!

"Ay! ay! Sir," came rolling up upon the wind;—and in a few minutes the wounded and apparently dying Rony was deposited in a little skiff which immediately dashed fearlessly out to sea.

As the pilot felt himself bounding across the waves, the motion of the little cockle-shell excited and revived him, and the strange being who had so opportunely appeared to his rescue, busied himself with no inexperienced hand in staunching his wound.

"El Loco!" exclaimed Ronald with eager agitation, and grasping him feebly by the arm, "I know you well, sometimes for good, and more-times for evil, man to man, and as one who may soon be beyond the hail of bo's'n or master, I ask you what brings you here?—Is the craft here?—for to shirk the broad arrows,—or for service paid in shining gold? Free-trading is not what it was lad, and there's one as flies a pennant in the Channel Waters now as knows the differ a-tween trick and truth."

"Ha! hoo! hoo! whee! hoo! a mighty purty sthring uv questions too. Arrah bad cess to me, bud I believe 'ids not mysel at all at all that's mad!—What brought me here alanna? brought me here? A wild divil uv an Irishman that writes his name if he can, and then when he's axed for his whereabouts, says without a blush in his face 'The world at large.' Och thin Rony darlin', I'm afraid yer not improved since we met last—either that or you had yer head in a pitch pot for the last ten years any way. What brought me here? Did you ever hear what thim sallow faced beggars along the Gulf of Genoa say "Labito e una seconda natura" which means that 'habit is second nature.' Now my born beauty did ye ever know me in any one place for a fortnight?"

"True!" replied Rony "But there were always them as said you had good reason for it, and I know you had a good craft to do it, and that oftentimes carried more nor her ballast and a full complement of hands!"

"Steady!" shouted El Loco in quick stern accents to the men who rowed the little skiff. "Steady! ease port, pull up starboard, keep her fairly stern-to and give way!"

A huge wave burst into white froth astern, and drenched them in a

cloud of foam;—the creaking of blocks and rattling of canvas as of a vessel coming up and falling off whilst laying to caused El Loco to gaze eagerly around; the darkness almost baffled his acute vision. With a motion of his hand the seamen ceased rowing, despite the danger of being swamped ; and each held his breath.

"It cant be,—and yet stay,—faith, may be 'tis some outlyin' yacht!"

"Yonder she be, Sir!" exclaimed the hand at the stroke oar in a hissing whisper, as he leaned across Ronald Renshaw.

The latter with a faint groan of pain lifted his head above the gunwale of the skiff. "It is she El Loco!" he exclaimed the moment his hawk-like eye had caught the tall spars and dark outline through the murky gloom, "It is the pennant I told you of, and if ever you blinked a cruiser, now's your time!"

"Ha! ha! whirroo whoo!—fisherman a-hoy!—whoo-hoy!" shouted the unaccountable stranger. "Give way men, give way!" he muttered hoarsely, and steered direct for the vessel in question.

"What boat's that?" came in a clear measured tone of command, with discipline distinguishable in every syllable.

"Skerries hook-and-line-men,—see'd ye anything of our hooker hereaway?"

There was a pause as of consultation.

"Come alongside!" slow, stern, and distinct came the command.

"You don't belie your name El Loco!" muttered Rony, "by G——d you're mad?"

"Whist man!" was the reply, coupled with a dry derisive laugh.

"Arrah! God bless you, did you see anything uv her at all for we're nearly swamped wid the weight in the say here, un a load uv lines in our boat too!" delivered in a whining tone of supplication seemed to have the desired effect.

"She's away upon our lee quarter about a mile to the south-east!"

"Musha the heavens bless you for that same!—Arrah give her a blue light for us a-lanna—do asthore Machree, for we're nearly killed wid rowing;—ay, do, an God bless you!"

A hoarse laugh answered this modest request, and as the lurid glare of the signal lighted up the ocean, El Loco cowered low in the boat, so that naught was visible to the cruiser's crew save two exhausted looking seamen, urging a little cockle-shell skiff away in the direction from whence a bright blaze, answering the blue light, proved that the information given was correct. Worn out with pain and excitement, Rony sunk senseless, and when he came to again, he found they were in the act of lifting him on board the identical Skerries hooker that had

made her appearance upon the previous day, causing him much anxious speculation, and, as our readers will remember, St. Leon also.

Quickly was Rony cared for, and in one of the most comfortable little cabins that imagination could conceive from so unpromising an exterior, he soon found that the skill of the strange man, whom he had so strangely encountered, bid fair to restore him; already he felt nerved for justice and firm for revenge; but nature would have her way, and as deep slumber sealed his eye-lids, El Loco left the cabin.

Let us take a survey of "El Loco de la Lago Grande," as he reappeared upon the deck,—El Loco, or, as his soubriquet signified, "the Madman of the Sea," stood about five feet ten inches in height; in figure he was spare almost to attenuation, and withal well and gracefully proportioned; his features might have been once handsome, and his countenance even intellectual, but there seemed to have formed a kind of bronze mask or crust, which defied inspection, and if aught in the play of face or feature ever tended to puzzle the most acute physiognomist, it most assuredly existed there; did fierce anger actuate him, his mouth assumed a jovial smile, his eyebrows were elevated, and his eyes danced as with exuberant joy;—did merriment move him, never was there seen so stoical a countenance, and save and except the utterance of the strongest exclamations from his half opened mouth, whose corners were drawn down most like a horse shoe, nailed to the heel of a bowsprit, one might have imagined that it was the countenance of a very idiot, and the roar after roar of hoarse laughter which would burst forth, resembled more the successful efforts of a ventriloquist, than the out-pourings of a joyous heart; did pity or benevolence prompt his actions—he was a very savage in demeanour, and when engaged in deeds of a darker hue, he displayed the politeness of a Frenchman, coupled with the persuasive subtlety of an Italian; his usual method of expressing himself indicated him to be a genuine son of Erin, but El Loco could speak four different languages, perhaps not quite grammatically, yet still sufficient for his purpose, and frequently in his conversation he jerked in scraps of all sorts.

He was a splendid seaman—possessed, for his spare appearance, of almost superhuman strength; was an accomplished navigator, and there were men who had met him in the four quarters of the globe: he had been seen amongst the whalers in the South Seas, in the North Seas as well; and amongst the opium clippers of China. The West Indies had added to his education and experience, as the Coast of Africa could testify, and strange rumours attributed to him the reputation of a daring pirate; whilst in the English Channel and Irish Sea, more than one long

chase eventuated in the escape of the flying smuggler: but his favourite haunts were the Atlantic washed shores of the west of Ireland. He prided himself as knowing every nook and corner of that wild coast, and boasted that no one could distinguish him from a native of the same, whilst he claimed the world as his birth-place, and no land in particular. He was indeed a strange incomprehensible man, capable of great good, and great evil; proved to be of undaunted courage, which gained for him his strange soubriquet, for he was distinguished for deeds, which naught save madness could justify. There was one trait in his character which he took no pains to conceal, and that was his utter contempt for money; he squandered it, lavished it; possessed it in handfuls, dashed it right and left, and yet nobody could tell whence came his unlimited supply: some there were who darkly hinted at a compact with the Evil One, and truly his luck seemed to partake of something supernatural, for he had been imprisoned, tried, escaped, re-taken, condemned, and escaped again, as often he swore himself as he had fingers and toes; and he had a particularly happy facility of disguising his face and person after such fashions as suited persons and localities, in a manner which had often defied the most lynx-eyed officers of the bolt-bar and hand-cuff school. He was here, there, and everywhere, and seemed always actuated by some undefinable caprice. No one knew him, he said he did not know himself, but all who ever served him, or with him, adored him. To those whom he appeared to wish to identify himself with, namely, the humbler class, he was affable, quiet, and inoffensive: with the wealthy and great by whom he was often sought, as well from curiosity as from his reputed wealth, he was arrogant, insolent, and overbearing:—to sum him up, he was a compound of everything strange, mysterious, and unlike the generality of men as possibly could be.

His appearance as he ascended from the cabin after seeing to Ronald Renshaw's comforts, had undergone considerable transformation; he had gone down attired in the ragged jacket, tattered and salt stained trowsers and battered sou'-wester of a Skerries-man, but he now appeared clad in the blue worsted shirt, comforter, woollen cap, and big sea boots of a genuine trawler's man, fresh from Barking or Dublin Bay. Casting his eye rapidly over the well appointed little hooker he issued some orders in an under tone, and this time four smart young seamen jumped into the skiff, wherein were now carefully stowed her lug sail, a breaker* of water, a jar of somewhat stronger liquid, and some provisions: taking his seat with the yoke ropes in his hands, a silent nod gave the signal, the hooker filled upon the port tack and disappeared amidst the sur-

* Small barrel.

rounding darkness, whilst the little skiff urged with powerful strokes bounded lightly in for Douglas.

"Ho! ho! hurroo!—asi—asi—Senor Corsario!" ejaculated El Loco as he dashed past the revenue cruiser "yer eyes are all open I've no doubt, but *paciencia Senor*, by my sowl I'll tache ye a thrick worth two of coming up here to look for a contrabandista! I've got what I wanted in the first place, and now just to pass the time I'll get what I don't want at all!"

Loud shouts of drunken merriment made the rafters of the Athol Arms ring as the solitary trawler's man entered, and louder became the shouts, as with a half drunken gait he approached the table at which the revellers sat, and speedily had it covered with numberless measures of Mistress Jabez Petherick's choicest and most intoxicating liquors.

In the mean time we will follow the movements of his crew: quickly shoving off after landing El Loco, they pulled rapidly but cautiously through the fleet of yachts until they reached the "Fairy Elly," with the agility of a monkey and the stealthy caution of a cat, the stroke oarsman leaped upon her deck and disappeared in the forecastle; a low whistle shortly summoned his shipmates, who as quickly descended, when the quick blows of a hammer and the shifting of heavy bodies might be heard;—almost immediately the crew were again in the skiff; but this time the steward boy of the "Elly" steered them—stripping to their work regardless of the falling rain which was whirled about in hissing clouds by the fierce squalls, which ever and anon swept from the hills; they bent to their work with a will, and their fleet boat seemed to fly rather than glide along the water, as passing to the northward of St. Mary's Rock they steered direct for the shore; as they neared it they lay upon their oars opposite to some bathing boxes mounted upon wheels, one of which as if caught by a sudden gust of wind came rolling down the strand until it was nearly up to its flooring in the tide; the skiff was as quickly alongside, and from the now open door of the box a close observer might have discerned, case after case, and package after package handed noiselessly into the boat; one trip, two trips, three, and at last a fourth has been completed between the aforesaid bathing box and the pretty Fairy Elly. Not an out of the way locker, berth, or bunker, of the sweet little craft that was not made a receptacle for each cargo of the skiff, and from the skill and rapidity with which they were stowed away, her crew seemed to have been no mean adepts in their trade. Everything was again restored to its original condition, cautiously as ever they approached the quay, paddling quietly in; in a moment El Loco was on board, and the boat keepers of the Fairy Elly's

boat, which in the commencement of our last chapter we saw chafing against the pier, looked in amazement at the little craft which shot suddenly past them under the lug-sail. Until this moment the crew of the skiff had no more idea of what they had been stowing the cabins and lockers of the Elly for, than a Lascar has of speaking Gaelic, it was with more than ordinary attention and curiosity, therefore that they listened for the orders of El Loco: slowly they eased down the lug-sail until barely a couple of feet of the head of it drew, and the moment they caught sight of the spray and foam which the revenue cruiser dashed about her as she rose and fell upon the sea, it was down—the oars were out, a keen and rapid survey of her position was taken; and they were away again for the Fairy Elly. The boy Howard was on the look for them, and El Loco giving him a silent nod as they glided a-head he shipped the tiller, and darting forward handed them the reef-tackle over the bows, speedily it was hooked on to the buoy rope, and the anchor as speedily roused up from its hold: the skiff with the anchor a-weigh dropped alongside, and the Elly was fairly adrift, and going bodily and swiftly out to sea. El Loco with his crew stretched upon the deck watched eagerly as they drew near the cruiser, not a breath did they draw as they drifted abreast,—there is a stir upon her deck, El Loco has lifted his hand and the boy Howard putting the tiller hard over, she sheers to starboard and presents her bow to the cruiser. Again loud voices come swelling upon the gale, they are past however, undiscovered, and with a wild shout of triumph El Loco sprang to his feet.

"Viva! viva! shipmates! now to finish our work,—hoorah!"

The anchor was secured, main-sail cast loose, close reefed and set storm jib and reefed fore-sail soon made her fly, the skiff was hauled on deck, and the Fairy Elly bounded as merrily over the tumbling sea as if she had her lawful owner at her helm, and her legitimate crew upon her deck.

It was on a fine sunshiny morning, it might be about a week after the events detailed in the last chapter, that the Berenice, Abeona, and be not startled good reader, the Fairy Elly herself lay peacefully at anchor in Cork Harbour.

Breakfast had been discussed, an eager group were assembled upon the quarter-deck of the Berenice, the principal speaker of whom was Lieutenant Gastin Rodin.

"So Rodin, my boy, you say 'twas on the second day you sighted her?"

"On the second day Sir Harold, I had a light air of wind just enough to keep the canvas sleeping, and lay my course back for the Island, when the look-outs sung out 'a craft on our lee beam under bare poles, and looks

like a yacht sir!' my glass soon informed me that it was the vessel I wanted, and 'twas not long until we were aboard of the Fairy Elly, not a soul did we find in her, her canvas was all made up just I suppose as her crew had left her upon the night she went adrift; not a rope yarn was out of place, she had between five-and-twenty and thirty fathom of chain cable, with the anchor under her fore-foot, so that it is quite evident she had dragged her anchor and gone adrift during the height of the gale!"

"There is one mystery I cannot fathom," said St. Leon gloomily, "What can have become of the boy, Will Howard?"

"Any craft near at the time you boarded her Rodin?" enquired Allen Hayward.

"Stay, let me think! yes, yes, I now remember, away in the western board there was a rakish looking schooner, and close to her there lay ——."

"A barked sailed, Skerries Hooker!" shouted St. Leon, grasping Rodin's arm with sudden energy."

"The same and no other," was the astonished rejoiner.

"Then if he's afloat I'll find him, for I am convinced that that same craft has had something to do with the drifting of the Elly, with the disappearance of my skipper Ronald Renshaw, as well as the cabin lad Will Howard."

"Here is some mystery surely!" cried Commodore De Walden, "but ne'er mind St. Leon, we are able and willing to unravel it all yet."

"Does your honor want some lobsters?" enquired a voice from a boat alongside, the attention of the party were immediately directed to the speaker, whose extraordinary features and strange gestures, as he flourished a live lobster in each hand, balancing his lank form upon the gunwale of a little skiff apparently with much difficulty, gave rise to a burst of laughter, and for the moment all else was forgotten.

"Och! shure yer honer 'ill buy half-a-dozen uv un from uz any how," continued the speaker, picking up several more, and tossing them up in continual succession as a juggler would balls, until as the boat approached the bows of the Berenice he tossed them up on the deck.

"There alanna—take 'em, take 'em,—they're the last we have any how!"

"That's a nice little skiff you have my man," observed Sir Harold De Walden, "where was she built?"

"Och Musha, sorra a one uv me knows yer honor!" was the answer, "shure she belongs to Murty O'Brien there up in the Holy Ground.

"What a strange name she has painted in her stern sheets, 'Weary Wish,' observed Ozwald Peyton.

"What did you do with the other lobsters you had?" enquired St. Leon, his keen glance wandering from face to face in the skiff, "sowld thim yer honer, sowld thim to a noble gintleman that's lyin outside there becalmed in a great big shkooner intirely, intirely, sowld thim. Ay, in throth, an a quare name they called her too, eh, Andy?" said he, carelessly turning to one of his companions, "was'nt it a quare thing to call a purty vessel like her by the name of a Say Weed!"

"What was she called fellow?"

"The Samphire, yer honer,—whirroo hurroo! hi, hi, shove off, bad luck to ye Andy, or the gintlemin ill say we want to be ped over again. Shove off, I say, she's comin, she's comin a-lanna, look at her!" And 'ere voice or action could arrest them, the crew of the skiff were beyond hearing or pursuit.

"By Heaven! the fellow is right enough, St. Leon, there is the Samphire in the Narrows,—ay! and may I be cook to a Dutchman," exclaimed the excited Commodore, "if there is not that d——d Pirston in the Euryale, along with him;—I hope his neck is straight.—What game can be on now?—Birds of a feather they say—"

'Ere the baronet could finish his sentence, a loud commotion upon the deck of the Fairy Elly caused all to start round in surprise. Her crew were treating with no very gentle usage a group of the Customs officers who had boarded her. Curses loud and deep were showered upon them, and blows soon resounded, bestowed with hearty will and stalwart arm, with handspike, fist, and rope's end.

Hastily throwing themselves into the gig of the Berenice, our friends were quickly engaged in separating the combatants, and seeking an explanation of the cause of the affray.

"I want the owner and captain of this yacht!" exclaimed the officer of Customs, in a savage tone, arranging his dress after the rough usage he had received at the hands of the Elly's men;—"Hail, Jenkins, hail, why don't you?" he cried with hurried energy, "hail for another boat's crew. I suppose we'll all be hove overboard next!"

"I'm the man you ask for, sirrah!" exclaimed St. Leon passionately, "I'm owner and captain here, and I should like to know what brings you on board my vessel in this manner?"

"Then I arrest you for smuggling on the high seas!" was the answer, delivered with dog-in-office authority.

Had a thunder cloud burst over his head St. Leon, could not have been more astounded,—had his crew been foolishly getting tobacco on board, or what could this mean. Hastily jumping below, followed by Commodore De Walden and his companions, what a sight met his eyes.

The platform was turned up, and there instead of ballast, were "cases of Hollands," and "bundles of cigars;" cakes of tobacco were pulled from behind the silken panels which adorned the main cabin; side lockers which had been unused, displayed goodly stores far beyond the allowance for a yacht; and St. Leon leaned against the bulkhead in helpless stupor, caused by the consummate villany which he felt was arrayed against him.

(To be continued.)

URSA MAJOR'S POSITION WITH REGARD TO LEO AND TAURUS.

Arise each true Briton! let each be aware,
That the time's fully come for to chain up the Bear,
Who with Turks and Egyptians has had a few rubs,
But who now has to face England's Lion and Cubs.

Since we in good earnest have treated the cause,
We must tame him by clipping his ears and his claws;
Then with our Gallic neighbours we'll teach him a thing,
That he'll never forget at the opening of Spring.

By the belt of Orion! and Jupiter's powers,
He'll find it no opening of sunshine and flowers;
Ursa Major's position will make his heart fail,
When Leo comes roaring and lashing his tail.

But now Ursa Major we've reason to know
Is blocked up at present, by ice and by snow;
Nor feels he it prudent to shew that he scorns
The efforts of Taurus, by seizing his horns.

As time sheweth all things, so certainly he
Will be shewn what we've done both by land and by sea,
When he'll think himself lucky to 'scape with his skin,
From the pretty considerable pickle he's in.

He may think he can trust to his numbers and power,
But nought can avert the approach of that hour,
When oh! such a peal in his ears we will ring,
As will make him remember the opening of Spring.

E. A. S.

OUR CRUIZE IN THE BALTIC.

BY NECKON OF THE NORTH SEAS.

"Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice."—OTHELLO.

"'Whilk' was written by one Wm. Shakespeare, said have to been a right "Worthie" personage in his day."

IT was upon one fine evening in June; now good reader is not that an old fashioned way of beginning a new fashioned yarn? However it was upon one fine evening in June, in the year of our Lord 1852, that a slashing cutter yacht of some sixty tons was hovering off the harbour of Poole; and it was with no small degree of pride that one "Wanhill" beheld her graceful evolutions; for the very sufficient reason that the aforesaid "Wanhill" did design, construct, spar, ballast, and rig the aforesaid cutter, and verily he had no reason to be ashamed of the sweet little barkie.

Of course every yacht is blessed with a name, and as a matter of course our craft had a name, but as this is the age of mystification, and lest the Emperor of all the Russias might take it into his head after he has read my yarn (?—! !) to possess himself of my body for exportation to Siberia, or some other sweet retirement of his empire, I will at once state that the names of some of the yachts and individuals that I shall give, exist purely in the fine frenzy of my inventive brain; but that the incidents detailed are true to the letter, and that the characters of the actors are as near to the life, as my natural stupidity and a steel pen will permit me to describe.

Our craft therefore was called the "Falernus," and full of, and famous was she for everything that was calculated to contribute to the enjoyment of human life in this ugly world.

As Harcourt Colbert (for so shall I call her owner) paced the deck of his fine yacht, a jovial smile lighted up his bronzed features, and he addressed his two companions who lounged upon the taffrail with "Hey lads what way is the ship to head next,—what say you,—who is game for a rattling cruize up the Baltic,—here we have a prize to be won at Cronstadt on the 24th, and the Emperor's vase on the 28th"—Who is game I say Hool-a-hul?

Verily we must present our readers with a portrait of our worthy friend Mr. Harcourt Colbert. Now then ladies, out with fancy's pencil and embody him!

Item! 1, Height five feet ten inches or thereabouts. Item 2, strong,

muscular, and well formed. Item 3, face handsome, embrowned by exposure to the elements; hair dark brown; eyes (oh! I beg a thousand pardons!) eyes, I forget,—but yes, I think and I'm not quite sure, I think they were brown too. A fine Shakespearian flowing beard, and the merry joyous smile of one determined to take the world easy, and to make those around him as merry as himself: now, Item 4, dress! A black curly bearskin jacket, lined with white satin. Shirt of the lightest shade of pink, with a collar turned over upon the jacket, loosely confined by an unexceptionably tied black handkerchief, large petticoat trowsers of blue Pilot cloth which only coming to the knee, developed an undeniable leg and foot clad in Highland hose,—and buckskin buskins. A snow white spanish beaver, and I am done—there you have Harcourt Colbert, just as we answered his challenge with

"We are quite as ready to go as you are willing, so up stick and away, no time to be lost.

"If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly."

"Up helm Master for Ramsgate, hurrah! three cheers for the Baltic!" and three loud and hearty cheers made the people upon the shore fancy that it was just possible the crew of the Falernus had gone clean mad!

"Well now then for business. We sailed from Ramsgate on the 8th day of June, 1852, at 2h. 15m. P.M., with a light breeze from the eastward; passed the Galloper Light Ship at 7h. P.M., and lay our course pretty well during the night of the 9th. At 10h. A.M., we had a flat calm; just before dinner we spoke a fishing smack, and found that the Texel bore east, about forty miles; shortly afterwards we had a thick fog, and it came on to blow pretty fresh, with a rolling sea,—so snug was the word, and may be we did not crack on merrily under try-sail, reefed fore-sail, and storm jib; and maybe we did not enjoy a jolly good dinner to the tune of "blow winds and wash waves."

We took a pilot on the evening of the 10th; and at 3h. 30m. A.M., on the morning of the 11th, we were safely anchored in Heligoland Roads. After breakfast we landed, and paid our respects to the governor, Sir J. Hindmarsh, a post captain in the navy, with seven clasps and a gold cup from the king of Denmark, who, together with Lady Hindmarsh, received us most politely and hospitably, and the Governor conducted us over the island, which is but small, the whole extent being not more, I should think, than 200 acres. The people, it would appear to me, live principally by the wrecks, it being a very dangerous coast: there are no cattle of any description upon the island, and the inhabitants depend for supplies on the mail boat from Hamburgh, whic

ought to arrive once a week, but in the winter is sometimes detained at Hamburgh for nine weeks.

On the 12th we got underway at daybreak, and made sail for the River Eyder. Now, good reader, you will naturally ask why did we make sail for the River Eyder, when we were bound to the Baltic Sea? —nautical reader, take Nories chart of the North Sea, and spread it before you, you will there perceive that the island of Heligoland, which is lofty but a table island, is situated at the entrance of four rivers, the Jahde, Weser, Elbe, and Eyder. We cannot do better for your information than quote from Mr. J. S. Hobbs's Sailing Directions. "For the purpose of facilitating the communication between the North Sea and Baltic, a canal is cut across the Duchy of Holstein, from the River Eyder, which passes by Rendsburgh, to about three miles north of Kiel, at the mouth of the River Lerwenshawe. The Eyder is navigable more than six miles above Rendsburgh, and the distance from the western sluice of the canal at Rendsburgh, to its commencement, near Kiel is twenty and a half English miles. The perpendicular fall of the canal, towards the Baltic, is twenty-five feet seven inches; that towards the North Sea twenty-three feet; and vessels passing through are raised or let down by means of six sluices. The breadth of the cut is one hundred feet at the top, and fifty-four feet at the bottom; the sluices are twenty-seven feet broad, and one hundred feet long; and the lowest depth of water is ten feet. Merchant vessels of 120 tons may therefore sail through this canal, and the distance from Tonningen to where the canal joins the Baltic is sixty-six miles."

Mariners should beware, in making for this canal, of the shoals of shifting sand between Rendsburgh and Tonningen, which render the navigation of the River Eyder up to the canal somewhat difficult; but with lead, look out, a sharp knife and a clear conscience, what does a British yachtsman care about any difficulty?

Well then kind readers that we might avoid the additional 420 nautic miles round the Scaw, and through the Cattegat, we took the short cut of sixty six miles through the River Eyder and canal of Rendsburgh; in order to gain the Baltic Sea. We made the entrance of the river at 6 A.M. and at 8h. we came to an anchor at Tonningen, having Sclesvig on the port hand, and Holstein on the starboard. The weather all this time was very bad with us, cold, wet and stormy; however we were in for it, so we grinned, smoked, and bore it: at noon we got under-way again, having cleared the customs, bills of health, &c. &c., and made sail up the river; we touched the ground above Frederickstad, a small sized town which was knocked to pieces during the late war:

several of the houses are still a mass of ruins. Having got half way up the River Eyder, about twenty three miles, we brought up for the night, the weather still wet, cold, and stormy.

On the 13th, at 6 A.M.; we got under-way, but at seven o'clock we grounded, hard and fast,—at nine o'clock the tide turned and we proceeded onwards for Rendsburgh, having an excellent morning up the river with occasional glimpses of sunshine. At 11h. 30m. A.M., we made fast at Rendsburgh, which is a garrison town, very strongly fortified, and beautifully situated on a fine part of the River Eyder: of course more bother with the Custom House, but at last got away with another pilot: having neared the locks, the river became beautiful; a mile and a quarter without a bend, and about a mile in width; splendid water, so we turned to and filled our water casks. At 2 P.M., we made the first lock of the Rendsburgh Canal, the scenery was excessively pretty, and the day fairly warm, but spoiled by continued squalls of heavy rain. We engaged some return horses to track us along the canal. Just as we were shackling on the rope W——— K——— fired at a kite, the result of which sporting exploit was that the horses took fright, down went their heads, up went their heels, and off went the rider, such an awful purl,—away they went as hard as they could clap leg on earth, and never stopped until they got home, a distance of some six miles. Of course all hands roared again with laughter, but faith the joke, as usual in such cases, recoiled upon ourselves, for we had to track the vessel nearly two miles, and precious hot and hard work it was; however the steward did his part to perfection, and an extra bottle of champagne proved to be very refreshing. We brought up that night at the first bridge, and took an evening's walk in the fine woods adjoining.

The following day we tracked the vessel the whole way to the last lock; at places the scenery was very lovely, and the weather warm, although the same persevering showers followed us, regular drenchers and no mistake, however we were as merry as "grigs," and it must be hard times indeed, with a round turn in them, when a sailor won't have his lark,—the more especially amongst such a jolly crew as manned the Falernus. After we had made the sun-over-the-fore-yard, we walked to Kiel, a very fine town situated upon the shores of the Baltic; it was only one Danish mile, which we found to be exactly four English; we had a glorious walk back and nearly lost our way in the woods. The evening turned out so bad and wet that we did not go ashore. The land opposite to which we lay was very beautiful, no end of trees, &c.; and did not the villagers stare at us!—they took us for a man-of-war.

The next day, finding that there would not be water sufficient for us to leave the river for two days, we embarked in a drosky, at five o'clock in the morning, and drove to Kiel; as usual a deluge of rain, and such a vehicle; oh, the Lord deliver us from a drosky; it nearly started every timber in our bodies! From Kiel we went to Hamburgh by the seven o'clock train, (three hours,) and having breakfasted, started to see the lions: luckily it cleared up, and we were visited but by one shower. We had a wretched dinner at the "Table-d-hote," and as the streets are the only things to be seen at Hamburgh, we were rather taken a-back for amusement, when as good luck would have it we thought of the Opera house. The performances were pleasing, but the choruses and orchestre were not equal to a German company in general: one opera commenced at half-past six, and was over at a quarter-past nine, when we retired for refreshment to a *cafè*.

On the 16th again did the lions, had an early dinner and started for Kiel where we found our carriage (ugh!) and made the gay old craft again, with no little pleasure it may be conceived.

On the 17th we roused up the anchor at daybreak, left the canal and got fairly into the Baltic about noon, very little wind, all chances looking bad for being in time for the regatta; however we were as jolly as ten top-sail blocks, and took a cooling swim in the Baltic: W. K. our sporting shipmate, badly stung by a musquito or some other amiable Baltic "quadruped;" and his face anything but shipshape or Bristol fashion.

19th—2h. P.M., a nasty head wind all night with a chopping sea. The "Baltic's broad billows" and no mistake! Made little or no headway; at 10h. 30m. P.M., the sun took his departure only to rise again, for it was broad staring daylight at 1h. A.M. We had a thunder storm, during which the wind veered round and gave us a leading breeze, rattling off six knots; and on the 20th at 6 A.M., passed the Island of Bornholm, and lay our course for Gothland; overhauled several vessels, and amongst our most successful pranks, secured a capital haunch of Danish mutton for dinner: the breeze increased towards evening, and at ten o'clock we had a slashing wind which enabled us to reel off between nine and ten knots during the night.

21st.—11h. A.M., a lovely morning, fine slashing breeze at south-west, with a hot sun:—got an observation at noon, and found ourselves off the island of Gothland, but the haze was so thick that we could not sight the land. Fresh water getting precious with us, and the Baltic kicking up the devil's own bobbery; a thick short sea, hard for a vessel to carry way through.

22nd.—7h. A.M., flat calm and the sea like a mirror:—sun fit to fry

a salamander, nothing to be done but swim about, which was successfully accomplished to the evident delight and personal gratification of myriads of gnats and dragon flies; after which idlers piped to a siesta, some below, more on deck;—too hot to sleep, so piped the ship's band up, but the first burst of "Rule Britannia" had scarcely swelled upon the air, when lo, twang! and away went our first fiddler's strings; so it was out rifles and bang away at bottles,—anything to relieve the monotony of a calm: no light in the binnacle this night,—so much for the Northern Lights.

23rd.—3h. P.M., all excitement, a large schooner yacht hove in sight, displaying the flags of the Royal Yacht Squadron. Exchanged numbers, when she proved to be the "Reiver," Commodore Gaybreeze: up rifles on deck, and some fair practice at seals and porpoises. Towards evening a nice breeze, but accompanied by torrents of rain.

24th.—4h. 30m. P.M., a lovely day and splendid breeze, reeling off between eight and nine knots, and fairly into the Gulf of Finland. Hove-to and spoke the Reiver, who had come round the Scaw, and through the Sound, in company with two other schooners, and a cutter, whom she named as likely to be the winner of the cup we had come so far to have a try for. Never mind, here we are off Kokskar Light, some 150 nautic miles from Cronstadt; a good breeze and we soon ran the Reiver pretty well, and had a grand drying day on board, during which there was an awful consumption of tobacco. Not a vestige of a pilot boat to be seen,—very heavy sea on.

25th.—Strong head winds, a regular hammering match and no mistake, but the gallant little Falernus turned over it like a sea witch: passed the Leskar Light. At 9h. P.M., passed some Russian men-of-war, who saluted us with their flags; and at 12 o'clock we lay-to off the Guard Ship, when a pilot and an officer came on board. Waited two hours for the Reiver, which we had run so much ahead of. We proceeded for the anchorage off Cronstadt, where we came to an anchor at 3 o'clock on the morning of the 26th. Served out an additional allowance of grog and baccy to all hands, and had a swim in the Gulf of Finland. The anchorage at Cronstadt is by no means an agreeable one, as a nasty roll of a sea sets through it.

26th.—No end of visitors this morning, amongst whom we were honoured by Le Prince Lebanoff de Rostoff. The Imperial steam yacht passed up. We found a number of English schooners, but only one English cutter, a regular racing looking craft; she was only thirteen days coming out. Gave the Falernus more chain, so you may fancy good reader that she was pitching a few. We discovered that such

articles as our pilot-cloth-clad Pilots were not common to the Gulf of Finland, but are there all Government officers and wear swell uniforms. Went ashore and all hands got a good drenching in doing so.

27th.—11h. 30m. A.M., ashore at Cronstadt, which is all guns, ships, and l—bah! a certain little disgusting animal which shall be nameless; and now kind reader having brought you so far, we will say farewell for this month, and give you the remainder of our cruize next, promising to raise the veil, and give you some real names which we met with.

(To be continued.)

THE STORM.

Hurrah! hurrah! for the kingly storm,
  When he wakens up in his wrath;
When he shouts aloud to the wave and cloud,
  And raves on his foamy path:
He waves o'er the bark his pinions dark,
  And hears the cry of despair;
But he hurries along with a merry song,
  And leaves it sinking there.

Hurrah! hurrah! for the kingly storm,
  When his stern frown darkens the sky;
When ye quail at the thunder of his voice,
  And lightning of his eye:
Hurrah! for the roar of his kingly voice,
  That appals the heart of man;
When he revels in joy at the festive board,
  Nor thinks of his life's short span.

He takes old winter by the beard,
  And shreds his locks of grey;
And the old oaks bow when they feel his breath,
  And bend to his lordly sway:
The forest trees with their spreading boughs,
  He uproots them in his might:
Hurrah! for the blast, when the storm rides past,
  On the wings of the raven night!

There's anger in his rising voice,
  And terror in his frown;
When he whirls the autumn's withered leaves,
  And shakes her berries down.
It thunders loud—see yon dark cloud!
  'Tis the spirits's awful form!
And the lightnings flash, and the old oaks crash—
  Hurrah! for the kingly storm.

THE PRACTICAL FISHERMAN.

(*Continued from page* 143.)

Genus Merlangus, or Whiting.

Species: 1—Whiting. 2—White Whiting. 3—Whiting Pollack. 4—Rawlin Pollack.

The genine characters of the whitings, are the same as the preceding genus; except that none of the former are distinguished like the cod, by wearing a beard beneath their chins.

The common whiting, *merlangus vulgaris*, is a fish of slender but elegant form, the upper jaw is longer than the lower, and the snout projects beyond it, it has a row of slender sharp pointed teeth, on the outer edge of the jaws, with several rows of smaller teeth within. The eyes are remarkably bright, being like silver, and the pupils deep blue. The scales are small, transparent, and come off easily. The upper part of the head and body is a pale brown, the scales silvery mottled with brown, the abdomen an opaque white. The lateral line is dark. The pectoral and dorsal fins are pale brown, and each of the former has a dark patch at the base. The ventral and anal fins are nearly white.

The whiting is a very general fish, being found at some particular season of the year on nearly every part of our coasts, and in some localities all through the year.

These fish are remarkably plentiful on the Southern coast of Devonshire and Cornwall, particularly in the neighbourhood of Plymouth and Polperro, at both of which places an extensive hook-and-line fishery is constantly carried on, where probably finer specimens of whiting may be obtained than in any other part of the United Kingdom.

In the early part of the year whiting keep themselves in very deep water, so that until the summer is begun, little success can often be obtained within nine or ten miles distance of the land; but as the season advances these fish come farther in, and about Midsummer may be caught in abundance about three miles off the shore; and towards the latter end of the summer, they come still nearer in; roving about the whole range of Cawsand Bay, and even into Plymouth Sound, where we have had the pleasure of catching many a good dish of whiting, within a hundred yards of the shore, between the Hoe and the Citadal.

Whiting spawn in February, and for a month or more before this, as

they grow heavy with roe, they begin to get out of condition. After spawning they generally retire into deep water, and but few are then captured, and all these thin and out of season, with the exception of the smaller fishes which have not arrived at a sufficient maturity to reproduce their species, the latter of which are always in good order, and are from January to April the only fish of their kind that are fit for the table Whiting fishing on the South Coast therefore, can scarcely be said to begin until the middle or the latter end of April, and then it should be carried on in deep water. About on a line either to the eastward or westward of the Eddystone, or a mile or so outside these rocks, is a good locality in the early part of the season; but about July the whiting come much further in, and excellent sport may be obtained about three miles to the southward of the Rame Head, and for many miles either to the eastward or westward of that point. The movements of the fish are however somewhat uncertain for one day you may meet with very good sport over ground, where on the next one you may not obtain a bite, and so *vice versâ*; still upon the whole, it is rare for a fisherman who knows anything about his work, to return home entirely empty from the whiting ground; as a proof of this I subjoin a fishing account kept by an intimate friend, of the whiting and other fish he caught, from May to December, in the year 1850, in some of which captures we had the pleasure of assisting. This account will also serve to shew what may be considered a fair average of sport, likely to be expected, when carried on as mere matter of amusement, in weather favourable for the purpose, and without making a toil of a pleasure. The fishing was all performed on board a fine yawl-rigged half decked boat, of about fifteen tons burden; a fast sailer, stiff as a house, and tight as a bottle, and an excellent sea boat.

Our friend used to take the matter very easily, never making a start from Millbay for the fishing ground until nine in the morning; very often much later, and always leaving off fishing so as to afford a reasonable chance of getting back in time for a six o'clock dinner; so that taking into consideration the time occupied in going to and returning, from the fishing ground, occasionally as far distant as the Eddystone, the hindrance caused by calms, light adverse winds, or contrary tides, the time occupied by the act of fishing, taking the run of the season all through, could hardly have averaged three hours a day.

The account it must be observed relates only to the bottom fishing, carried on upon the whiting ground and does not include captures of mackerel, or other fish taken with light lines, or when the vessel was underway.

Month.	No. of Days Fishing.	Whiting.	Gurnards.	Bream.	Cod.
May.....	12	1063	47	31	11
June.....	13	1835	47	114	5
July.....	13	1923	76	63	...
August.....	8	719	28	3	...
September.	11	1211	32	22	1
October.....	14	1071	78	13	13
November..	10	187	9	5	10
Total	81	8009	317	251	40

In addition thereto 16 Pollacks, 11 Hake, 5 Ling, 9 Congers, and 31 Haddocks were caught.

Whiting feed near the ground, and are seldom found to take well if the baits are kept much above the bottom; still we have occasionally caught them at some distance from the ground, even when trailing for pollack; but this is of rare occurrence, and will never prove sufficiently successful to sanction this mode of fishing where the whiting are the principal objects of capture. Nor even at the bottom will these fish take freely if the bait passes very rapidly over the ground, as where a boat is drifting fast with the tide, or by the force of the wind. And even when a boat is lying-to ever so steadily, it rarely happens that such good sport can be obtained, or at any rate so long retained, as when the boat is brought up to an anchor, for though more likely to drift amongst a shoal of fish than when kept fixed to the same spot, you are still more liable to drift away from them again. A very good way, where your craft will lie-to steadily, is, to place her in such a position that she may make as little drift as possible, and then casting over your lines, have ready your anchor to let go as soon as you find you have got into the thick of the fish; but do not do this too hastily, particularly if the water is so deep that you may have sixty or seventy fathoms of cable to veer away and get in again when you want to shift your quarters; bearing in mind that two or three whiting will no more make up a shoal of fish, than a single swallow makes a summer. It is not however every craft that will lie-to with enough steadiness to keep the baits in a position sufficiently stationary for whiting fishing, and the greater the depth of water, the more is this inconvenience increased. But if a boat will make too much drift, even then where the bottom is clean and free of rocks, nearly the same object may be attained, by allowing the anchor to drag gently over the ground, letting out just sufficient cable to keep it constantly on the trip, so that when you really do get amongst the fishes, you have nothing to do but veer away more rope and bring up altogether.

This plan would not however be a safe one in some of the places we have fished in, where the bottom has been so foul with large masses of rock and loose stones, that no cueing of the anchor flukes, or any other contrivance would have insured our getting our anchors up again; yet even these difficulties may be surmounted to a considerable extent by suiting the time to the tide and wind. Still this can only be done when the wind and tide are opposed to each other; and then by lowering down all sail, and keeping the boat on broadside to the wind, so that the wind and tide may counteract the effects of each other, the boat will not drift very fast over the ground either one way or the other. If the wind becomes too light, so that the tide obtains an undue preponderance, the boat may be kept away before the wind, and if necessary sufficient sail may be hoisted to hold way with the tide, at the same time keeping an eye to the land-marks by the shore, so as to ascertain whether the wind or the tide have the greater effect upon the movements of the boat, and regulating the course of proceedings accordingly; and if the wind becomes too powerful for the tide, whilst lying broadside on, it will then be high time to be off altogether, as the heavy rolling of the boat in the trough of a rippling tideway, would then under such circumstances become neither pleasant nor safe.

This mode of drifting, or as the fishermen term it kedging, may be resorted to anywhere as long as the wind and tide remain opposed to each other, and the sea is not so rough as to be either dangerous or disagreeable, and might often be resorted to successfully, when a mackerel fisherman trailing over the whiting grounds wishes to vary his sport by adding a few of the latter fish to his store. This he may do by merely lowering down his sails, shifting his tackling, and placing his boat in a proper position, without the trouble of letting go and hauling up an anchor in a depth of five-and-twenty or thirty fathoms water, which very probably he has not sufficient rope on board to enable him to manage.

The chief drawback to sport in whiting fishing is, when dog-fish come round in any quantity, as a visitation of this kind generally drives away the whiting; for the antipathy which the latter bear to these disgusting shark-like marauders, is only equalled by the vindictive hatred of the fishermen, who have a cruel practice of venting their wrath on all such unlucky dog-fishes as come within their reach, by thrusting a piece of stick through their snouts, (which they term sprit-sail-yarding,) and then re-committing them to the deep to struggle about in helpless agony upon the surface, and die a lingering miserable death: an act of wanton barbarity which nothing can justify, for it never has, nor ever

can have the effect of abating the nuisance by driving the other dog-fish from the spot, who at the bottom of the sea, must ever remain in ignorance of the torture their unhappy companions are undergoing on the top of the water.

Instead therefore of adopting such cruel expedients, if the dog-fish prove troublesome, and whiting grow scarce, the better plan will be to weigh anchor and move off in search of some more favourable spot. Another check to sport in whiting fishing arises from the hakes, cod, congers, and blue sharks; which as we have remarked in a preceding page,* not only seize upon and mangle the whitings on the hooks, but sometimes scare them away altogether from the place. Still this evil is often more than counteracted by the very intruders themselves being captured in the act of *damage feasant*, in the manner we have already pointed out, which when successful, by offering a variety to the sport, and then enhances instead of marring the pleasures of the day; and as soon as the enemy is removed, the whiting, who probably have only been watching his movements at a short distance, seldom fail to return again to the spot. This is exemplified by the annexed fishing account, where it will be seen that in nearly every instance in which cod fish were taken, the greatest number of catches of whiting were almost invariably obtained.

Whiting when approaching the shore, or entering harbours, generally visit the same localities at about the same season of the year, so that a knowledge of these periods is very important to a fisherman, by enabling him to form some notice as to the time, place, and season when, and where, he may be most likely to meet with them. The time of these visitations varies very much upon different parts of the coast.

In the Southampton water, which in our youthful days we fished for several successive years, we found the whitings make their first appearance in September, becoming most plentiful about Michaelmas, and so remaining throughout the month of October, after which they gradually decrease in number, becoming scarce about the middle of November, and taking their final leave soon after.

On the north coast of Cornwall, on the other hand, where we resided for two or three years, the whiting did not approach the coast till the latter end of November, and continued till February, whereas on the southern coast of Devon and Cornwall, where we have the fortune to be now located, whiting are to be met with all the year round. But the most unaccountable thing connected with these fishes is, that their time of feeding differs so much in some of the localities we have fished in,

* *Ante* p. 410, vol. ii.

that at the hour of the day which at one place they have taken a bait most eagerly, at another place at the same hour we could not get a nibble. In the Southampton water for example, we found the best time for whiting fishing to be the very break of day, and so on for about two hours after sunrise, after which the sport would relax, and by mid-day altogether cease. On the southern coast off Plymouth, the whiting would continue to bite away morning and afternoon, all through the day from sunrise to sunset, but would cease biting soon after sunset; whilst on the northern coast of Cornwall, where these fishes commenced feeding at sunset, would take a bait freely all night long and leave off biting at daybreak, after which very few, if any, were ever taken. Although caught at a time of year when whiting are generally considered to be out of season, all those we captured on the north side of the Cornish coast, notwitstanding they are small in size, as compared to those found in the southern coast, were in excellent condition, and of exquisite flavor, and from the circumstance of our meeting with few, if any, with a roe or smilt, we are inclined to consider them the young fish of the year not arrived at a spawning age, which had been driven away from the society of the adult fishes, with whom for the time they had no pretext for associating.

The same tackling and baits may be used for whitings as for bibs, with this difference, that the hooks employed for catching the former fish, should be larger and also longer in the shank than those used in bib fishing. The chief advantage of a long shanked hook is the great facility it affords in being extracted, as a sufficient hold may be taken of such part of a long shanked hook, as projects beyond the fish's jaws, as will enable you to detach the hook without inserting your fingers in the mouth, which could not be done if the shank was short. This is a matter of some importance in whiting fishing, for these fishes, though they do not bite very hard, have nevertheless very sharp teeth, and a knack of wriggling their heads about very suddenly upon an attempt being made to unhook them, which by bringing their sharp and slender teeth in contact with your fingers, causes an excoriation by no means pleasant.

In unhooking a whiting therefore never entrust your fingers within reach of its teeth, but if the hook is fixed so deep in its mouth or throat that you cannot get sufficient hold of the hook beyond the fish's jaws you must insert your fingers at the gill covers, where you may unfix the hook with impunity, then draw it out with a sufficient quantity of the snooding through the gill covers, to enable you to turn the snooding round the shank, till it reaches the bend of the hook, which having done,

the point of the hook will be then reversed, and can thus be drawn by the other end of the snooding harmlessly out through the fish's mouth, which if attempted in the ordinary way without this precaution, would be certain to take fast hold somewhere or other in the course of its transit, and thus the whole unhooking process will have to be gone over again.

Whiting must be fished for close to the bottom in the same manner as bibs,* and being a lively fish, they twitch away pretty smartly when they bite, although from the very heavy sinkers that must be employed in a strong tide-way, you cannot always detect with certainty whether or not a fish is fast to the hook, and as it takes sometime and labour also to haul a heavy line and sinker from the bottom in a great depth of water, it is better not to be in a hurry to pull up when you feel a bite, unless you also feel a struggle on the line; added to which, by giving a little more time, you may haul up three fish for one: but when you feel such a tugging away as to leave no doubt about the matter, then pull away at once and make sure of your catch before some hungry hake, conger, ling, or shark, forestals you in carrying off the prize.

A whiting becomes so strangely affected by the act of being drawn up rapidly through the water, that its stomach often becomes turned completely inside out, and protrudes forth from its mouth, and the swimming bladder invariably becomes so inflated, that the fish even if it becomes detached from the hook, will float about upon the surface, perfectly helpless, so that if within reach it can easily be caught.

The same occurs in the case of the cod fish; to counteract these effects, the fishermen when they preserve their fish alive in well boats, have a mode of puncturing the air bladders of these fish with a sharp needle, which, without visibly impairing the health of the fish, lets out the air, and permits the fish to sink down to the bottom of the well, where it will live apparently uninjured, though it would have soon expired if allowed to remain floating on the surface.

Near the shore, where the water is of moderate depth, the chop sticks, with a lighter kind of snooding and small hooks should be used. In the shallower waters the whiting are rarely so abundant, nor do they usually run of so large a size as those found in deeper waters of the open sea, neither do they generally speaking, when wandering about in-shore, continue so long upon the same spot, but rove about from place to place, so that at one time you have bites as fast as you can let down, and in an instant they are gone again. Under such circumstan-

* See *ante* p. 139.

ces it is often advantageous to shift your ground when you find the fish leave off biting, and try your fortune in some other place.

Whiting may also be taken on a bolter made upon the same plan as for cod, but with much smaller hooks, tied to the two stranded snooding we have already mentioned.* The hooks should be rather smaller than those employed for bottom fishing for whiting, and also shorter in the shank, so that the fish may swallow the hook the more readily, which will insure it taking a faster hold if stuck in the throat, instead of the mouth; added to which the shorter shanked hooks are better suited for catching many other kinds of fish that may be met with on the same ground. The best baits for this purpose is pilchard, cut up in pieces, unless where whiting are very plentiful, when pieces of mackerel or squid, afford the most certain baits, for although less favourite articles of food, yet from their excessive toughness, they will bear continued attacks being made without much injury being done to them if the fish escapes unhooked; whilst pilchard bait, from its soft and tender nature, would be pulled off at the very first tug. But the most attractive bait we are acquainted with is the gut of a pilchard, which we have known whiting take eagerly at a time when they have refused to touch any other part of the pilchard, or any kind of bait we could offer them.

Mussels are also a favourite bait for whiting, and they will also take ragworms very well, and in general the observations we have previously made with respect to the baits employed for catching bibs, will be equally applicable to the whiting.

The edible qualities of the whiting are too well known and appreciated to require any further comment from us upon that head, beyond observing that a whiting will keep much better than either a bib or a pouting, and so far from being deteriorated, is rather improved than otherwise, by being sprinkled with salt, and not dressed until the day after it is taken. But the process of cleaning ought not to be delayed, and if possible this should be done on the same day the fish is caught.

(*To be continued.*)

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* *Ante* page 415, vol. ii.

THE DEATH OF BILL BUNT, A.B.

BY JACK JIB, BOSUN'S MAIT.

Avast! Bill Bunt has sprung a leek,
And 's badly water-log'd;
His barky on her beem ends is,
And wurser still, is hog'd—
Bill tries to right the hooker, and
His ballast fresh to stow,
But howsumdever arter all
Wus luck, it aint no go.

Yes! Bill at last wur tuck aback,
Whilse he wur carryin on;
He ship'd a fevur, an' we seed
His steerage-way wur gon;
He overhawl'd his bakky box,
And pynted to his can;
'Twur all as wun, his coorse wur run,
And on the rocks he ran.

Bill sed as how he wurn't a bit,
Afeerd to be huv-down;
Caus this you see, he owlways did,
His dooty to the crown,
He owlways did his dooty heer,
And now as sarvin 's dun;
To his etarnal moorins, lads,
Aloft, his spirit's gon.

The pirate death got underway,—
Bill's breeze of life wur lite—
For, the doctur guv'd him over,
And the chaplin heev'd in site—
Bill slu'd his starn-post round, and of
His eyes he show'd the whites;
Then giving wun long heeling lurch,
He ship'd his last "dead-lites."

his
JACK ÷ JIB.
mark.

Grin-itch Us-spit-all.

THE LIVERPOOL YACHT CLUB.

It is seldom the prosperity of a Club shews itself so much in the commencement as this one has, and we are gratified in being instumental to the furtherence of its interests, and as we before proffered our services in such a good cause, we cheerfully comply with the wishes of our friends by inserting the following :—

LAWS AND REGULATIONS.

1.—That this club be called the Liverpool Yacht Club; and that the fund of the club, after having satisfied the necessary and current expenses, shall be appropriated as considered most advisable and conducive to the advancement of the sciences of yacht building and sailing, and the interests of yachting in general as connected with the club.

2.—That the officers of the club consist of Commodore, Vice-Commodore, Rear-Commodore, Treasurer, Secretary, Cup-bearer, and two Auditors, each of whom shall be a member of the committee. The committee shall consist of five other members, exclusive of the above eight-named officers, and the quorum of the committee shall consist of five out of the whole number.

3.—That all officers be annually elected in March, to take office in April.

4.—That any gentleman wishing to become a member of the club must be proposed by one and seconded by another member at one monthly meeting, and his name, address, profession, or business, and the name of his proposer and seconder, shall be written by the secretary, and hung up in the club-room, before the commencement of business at the next ensuing monthly meeting, and at which meeting he shall be ballotted for immediately after the minutes of the proceedings have been read.

5.—That all members be admitted by ballot, and that one black ball out of every five shall exclude.

6.—That any gentleman, on becoming a member of the club, shall, on his admission, pay an entrance fee of ten shillings and sixpence, and an annual subscription of twenty-one shillings, for which the treasurer shall give a receipt, his proposer and seconder being liable for the entrance fee and the first year's subscription.

7.—That all subscriptions shall become due on the third Wednesday in December in each year; and that the secretary shall inform all members whose subscriptions are unpaid at the January monthly meeting, of such subscriptions being due; and any member failing to pay the same at or before the next monthly meeting following, shall be excluded as defaulters, and that they be ineligible to be re-elected at any future time, unless sufficient reason be shown to the contrary. Members admitted after the 31st October of any year shall not be liable for the second year's subscription until the termination of the ensuing year.

8.—That any member who may be absent from the United Kingdom during the whole period within which the annual subscription is payable, may, at his option, be considered a supernumary member, and be exempt from the subscription during the continuance of such absence, provided he gives information to the secretary of his intention to leave the realm, and also that within three months after his return to Great Britain he notifies the same, and expresses his wish to re-join the club.

9.—That no member be allowed to take any part in any debate or proceeding of the club, or to have a voice or vote upon any subject connected with the club, until he shall have paid his subscription and all other sums which he may owe to the club.

10.—That any member wishing to withdraw from the club, shall give notice in writing to the secretary to that effect, and shall pay all arrears due up to the date of his notice.

11.—That all money collected be paid over to the treasurer at the monthly meeting after such collection, and that the treasurer shall always receive previous to the breaking up of the meeting, whatever sum or sums may be paid during such meeeting, and shall keep a correct account of all monies received and disbursed by him on account of the club; and that upon any member requiring an inspection thereof, the same shall be produced at the next monthly meeting.

12.—That the auditors shall twice in the year (at least,) viz., previous to the April and December meetings, examine into and report to the club the state of its finances, and that the final audit be in December.

13.—That the members shall meet the third Wednesday in each month at such place and such hour as the club may, from time to time, appoint; and that the secretary shall summon a special meeting, on receiving directions from the commodore; or, in his abscence, from the vice-commodore, rear-commodore, or treasurer, or on a requisition signed by not less that five members.

14.—That seven members shall form a quorum.

15.—That the commodore, if present, shall take the chair at all meetings of the club; and that in the event of the commodore being absent, it be imperative upon the member who may be elected by those present as chairman to take the chair.

16.—That the secretary keep correct minutes of the proceedings of the club, in books, which are to be produced at every monthly meeting.

17.—That each member shall be allowed to introduce a friend at the monthly meeting of the club, but the same person not to be introduced more than twice during the season.

18.—That each member, on entering the club room, sign his name in a book kept for that purpose, and also enter therein the name of any visitor introduced by him; and no member shall be eligible to vote or ballot, unless he has so signed his name.

19.—That no political or theological subject shall be discussed at any meeting.

20.—That no game of cards, dice, or hazard, or gambling of any description, be allowed in any club room belonging to this club.

21.—That the yachts belonging to the Liverpool Yacht Club shall consist of two descriptions, viz: fixed keels and centre boards, varying from three to fifteen tons, divided into two classes—the first class consisting of yachts from eight to fifteen tons, and the second class from three to eight tons The rule for admeasurement for all sailing purposes of the club being as follows:—The length shall be taken on a straight line on deck, from the fore part of the stem to the after part of the stern post, from which, deducting the breadth, the remainder shall be esteemed the just length to find the tonnage; and the breadth shall be taken from the outside of the outside plank in the broadest part of the yacht, then multiplying the length by the breadth so taken, and that product by half the breadth, and dividing the whole by 94, the quotient shall be deemed the true contents of the tonnage; provided always, that if any part of the stem, or stern post, or other part of the vessel below the load water line, projects beyond the length taken as above mentioned, such proportion shall, for the purpose of finding the tonnage, be added to the length taken as above mentioned.

22.—That every yacht, previous to sailing in a match in the club, be measured pursuant to the before mentioned clause—under the inspection of three members of the club, one to be chosen by the yacht owner, and two by the club—and that such measurement be afterwards registered in the Register Book of the club, and shall be considered as the actual tonnage of such yachts for all purposes connected with the club, until any alteration shall be made in such yacht likely to affect her tonnage, of which alteration notice must be given immediately to the secretary, specifying the nature thereof.

23.—That the Club Ensign be the Blue Ensign of her Majesty's fleet, agreeable to a warrant, dated the 23rd of November, 1853, granted to the club by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, and that the burgee be Blue, with the distinguishing mark of the club, the hoist of each to be two-thirds of the fly.

24.—The commodore's flag to be the club burgee with swallow tail: vice-commodore's to be the club burgee with swallow tail and one red ball; rear-commodore's the club burgee with two red balls.

25.—That the yachts of the Liverpool yacht club shall always appear with the club ensign and burgee, unless when their distinguishing flags are used in sailing matches; and that yachts be required to hoist their club flags within the limits of the port of Liverpool and elsewhere, when the commodore's flag is there hoisted.

26.—That Acker's code of Signals shall be the only signals recognized by the club; and that all yachts belonging to the club shall make their numbers according to Hunt's Universal Yacht List.

27.—That the dress uniform be a Navy blue dress coat with turn-over collar faced with black silk, club buttons, flaps on the pockets, with three club buttons under each flap; one club button to be on each skirt. Vest,

white or pale buff cassimere with small club buttons. Trousers, blue or white according to the season. Black silk stock or neckerchief; blue cloth cap with regulation gold band, having wrought in front thereof upon the lace the foul anchor in frosted silver, surmounted by the distinguishing mark of the club. Undress uniform—pea jacket with turn over collar of black silk, to be faced with black silk; vest blue with the turn-over collar of black silk, each with club buttons; trousers blue or white according to the season, black neckerchiefs, caps as before stated: members of the committee to wear three club buttons on the sleeves of their dress coat. The commodore, vice-commodore, and rear-commodore, to have their distinctive flags wrought upon the badges of their cap.

28.—That no yacht, considered as a working boat, or that shall be at any time let to hire, shall be allowed to belong to the club.

29.—That no yacht which has not a forecastle deck and gangways will be allowed to run in any of the club matches.

30.—That there be one or more sailing matches in each season, according to such regulations as may be made by the committee, and the day of sailing to be fixed at any monthly meeting, provided that it shall be lawful for the committee to alter the order for sailing the said matches, should it be considered advisable so to do.

31.—That the entries of yachts for the club sailing matches close four days previous to each match at the club room, at 9h. p.m.; and in the event of that falling on Sunday, the time to be extended to the day following.

32.—That in any match, unless three boats start, no cup or prize shall be given.

33.—That when two prizes are given, three of each class must be entered, and two of each class must start; should a second class vessel (provided the sailing course for each class be the same,) be the first to pass the winning buoy, then her class shall be entitled to the first prize, the first class vessels in that case taking the second class prize; in the event of only one prize being given for both classes combined, the time for tonnage shall be decided by the sailing committee.

34.—That the matches of the club be time matches, three-quarters of a minute per ton being allowed between three and eight tons, and half a minute per ton between eight and fifteen tons.

35.—That the crews of all yachts sailing in matches of this club be regulated according to tonnage, as follows, viz: yachts from three to six tons, to carry three hands; six to ten, four hands; ten to fifteen, five hands. This number to be in each case exclusive of the owner or member sailing the yacht, and one friend which he will be allowed to carry.

36.—That the treasurer shall report to the committee, not less than four days previous to the monthly meeting in April in each year, what amount of money will, in his opinion, be available for prizes during the season; and that the committee shall report to the club, at their April meeting, what prize or prizes they recommend to be sailed for; and that the same shall be decided by a majority of the members present.

37.—That no yacht whose owner or owners, or either of them, shall be in arrear in his or their subscriptions, or shall owe any sum to the club, shall be allowed to enter or sail in any matches of this club; and should such yacht be entered and sail, she shall forfeit all claim to the cup or prize.

38.—That no yacht belonging to more than one owner be allowed to sail in any club match, unless each and every owner of such yacht be a member of the club.

39.—That at the commencement of each season, a committee of thirteen members shall be named, to be called the General Committee, and of which the commodore shall be chairman; and no owner or part owner of a yacht engaged in any disputed match be allowed to sit in the committee on the decision of such match.

40.—That the commodore shall be the judge of the sailing matches, and award the cup or prize to the yacht which he shall consider entitled thereto unless a protest be entered, as hereinafter mentioned, and evidence tendered in support thereof, when the same shall be referred to the committee, whose decision shall be final.

41.—That a protest against a yacht receiving the cup or prize may be entered previous to her starting, or after her coming in; but no protest shall be valid, unless signed by the owner or member sailing in the match, nor unless it shall be presented to the commodore within half an hour after the coming in of the first yacht; unless any yacht shall have hoisted a signal of protest, when he shall have power to extend the time; but should such protest be declared frivolous and vexatious, the yacht on behalf of which such protest shall be made, shall be excluded from sailing in the next ensuing club match.

42.—That any member who may think himself aggrieved by any decision of this club, save and except the decisions of the sailing committee, shall, upon producing, within ten days after such decision, a requisition, signed by at least seven members, to the secretary, require him to summon a special meeting to reconsider such decision within ten days from the time of his receiving the same, and the decision of the meeting so convened shall be final.

43.—That the club have the power to expel any member by ballot at a monthly meeting, notice of which shall be given in circulars convening that meeting; and that the majority be at least in the proportion of three to two to expel such member.

44.—That the owners of yachts shall open the season by sailing in company; the day to be fixed at the monthly meeting in April.

45.—That the Annual closing cruize be fixed at the August monthly meeting in each year.

46.—That any member wishing to propose any alteration or addition to the laws of the club must give notice thereof at a monthly meeting, and move the proposed alteration at the next monthly meeting, when, if seconded, a ballot shall be taken thereon.

47.—That there be annually printed lists of the yachts and members of the club.

48.—That in all cases the vice or rear-commodore takes the place of the commodore in his absence; and, if in any case all these officers be absent, the committee have power to appoint a member of the committee to officiate as commodore.

MATCH BETWEEN MR. TUCKWELL'S BLUE-EYED MAID, AND MR. GARDINER'S IRRESISTIBLE.

THIS match, which was for £40, took place on the 22nd of March, and was certainly the first of the present season. The morning broke rather hazy, but towards eight bells it cleared up and a most lovely day enlivened the spirits of some forty or fifty, who turned out of their hammocks bent on being pleased with everybody and everything. The *costumes* most in vogue, were those of the Prince of Wales and London Model Yacht Club. The head of the former club, J. Berncastle, Esq., was present, and also E. Knibbs, Esq., the Vice-Commodore.

The Irresistible was seven tons, and the Maid four tons, consequently it was agreed that one minute per ton for difference of measurement should be allowed.

The Gannett steamer was engaged for the occasion, and great credit is due to Captain Newton for the manner in which he conducted his vessel,—neither impeding the contending craft nor creating the usual annoying swell, yet sufficiently close to allow all on board a fair view of the tactics of the *knowing skippers* and their little beauties.

The start took place at 10 A.M., from Erith, the Irresistible having slightly the lead; the wind rather unsteady, north-east. The Maid, like most of her sex, disliked loneliness, therefore speedily followed, and in the upper end of Long Reach passed her Irresistible friend.

In passing the lower part of the Reach, the Irresistable carried away her top-sail yard, and after taking in sail struck her top-mast, and all hands were employed in speedily repairing damages. Notwithstanding this casualty the Irresistible off St. Clement's again took the lead of her pretty opponent, but was forced to yield to the charmer off Nortfleet, but not more than a length. The match was now very exciting, as much good seamanship was displayed, the Little Maid trying every fair and honorable manœuvre to get to windward of her larger competitor, who avoided the kindness by luffing up, and much agitation and nervous sensibility was displayed by the partisans of each craft on board the steamer. Indeed at times this feeling was so intense, that a friend of ours compared it to some of the soul-stirring tales of Cooper. As the Maid could not pass to windward she slipped to leeward, took the lead

and was not afterwards headed, but passed round the steamer, moored abreast the Chapman Head Light, according to the following time.

	h.	m	
Blue Eyed Maid	1	52	*H. Y. M.*
Irresistible	1	56	
Blue Eyed Maid	1	52	*Field*
Irresistible	1	58	
Blue Eyed Maid	1	55	*Bell's*
Irresistible	2	0	

We do not pretend to assert that we are so very correct and the "*great guns*" wrong, but this we do affirm that our correspondent used every caution possible to time them.

During the return homewards it was evident that, barring an accident the big one would be beaten, and such proved the case for they arrived as follows:—

	h.	m.	
Blue Eyed Maid	4	32	*H. Y. M.*
Irresistible	4	39	
Blue Eyed Maid	4	32	*Field*
Irresistible	4	43	
Blue Eyed Maid	4	30	*Bell's*
Irresistible	4	42	

Now ye learned men who is right? There must be a sad delusion in your sight and hearings, for the *gigantic* gunner of the steamer made noise enough; or was it your chronometers wanted regulating. We are not in the habit of wagering, or we would bet the *H. Y. M.* time was most correct. It certainly will not alter the position of the vessels, nor create any unpleasant feeling between such staunch friends as their owners, yet it was necessary correct time should be kept.

The distance run was about forty-six miles out and back in six hours and a half,—very fair, and very good time too, considering they had to work from the Hope to the Chapman against tide.

In concluding this account, we are happy in being assured by a friend of both gentlemen, that the utmost good feeling exists between them. As we before stated, the Maid is a wonder, and we are not surprised that Mr. Tuckwell is proud of her. She is a child of his own creating we believe.

The Irresistible is also a pet of her owner, and most deservedly so, for although beaten by the Maid, it will still take a good craft to conquer her.

We are always pleased to hear of these friendly matches, especially when they pass off without leaving unpleasant feelings behind.

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

An extraordinary incident occurred off Ryde on the 3rd of March, the particulars concerning which will enable any person to form some faint idea of what a sea fight will be. On the morning in question, Mr. Fowles, the marine painter of Ryde,* accompanied by his son and another lad, went off in a boat towards Spithead to take a sketch of the fleet, and when he arrived abreast of them near Sands Head, five of the ships opened a tremendous cannonade, the shots flying about in all directions, above, below, and around him. Mr. Fowles describes the scene as terrific. At first, he could see the balls, about the size of a man's head, issue from the cannon's mouth, tearing through the air towards him with a tremendous oscillation, similar to that of a locomotive; then pitching into the water, tearing it up, and throwing it into columns of thirty feet high; then bounding an immense height into the air, pitching again, and so on, until it became spent, when it would plunge down, carrying with it a white streak of air, which would throw up thousands of bubbles. As the firing proceeded, the smoke increased, through which he could see the balls continually flying out, expecting that each one would send the boat and all it contained to "Davy Jones's Locker." This scene lasted about twenty minutes, and was watched with intense anxiety by hundreds of people on shore, who assemble daily when the cannonading commences. Mr. Fowles, therefore, has probably a better idea now for painting a sea fight, than any living artist, which he intends to turn to account.—*I. W. Observer.*

INVENTIONS FOR PRESERVING LIFE FROM DROWNING.

Pursuant to our promise last month we add another, to the many inventions for preserving life in Shipwreck. There are several methods of lowering boats, that of Mr. Lacon's we noticed in our *first* number, and Mr. Bridson's in page 157 of our second volume.

Mr. Russel's was received too late (27th ult.) or it would have been illustrated. The following description will give our readers some idea of its ability.

In the first place, although the boat has the advantage of resting her whole weight upon two keel cranes, the very act of lowering immediately disengages her from them without hoisting the boat, and at the same time projects the boat several extra feet from the ship's side, and as

* Several of this gentleman's sketches embellish the Yachting Magazine.

both the pendants after passing over the heads of the cranes, lead to one barrel of thewinch, both ends of the boat must be lowered together, and when near the water, one man can instantly disengage her fore and aft by the lever; nor by any chance whatsoever can one end be freed without the other, as a rod which passes between the keel and keelson plank, is connected with both apparatus.

Secondly.—The winch is placed flush with the staunchions inside the bulwark, thus occupying no space on deck, and being fitted with a break, one hand on board can lower a boat full of people, or by a lanyard attached to the handle of the break, a man in the boat can lower it, however weighty, and regulate its descent without any one remaining on deck.

Thirdly.—The same tackle is always available to hoist the boat, and the winch being placed at a distance from the cranes, which turn inboard; the boat can be easily brought on deck.

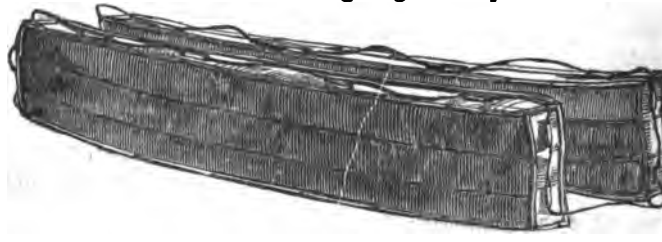
It will be seen by the simplicity of the whole arrangement that no part of it can get out of order from rust, disuse, or otherwise. There are no loose parts, and no part of the gear is at all connected with the mast, yards, rigging, or funnel of the ship.

The advantage of this apparatus are evident, namely, that one part of the boat cannot possibly be lowered or disengaged without the other. That it is also ready for immediate use, as the boat can and has been safely dropt from the davits without lowering the boat at all. That fitted to a stern boat, two hands could be as quickly to the assistance of a man overboard as a life buoy could be thrown to him.

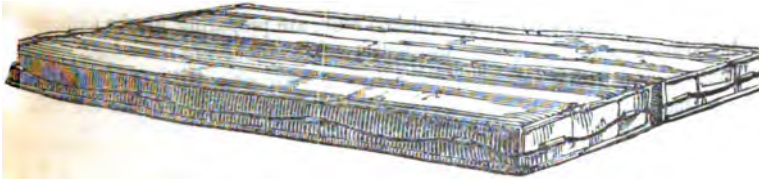
That in case of a rush made to the boats, one person could command the sole control; and if chain pendants are always used, a padlock could be placed on the lever, (while in port,) so that it would be impossible for any of the crew or others to desert with the boat.

We now present our readers with some additional inventions of Mr. Laurie, in articles that are in constant use on board ship, and which can be made servicable in yachts fitted up in the most luxurious style.

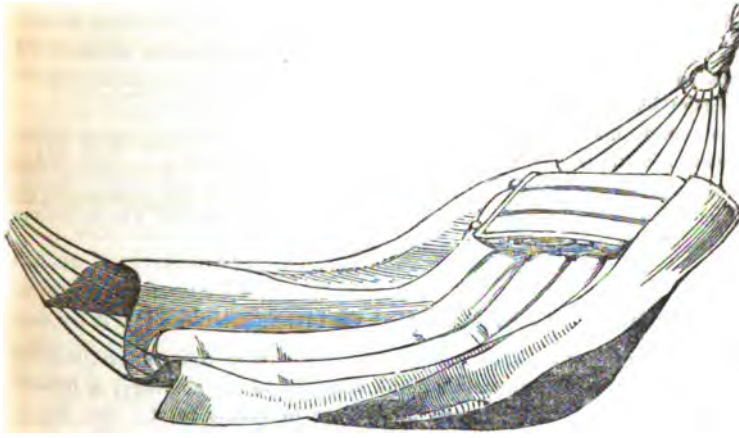
Mattrass dividing longitudinally.



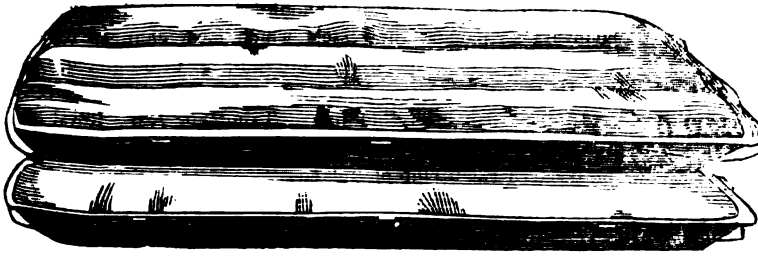
When opened as below will sustain ten persons in the water.



Hammock and bed in one, which will sustain six persons in the water.



Boat mattrass as used to sleep on which which will form into a boat, and will sustain twenty persons in the water.



The inventor of these excellent articles is a naval officer and a yachtsman, being the owner of the celebrated Onda belonging to the Northern Yacht Club.

ROYAL SQUADRON YACHT CLUB.

Many members of this distinguished club, are preparing for the forthcoming season, and in our next we shall have to enumerate the several vessels that are now fitting out, notwithstanding the war we anticipate a better season than last year, which, as regarded the "Wight" was very flat and dull.

ROYAL CORK YACHT CLUB.

The new Club-house of this spirited Yacht Club, is rapidly approaching towards completion, and will we are informed be ready for the reception of members previous to the Regatta; it will be a very beautiful and commodious building, and reflects much credit on the Architect, Sir John Benson.

It is anticipated that, as usual, the Royal Cork Regatta of the coming season will be possessed of all the attractive features for which its predecessors have been famous. Amongst the vessels in the market upon this station, we may mention the famous Enchantress 48 tons, whose gallant owner is anxious for a 25 ton vessel. The hardy little Imp 12 tons, so well known to the yachting world; and that fast little yacht the Fanny, 10 tons These yachts are well worthy the attention of any yachtsman who is desirous of possessing a fast and a sea-going vessel.

ROYAL YACHT CLUB STATION, KINGSTOWN.

Some slight stir is visible amongst the yachts upon this station; and it is anticipated that notwithstanding the rumours to the contrary, a brilliant season will attract a numerous assemblage of yachts to the fine Bay o. Dublin. Considerable anxiety is manifested by yachting men as to what period the Regatta will be held at Kingstown this season. We are informed that the management of it devolves upon the Royal Irish Yacht Club this year; and it would be of essential use if this club would give the yachting world early intimation of their intentions, as doubtless it will influence many in their arrangements. Amongst the vessels which have changed owners lately upon this station the Water Kelpie, 50 tons, H. C. Singleton, Esq. has been sold to H. De Burgh, Esq., late owner of the Flower of Yarrow. The Priestess, 13 tons, has been sold by B. Tabutean, Esq, Royal St. George's Yacht Club to W. Brown Esq., honorary secretary Liverpool yacht club, and Royal Western yacht club of Ireland.

That pretty little American-rigged clipper schooner Snake 40 tons, is in the market here, her owner being in treaty for a schooner of larger tonnage. A very fine little cutter yacht the Black Eagle, 30 tons, is also for sale here, and having been completely rebuilt, rigged, and canvassed last season, may be considered as new built, and is we are informed offered at a price much under her value, in consequence of the death of her late owner. The Virago, 10 tons, American sloop, is being lengthened eight feet by the bows.

The Phantasy, 20 tons, Capt. Morant, Royal St. George's yacht club, has hauled out of tier, and is alongside the quay, having her ballast overhauled. The Magician, yawl 63 tons, R. Batt, Esq., Commodore Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, has sailed with her gallant owner and party for a cruize to France, Spain, Gibralter, and Malta, and it is probable the Bosphorus and Black Sea.

A very unfounded rumour has gained publicity in some of our sporting contemporaries to the effect that the Irish Lily, 80 tons, was fitting out with two long brass thirty-two pounders, and about to proceed to the seat of war; the vessel is we are informed lying peacefully at her winter quarters; her owner we belleve has not signified his intentions to any one. Other rumours state that she is for sale, which however we are equally inclined to doubt.

ROYAL WESTERN YACHT CLUB OF IRELAND.

The proceedings of this club are carried on as heretofore at their club-house, 113, Grafton Street, Dublin. Considerable additions have been recently made to the number of Members. Amongst those admitted are E. De Moleyns, Esq., Dublin; H. K. G. Morgan, Esq., Johnstown Castle, Wexford, Countess yawl 35 tons; R. Hackett, Esq., Elmgrove, Parsonstown; D. E. Daly, Esq., Queen's County; T. Kiernan, Esq., G. K. Smith, Esq. Belfast; R. Casey, Esq., Kingstown; C. R. Barry, Esq., Dublin; R. H. Cullum, Esq., Leigh, Tunbridge; G. F. D. Putland, Esq.; J. O'Farrell, Esq. Limerick; A. Close, Esq., Glenview, Belfast; J. C. Hicks, Esq., Liverpool; H. Bustable, Esq., Dublin; T. Skilling, Esq., Chevelier schooner, 90 tons; J. H. H. DeBurgh, Esq., Kilfinnin Castle, Glandore, Roscarberry, Ellen cutter 18 tons; S. Smilie, Esq.; W. J. Geoghegan, Esq.; J. Mulholland, Esq., Craig-a-vad, Hollywood, Belfast; Florinda cutter, R. Thomson, Esq., Castleton, Belfast, Emerald schooner, 80 tons, J. Boswell, Esq.

It is with sincere regret that we have to announce the demise of an excellent yachtsman, and a staunch supporter of yachting interests. We allude to the lamented death of S. W. C. Singleton Esq., late of the 80th Regiment; and of the Black Eagle yacht. An amiable and accomplished gentleman, he is sincerely regretted by every yachtsman who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

The members of this club entertained Rear-Commodore O'Connell, as a mark of their estimation of the services he has rendered to yachting interests in Ireland, and more particularly for his efficient services as Rear-Commodore of the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland. A party of fifty-two members and several guests sat down to a sumptuous dinner, served up in the house steward's (Mr. Dane) very best style, consisting of every delicacy the season could afford. The dining saloon was handsomely and appropriately decorated with the ensigns and burgee of the club, interspersed with Mr. G. Holland Ackers' signal flags, and portraits of several of the "clippers" of the day adorned the walls, including Mosquito, America, Gloriana, &c., &c., the arrangement of which decoration reflected much credit upon Mr. Edward Reilly, flag maker to the club. Owing

to the absence of the Commodore, Robert Batt, Esq, at Clifton, and an unavoidable pre-engagement of the Vice-Commodore, James Edward Stopford, Esq. neither of these officers was present, and the chair was taken by the cupbearer of the club William Lewis, Esq, who discharged the duties with great ability and courtesy. After the cloth had been removed, the chairman gave the health of the patron of the club, "Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen," which was received with the utmost enthusiasm, the members singing the National Anthem. This was followed by that of "His Royal Highness Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family," and several others of the usual loyal and appropriate toasts. The chairman than proceeded to propose the health of the guest of the evening; he dwelt very happily upon the extremely courteous, hospitable, and effective manner in which their worthy Rear-Commodore discharged the duties of the office to which they had elected him, and called upon the yachtsman around him to testify, by a brimming cup, their appreciation of his enthusiastic and unceasing exertions in the cause of yachting, and the furtherance of the interests of their club, of which he proved himself to be so admirable an officer.

We need scarcely say that the toast was rendered ample honor to, as Rear-Commodore O'Connell has secured not only the warm feelings of the yachtsmen of his own club, but also of every other royal yacht club who have had the pleasure of meeting him. Mr. O'Connell returned thanks in an excellent speech, expressing his great happiness at the results which had been produced by that club, and of which he saw such ample proof before him that evening; "it was to him a source of pride and gratification, as one of the founders of that club, in the year 1827, to see it now, in the commencement of the year 1854, expanding into a large and flourishing club, hourly, daily, and weekly increasing in prosperity and usefulness, and with every prospect of a brilliant career before it—expanding, as he had said before, far beyond the hopes or anticipations of even its most sanguine supporters. Difficulties, no doubt, and beset them, but patiently, steadily, and with determination they had been met, and, he was happy to say, overcome. The right royal and noble pastime of yachting was one to which he had been passionately devoted from the earliest years of his life, and it was a source of much self-congratulation to him, that he had been associated with the gentlemen whom he saw around him in raising their club to its present position, a position which he felt confident would be strengthened and upheld with certainty and credit, that yacht clubs should ever prove, as they had done, useful institutions in a great country. He begged to thank his brother members most sincerely for the high compliment they had paid him, and he felt it the more, inasmuch as it was paid upon that neutral ground which was the pride and boast of every true yachtsman. He was about to leave Ireland for some time, but the prospect of future happy days amongst them would cheer him, and no matter where he was, they might rest assured his heart was in the old place He would conclude with the lines—

"The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,
Nor breaths the fragrance of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole."

The healths of Commodore Batt and Vice-Commodore Stopford, were given and received with much warmth, after which the toast of the "Royal Yacht Clubs of the United Kingdom, and the Foreign Yacht Clubs, success and prosperity to them," was given with all the honours. This toast was responded to in several admirable speeches from members of the Royal Cork, Royal St. George's, Royal Irish, Royal Mersey, Royal Victoria, Royal London, and New York Yacht Clubs. After spending a most agreeable evening, the enjoyment of which was greatly enhanced by some excellent singing, the members and their guests separated at a reasonable hour.

ROYAL VICTORIA YACHT CLUB.

The club-house was been visited during the starting of the fleet for the Baltic by numbers, and we expect an early season here; as there are some yachts belonging to the club already afloat, although not in the immediate neighbourhood of the Wight. We hope to see the Brilliant this year show the Commodore's pendant.

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB.

The monthly meeting of this distinguished club was held at the club-house, Bedford Hotel, Covent Garden, on Wednesday evening, March 1st, at which nearly forty members attended. Shortly after nine o'clock the chair was taken by the respected Vice-Commodore, Richard Green, Esq., when the business of the evening commenced by reading and subsequently confirming the minutes of the previous meeting, after which the chairman announced that the time had arrived for the club to perform one of its most important duties, viz, the election of officers and committees for the ensuing year, therefore it would be his duty to vacate the chair, whereupon Colonel Brown was elected thereto, when Mr. Hutchons proposed, seconded by Mr. Craigie, that Lord Alfred Paget be elected Commodore for the ensuing year, which was carried unanimously, amidst much cheering.

It was proposed by Mr. Smart, seconded by Mr. Birch, that Richard Green, Esq., be the Vice-Commodore, and by Mr. Halfhide, seconded by Mr. William Pegg, that Captain Cornelius Wheeler be again appointed treasurer, both of which resolutions were carried unanimously. Colonel Brown then proposed, seconded by Mr. Halfhide, that Messrs. Barwell, Birch, Cox, Craigie, Hoare, Hutchons, Lee, Robinson, Smart, Stokes, Short, Tathan, A. O. Wilkinson, and R. S. Wilkinson, form the sailing committee for the ensuing term.—Carried unanimously. Mr. M'Gedy proposed, seconded by Mr. Harvey, that Messrs. Coyte, Flowers, Gandel, Smart, Moore, Morgan, and Wilkinson, form the house committee: by Mr. Morgan, seconded by Mr. Smart, that Capt. P. C. Stuart Grant be secretary; by Mr. Hutchons, seconded by Mr. M'Gedy, that Mr. Cooke be cup-bearer; and

by Mr. Smart, seconded by Lord Alfred Paget, that Messrs. Ford, Hutchons, and M'Gedy, be re-elected auditors.

All these propositions having been unanimously carried, the Commodore having then taken the chair, acknowledged the pleasure and gratification he felt at again being unanimously elected Commodore of the Club, and assured the meeting that all his endeavours had been directed to promote sport, and conduce to the interest and prosperity of the club, and that so long as he retained their confidence, his best exertions would be used on all occasions to further the objects for which the club was established.

The Vice-commodore, the Treasurer, Mr. Hutchons (for the Sailing Committee) Mr. Morgan (for the House Committe), the Secretary, Mr. Ford (for the cup bearer and for the auditors) having duly acknowledged the honour conferred on them, the ballot commenced, when several members were elected.

The Commodare then rose and stated that it was the evening fixed by the rule for deciding on the day when the first match should take place, but, on this occasion, he wished to go a little farther by fixing the days for both matches, and he did so because it would be of advantage to other yacht clubs on the Thames who endeavoured to promote sport, and took great interest in yachting matters. He therefore wished to put them in a position to fix their matches immediately. This sportsmanlike feeling on the part of his lordship was unanimously responded to by the club, and after some discussion Monday, May 22nd; was fixed for the first match, and July the 6th for the schooner match.

Some discussion arose as to permitting "post entries" after those days, but the general opinion appeared to be that such a course would not be advisable.

We understand that the Sailing Committe have been engaged for some time in revising the rules of the club, and considering what alterations should be made in the present mode of measurement, but, as their report will not be presented to the Club till the 5th of April, although, we believe, fully agreed on, we are not able to furnish our yachting readers with the particulars of the projected alterations.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB.

The annual meeting for the election of officers took place on the 20th of March last. The minutes of the February meeting having been read by the secretary, and unanimously confirmed, the usual monthly ballot commenced, but the long list of candidates for admission made this somewhat a tedious affair, notwithstanding the assistance of an additional new box, and a conversation thereupon arose as to the best means of saving time at these monthly elections, on which some little difference of opinion was found to exist as to whether each candidate should undergo the ordeal separately, or four be put up together. Ultimately,

and after some discussion, it was arranged that the Sailing and House Committees should unite in conference, and determine the best method to be adopted in future, the grand desideratum being the prevention of delay. The officers now left the room, when Mr. White proposed, and Mr. Phillips seconded the motion, "That James Goodson, Esq., be elected Commodore for the season 1854-55."—Carried by acclamation. The Commodore then re-entered the room, greeted by tumultuous applause, and, after formally resuming the chair, rose and returned thanks.

Mr. Crockford next pointed out that there was a vacancy in the second post of the club, that of Vice-Commodore; that it was a rule in many services to promote by seniority; that in the present instance such a rule enabled the club to acknowledge merit; that, in short, the gentleman who till that evening had acted in the office of Rear-Commodore, had indisputably obtained the respect of every member of the club, ever fulfilling his duties most zealously and efficiently; and that in now electing him to the higher post of Vice-Commodore, the club would, while paying him this further respect, find also advantages accruing to themselves. Mr. John Fradgeley seconded this motion, which was received with cheers, and carried unanimously. No gentleman was named for the post of Rear-Commodore, which consequently remains vacant.

Mr. C. F. Farmer proposed, and Mr. Van de Wall seconded, Mr. Eagle as treasurer, which was also carried unanimously, and thereupon Vice-Commodore Andrews and Mr. Eagle returned thanks. Mr. Short, one of the most experienced yachtsmen in the club, was on the nomination of the Commodore and Mr. Cocking, elected Cup-bearer. Mr. Short, in acknowledging the honour, merrily alluded to the duties of the office, urging that while he wished those duties were more arduous, that he might discharge them to the very best of his ability, he could not but consider the berth as almost a sinecure, and one that, following examples in higher places, he thought should therefore have a salary attached to it, (laughter,) which would make it exceedingly comfortable.

Mr. Bidder proposed, and Mr. Phillips seconded, that Messrs. Talmadge, Crockford, and Van de Wall, be elected Auditors.

Mr. Arthur Johnson, Mr. Crockford, and Mr. C. F. Farmer, were elected measurers of the yachts. These gentlemen will now have a little extra duty to perform, owing to the recent alteration in the Club rules for tonnage.

Among the other business transacted, the following appointments were put to the vote and passed:—Messrs. Bradbeare and Sons, sail and flag-makers to the club at Lowestoft; Lowe, agent at Civita Vecchia, &c.

The alterations in the Club rules were now read from the chair, and after some discussion, in which rules 24 and 33 were frequently quoted, but to be as steadily set aside, the proposed alterations were passed, the chief of which was that in matches, if but one yacht be entered, and comply with regulations, she be entitled to the prize on sailing over the course. Another rule was carried—"That in future races there be no restriction as to rig," and that "booming out be allowed." The rule "to skeet to windward only" was abolished, and now skeeting is allowed *ad libitum*.

PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB.

There was a very good muster at the last monthly meeting of this club, on

Friday, the 3rd of March, at the new quarters,—the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

This being the night for the election of officers, after the Commodore had opened the business of the evening, he, with the officers of the past year who were for re-election retired. Mr. Lilley, a gentleman eminently qualified by his urbanity of manners and upright conduct, was unanimously voted to the chair for the dispatch of business.

Mr. Lilley immediately proceeded to address the meeting, and in proposing the re-election of the Commodore, said "That he was desirous of proposing J. Berncastle, Esq., for re-election to the high and distinguished station of Commodore, an office he had held from the first dawn of the Club, to the present evening, with that good tact and judgment, which had placed the Prince of Wales Yacht Club in the proud station it now holds amongst the lovers of yachting. So well had been their Commodore's exertions known and appreciated, that he believed he had gained the respect of every member of the Club."

Mr. Legg, "fully agreed in the remarks of the chairman, and most cordially responded to the proposition, and felt much pleasure in seconding it." And the Commodore was re-elected with acclamation.

Mr. Lilley, again rose to propose E. Knibbs, Esq., to be re-elected to the office of Vice-Commodore,—"From what he had seen and heard of that gentleman, he (Mr. L.,) was sure they would, as they hitherto had done, always find him at his post, more especially on the river, at their various sailing matches." Mr. Gibbons seconded this nomination, which was unanimously carried.

Mr. Lilley then proposed P. Turner, Esq., for re-election as Treasurer, "An office of great trust and responsibility, and from the manner in which their worthy treasurer had hitherto conducted the financial affairs of the Club,—he felt confident that they could not elect a gentleman more fitting to fill the financial department."

Mr. Gardiner seconded this proposition.

Mr. Lilley in proposing the re-election of C. F. Chubb, Esq., as Secretary, paid a well deserved compliment to that gentleman for his untiring energies in the cause of yachting, and we do not know any one more competent to fill the office of Secretary. This proposition was seconded by Mr. R. Hewitt, and met with the unanimous approval of all the members present.

Some time was occupied in discussing the appointment of the other Secretary, in the place resigned by Mr. J. P. Gordon. It was stated that, and the laws bore out the assertion that the Club should have two Secretaries, and ultimately Mr. Sadlier, on the proposition of Mr. Legg, seconded by Mr. Armitage, was unanimously elected to the vacant office.

Mr. A. Berncastle was appointed Cup-bearer; Messrs. Turner, Woodward, and Webster, Auditors.

After the return of the respected Commodore to the room, accompanied by the other re-elected officers, and they had severally returned thanks, the motion of Dr. Guest, respecting the increase of tonnage was discussed, and it was carried that fifteen tons should be the maximum tonnage.

Lieutenant Foord brought forward his motion, that no shifting ballast should be allowed, which was carried.

A discussion having arisen respecting the utility of two Secretaries, Mr.

Lilley gave notice of motion to alter the second rule of the Club Laws,—that after this year there should be only *one* Secretary.

W. Tuckwell, Esq., owner of the Blue-Eyed Maid, gave notice of motion,—"That in Sailing Matches no booming out be allowed to windward."

The Commodore announced that their old and well-tried friend, Dr. Hutchinson, late of the Julia, who went out last year to Australia, and is now at Melbourne, had presented to the Club a piece of plate of the value of thirty guineas, to be called the "Yarra-Yarra Plate," to be sailed for from Erith to the Chapman Head, and back, under conditions that will be announced in due time, proving that even at the Antipodes a true yachtsman does not forget his allegiance to his colours, and that "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." Thanks were voted by acclamation to Dr. Hutchinson for his munificent gift, and his unshaken devotion to the interests of the club.

Messrs. Greaves and J. G. Robinson, also offered prizes for fifteen ton yachts, and Mr. H. Abbott offered a prize for the eight ton yachts, to be sailed for this year; all of which were received with loud and well-merited applause. At least half-a-dozen members announced their intention of laying down keels of fifteen tonners for the ensuing season, and a great amount of sport may be anticipated.

ANOTHER YACHT CLUB.

Having been in communication with a Club established at Boston, we have to announce that at our suggestion the members made application to the Board of Admiralty, who have been pleased to grant them the usual Admiralty Warrant, and they will now hail under the title of "The Boston Yacht Club." They muster on their list already twelve yachts registering from 3 to 17 tons. This is as it should be, for it will form another excellent training school for seamen. We wish them every success, and any further aid we can give, they may command.

LONDON MODEL YACHT CLUB.

This Club has changed its time of meeting from the first Monday to the first Tuesday in each month, and there is every appearance of its becoming a very excellent club. Every meeting adds many to its numbers and a good Library is being formed for the use of its members, who have generally promised to add each at least one volume to the stock. We may be deemed egotistical, but we cannot refrain from expressing our pleasure that the *Yachting Magazine* since its commencement has benefitted some Clubs as well as persons, and we may be permitted to pride ourselves on being the first to present a copy of that work, which first caused the idea of a Library. The Commodore will no doubt be well supported, as he appears to be a general favorite; the rules were ordered to be printed, and we did intend adding them to this report, but find although we have given four additional pages, we must for the present forego that intention. We will however add one rule to show the spirit with which this really Model Club is carried on,

"That the club uniform shall be as follows, viz: a plain blue dress or frock coat, a white or buff waistcoat, each with the club buttons, and trousers blue or white. The undress uniform, waistcoat and trousers blue as before mentioned, and a blue jacket with club buttons; in either dress a black neckerchief. The Flag Officers to have additional buttons under the flaps, and on the cuffs, with gold cable round the wrists. The caps to be of one uniform make, with gold cable round and Nautilus in centre."

The club button is of the usual form, with a shield in the centre bearing a Nautilus leaning against two crossed anchors.

ROYAL WELSH YACHT CLUB CARNARVON.

We beg to express our thanks to the Secretary of this club for the voluntary information which he has forwarded to us.

This club we hope to see this season in a first rate position, it has several members connected with the town, who will exert themselves to raise the club, and by so doing benefit the inhabitants. At the last meeting the rules and regulations were ordered to be printed, and distributed to the members.

SIC TE DIVA POTENS CYPRI!

They are gone—the last roar of their cannon resounding,
Is lost in the moan of the deep rolling swell,
They are gone—the brave ships o'er the waters are bounding,
And hushed are the cheers that re-echoed farewell.

They are gone—in the pride of their strength and their splendour,
The cross of St. George waving high o'er the main,
The foe of the tyrant and Freedom's defender,
As it conquered of old it shall conquer again.

'Mid the mists of the morning the sun shone above them,
And bright thro' the cloud was the glance of the sky,
So proud be the hearts, 'mid their sorrow, that love them,
And bright thro' its tears, be each bonny blue eye.

They are gone—may the breezes of heaven befriend them,
On the wild Northern Ocean and stormy Fiord,
May the god of the brave, and the faithful defend them,
'Mid the storm of the cannon the clash of the sword!

And oh! for the day when in conquest and glory,
Once more we shall watch the tall ships as they come:
When cannon and bell shall re-echo the story,
And summon our thousands to welcome them home.

God speed to their homes the brave spirits victorious,
Who shall shew the wide world that her sons must be free;
God speed to a home more triumphant and glorious,
The brave who shall rest in the dark rolling sea.

A. V.

Our Editor's Locker.

February 25th, 1854

SIR.—It was no intention of mine, that you should *print* the few lines, I wrote to you last month, and still less, that any of your readers should fancy "Blue Jacket" feels any ill-will, towards our Irish neighbours; on the contrary, I have *always* received the greatest kindness when yachting on the Coast of Ireland, and I also think their regattas are much better than ours. I have started myself with *sixteen* or *seventeen* other yachts, a thing you seldom see at our English regattas, but I merely wrote to ask you, Mr. Editor, how it is, that we hear so little of what our own, or rather, what the "Isle of Wight yachting men" are doing? You say there is little doing *there* in the winter. I am almost certain that for every two yachts afloat *north of the Land's End*, there are eight cruizing about for the south, both *winter* and *summer*. The Zoe, built by White, has just made a fine passage to Malta, and behaved I am told very well indeed, in the heavy weather she encountered. Far be it from me, to say anything against the little Pet, but I am well aware of what it is, to live on board a *new* fifteen tonner, (which are in reality twenty-five ton yachts,) let alone a long cruize in one of the Pet's tonnage, namely, eight; and yet from the account in your journal, any one not much acquainted with nautical affairs, might fancy that he might order an eight ton yacht to be built, and ask a friend to take a cruize in the Mediterranean with him! A fifteen ton yacht did, I believe, go and return from the West Indies, and I can fancy the *comfort* and *pleasure* of the cruize.

Yours, &c.,

BLUE JACKET.

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

[Our correspondent has only himself to blame for the publicity given to his letter, for had he marked it "private," it would have been held sacred. Nevertheless we hope to hear from him again, and shall always feel thankful to those who will point out anything beneficial to the Magazine and its readers.]

YACHTING STATISTICS.

SIR.—A correspondent who has signed himself "W." in your last number, has made an appeal to the secretaries of the Model Yacht Clubs for certain Yachting Statistics, which he considers would be of some service even to the builders of vessels for "war or commerce." As one of these secretaries, I am sorry to state that nothing of the kind came to my hand when I accepted office, and I have not yet had sufficient time to form any definite arrangement of my own observations, or from the register of yachts I am now obtaining from the several owners. With regard, however, to the advantage accruing to the builders of vessels for "war or commerce," I must beg to differ with him, and the da-

maged cargoes of several of the American clippers have forcibly told the difference between a *yacht built merchantman*, and those built expressly to cross the ocean at all seasons, and with every possible variety of light or heavy merchandize, I therefore deny the premises, and consequently consider your correspondent's conclusions unjust.

The fact is, *a gentleman's yacht is built expressly for pleasure,—stowage is not a primary consideration;* speed, beauty, and comfort therefore alone are studied. In bad weather, during the winter, it is laid up, every thing carefully stowed away to be brought out again the ensuing season, and the comparison between such a vessel and another intended either for "war or commerce," is as invidious as the placing, side by side, a brewer's dray horse, and a nobleman's thorough-bred. Again the ridicule passed upon the enormous keels of our third class models is scarcely deserved. I heartily wish that I could afford to build a yacht of 100 or 150 tons, upon our model yacht principle, I would shew your correspondent a vessel that should not only challenge, *but also beat any vessel at present afloat of equal tonnage*, impossible and absurd as he now deems it. Because it has never yet been done is no argument,—*it can be done*, and if I were a yacht builder *it should be done;* we are apt to set down new ideas as impossibilities; *I allow of none in yacht building*, and boldly assert that an iron keel of fifty tons or upwards, is to be as easily secured outside the vessel *as if the same weight is to be stowed inside*:—method is all, and though he and also others of your readers may set this assertion down as the result of ignorance of the elements of naval architecture, I repeat emphatically that a yacht, upon this principle, should be afloat before this time next year, if I were a yacht builder.

The great draught of water alluded to is excessive and exaggerated, and need not be half the amount (fifty feet for a thousand tons) stated. We have a four ton model, with three-quarters of a ton of iron for keel, which has beaten an eight ton yacht during this last week, in a match over fifty miles; she certainly draws nearly five feet of water, but she has a cabin capable of holding from six to eight persons *sitting upright*, with a dinner table in the centre! her extra depth therefore is for accommodation, and not merely iron keel.

The last remark of your correspondent I perfectly agree with, that our smaller classed vessels *are no models at all*, and this is the very reason that they surpass in speed and cabin accommodation all others; if they were true models of any of the larger yachts, *generally speaking*, they might have escaped the credit of being "like nothing else in heaven or earth or on the face of the waters," but they would certainly never have developed any new feature in building or rigging for "war or commerce," or speed.

I have the honor to be, &c.

THE HON. SEC. L.M.Y.C.

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

WE have little of interest to record this month; the First Trinity have maintained their position at the head of affairs, in spite of the repeated attempts of the St. John's to dislodge them.

The Trinity Hall have advanced to the third position, having succeeded in bumping the Third Trinity after a capital race.

The interest of rowing-men is absorbed by the great race between Oxford and Cambridge, which is fixed for the eighth of this month on the usual course between Putney and Mortlake. The Cambridge crew has been deprived by accidental circumstances of some of its best men, whose loss is still severely felt: but whatever the issue of the contest may be, we feel sure that the old Cambridge character for spirit and resolution will be maintained.

In our next number we shall give a full account of the event.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY TORPID RACES.

The first of these races for the season took place on the 10th of March, and notwithstanding it was a very unpropitious day, fourteen boats started from Iffley at three o'clock in the following order, the brackets as usual denote the bumps made:—

1.	Brasenose	9.	University
2.	Balliol 1 }	10.	Christ Church 1
3.	Exeter }	11.	Queen's
4.	St. John's	12.	Jesus
5.	Oriel }	13.	Exeter 2 }
6.	Wadham }	14.	Christ Church 2 }
7.	Worcester }		
8.	Pembroke }		

The several crews exerted themselves manfully, and Exeter first bumped Balliol at Saunders's Bridge; Wadham bumped Oriel a little below the Gut; Pembroke bumped Worcester just before the Gut; and Christ Church 2 bumped Exeter 2 at the Gut crossing.

The second race was on Saturday, March 11th:—

1.	Brasenose	8.	Worcester }
2.	Exeter 2	9.	University }
3.	Balliol	10.	Christ Church 1
4.	St. John's }	11.	Queen's }
5.	Wadham }	12.	Jesus }
6.	Oriel }	13.	Christ Church 2
7.	Wadham }	14.	Exeter 2

Wadham bumped St. John's at the Freewaterstone: Pemproke bumped Oriel at Saunders's Bridge, but this bump was disputed, and referred to the committee of the O.U.B.C., who, after hearing evidence on both sides, decided that a bump had been made. University bumped Worcester just below the Gut: and Jesus bumped Queen's a little above the Gut.

The third race was on Monday, March 13th:—

1.	Brasenose	9.	Worcester
2.	Exeter 1	10.	Christ Church 1 }
3.	Balliol }	11.	Jesus }
4.	Wadham }	12.	Queen's
5.	St. John's	13.	Christ Church 2
6.	Pembroke	14.	Exeter 2
7.	Oriel }		
8.	University }		

Wadham bumped Balliol at the flag, which was disputed and referred to the committee of the Oxford University Boat Club, who, after hearing considerable evidence on both sides, decided in favour of Wadham. University bumped Oriel just above the Gut; and Jesus bumped Christ Church 1 a little above the Gut.

The fourth Race was on Wednesday, 15th:—

1. Brasenose	8. Oriel
2. Exeter 1	9. Worcester
3. Wadham	10. Jesus
4. Balliol	11. Christ Church 1
5. St. John's	12. Queen's
6. Pembroke	13. Christ Church 2
7. University	14. Exeter 2

Exeter first bumped Brasenose at the Cherwell; University bumped Pembroke at the Willows; Worcester bumped Oriel a little on this side of the Gut; and Queen's bumped Christ Church first at the corner above the Gut.

The fifth race was on Thursday, 16th:—

1. Exeter 1	8. Worcester
2. Brasenose	9. Oriel
3. Wadham	10. Jesus
4. Balliol	11. Queen's
5. St. John's	12. Christ Church 1
6. University	13. Christ Church 2
7. Pembroke	14. Exeter 2

Wadham bumped Brasenose opposite the University Barge; University bumped St. John's at the second corner of the Gut; Jesus bumped Oriel just above the Gut; and Christ Church 2nd bumped Christ Church 1st at Saunders's Bridge.

1. Exeter 1st	8. Worcester
2. Wadham	9. Jesus
3. Brasenose	10. Oriel
4. Balliol	11. Queen's
5. University	12. Christ Church 2
6. St. John's	13. Christ Church 1
7. Pembroke	14. Exeter 2

University bumped Balliol at Saunders's Bridge; Jesus bumped Worcester a little on this side of the Gut; and Oriel bumped Queen's in the Gut.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE EIGHT-OARED MATCH.

The subjoined are the names of the gentlemen of the abovenamed Universities who are to form the crews in the Eight-oared Match on the Thames, which is fixed to come off on Saturday, the 8th of April. The Cantabs will be on the Putney waters on Monday, the 3rd of April, and take up their quarters at Mrs. Finch's, the Star and Garter. We have been informed that the boats will start as punctually as possible at eleven o'clock. We heartily wish them a fine day, a clear course, and a merry match.

The Curlew steamer has been chartered by Messrs. Logan, of Cambridge, and A. Wentzell, of Lambeth, London, to accompany the match.

OXFORD CREW.	CAMBRIDGE CREW.
1. W. F. Short, New, 10st. 8lb.	1. R. C. Galton, Trinity, 9st. 10lb.
2. A. Hooke, Worcester, 10st 8lb.	2. S. Nairne, Emmanuel, 10st. 4lb.
3. W. Pinckney, Exon, 11st. 8lb.	3. J. C. Davis, Trinity,
4. T. H. Blundel, Christ Ch. 11st. 11lb.	4. S. Agnew, Trinity, 10st. 13lb.
5. T. A. Hooper, Pemb. 11st. 6lb.	5. E. C.
6. P. H. Nind, Christ Ch. 11st. 6lb.	6. H. F. Johnson, Trinity, 11st. 4lb.
7. G. L. Mellish, Exon, 11st. 7lb.	7. Blake, Corpus, 11st. 2lb.
8. W. O. M. King, Pemb. 11st. 12lb.	8. J. Wright, Lady Margaret
T. H. Marshall, Exon, 10st 2lb (cox)	Smith, Caius, 9st. 12lb. (cox)

MESSENGER AND CANDLISH'S SCULLERS' MATCH AT NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, FOR £200 ON MARCH 14TH.

ALTHOUGH we do not intend recording *every* rowing match that takes place, we shall from time to time insert as they occur, such great events as Champion Contests, and those in which Collegians are the competitors.

About three o'clock, Messenger, attended by J. and T. Mackinney, the Richmond watermen, and accompanied by Mr. Nottidge, an aquatic patron of celebrity on the Thames, and Mr. Styles, of Putney, arrived at the rendezvous. Four o'clock was the time named for the start, but Candlish and his friends thought the boats could not live in the surf, and it was not until a quarter to five that he could be prevailed upon to get into his boat, the tide having sunk about three inches. Candlish won the toss, and took up his position on the north side, which is considered to be the best. As they were preparing to start, every one seemed breathless, until "off" was the cry, when the tranquility which had previously prevailed was suddenly changed to commotion, and all the steam-boats followed in the rear. Candlish obtained the start by nearly half-a-length, but in about a dozen strokes, Messenger was even with him, and soon after drew his boat ahead; a slip of one of Candlish's sculls at the same time giving more advantage to his opponent. At the Skinner's Burn, Messenger was nearly a clear boat's length ahead, and at the Shot Tower he took his opponent's water, and the boats were then in a straight line with each other. At the foot of the Meadows the gap was augmented to three clear lengths, and, though Candlish appeared to strain every nerve to its utmost, he could not lessen the gap between them. Ten to one was now offered on the leader, and the excitement at this point was immense. Candlish's friends, however, still hoped that the greater part of his strength was in reserve; but, ere they had reached the Meadow's House, the distance between them was increased, and Messenger's well-timed and powerful stroke continued as fresh as ever. At the top of the Meadows the race, barring an accident, might be considered virtually at an end, and Candlish, by striking too much to the south, went more in the rear. Opposite Benwell Boat House, so confident was Messenger of victory, that he rested upon his sculls until he damped his hands, and loud and universal were the encomiums upon his undaunted pluck. All chance of success was now out of the question, and Messenger rowed in an easy winner

by thirty-eight seconds, or about 150 yards before his opponent; the distance being performed in thirty minutes, a quick pull, considering the disadvantages of a contrary wind and tide.

LITERATURE AND ART.

OUR CRUIZE IN THE UNDINE.—*The Journal of an English Pair Expedition through France, Baden, Rhenish Bavaria, Prussia, and Belgium.—By the Captain:—London; John W. Parker & Son.*

A light and lively little narrative of a spirited and amusing expedition. The captain writes without affectation and is never prosy or sentimental. We have had some little experience in former years of cruising in this fashion about the lakes and rivers of our less aquatic continental neighbours, and we can quite sympathise with the Captain in the fun he derived from the astonishment and ludicrous notions of the natives. At one place the travellers are taken for canal inspectors, at another for smugglers or insurgents: at Besancan as they are taking their stroll—

"Papa" said a little girl, "papa, what are those three gentlemen in lemon coloured pantaloons?"

"They are three officers, my little one, who have had the management of the works in the construction of several railways, and now they are going to make one from Dijon to Malhouse."

A little further on they pass for strolling comedians, and at Courcelles it is imagined that they were engaged in carrying fish for the administration of the canal.

We extract one passage to give our readers a specimen of the Captain's style:—

"As there seemed to be no main channel, we had not the most remote idea at times where we were, whether we were near the right or the left bank of the river, or whether the bank that we were passing was that of an island or of the river itself; but this mattered little, we were on the Rhine we knew, and the Rhine flowed to Strasburg we thought; we were not then aware that that city is distant a mile and half from the river."

After numerous other scrapes and dodgings about from one to the other, sometimes whizzing past the banks, which often had the same appearance as when one looks out of a railway train in motion on an adjoining hedge; at others sweeping down a broad piece of water which looked (as it really was) like a large inclined plane, and again at other time pulling against a bit of backwater, we at length arrived at Kehl, having come over no less than 70 miles of ground in six hours and a quarter, exclusive of the halt we made at Aet Breisach."

There are several illustrations by one of the crew, and a number of extracts from local newspapers containing comments upon the boat, the crew and things in general, are not the least amusing part of the book.

A Pocket Vocabulary of English and Turkish.—*By W. Knight, Esq.—London, Bradbury & Evans.*

This is a very unique and useful work, and comes at a time when it is most wanted. Every officer gone or going to the seat of war should possess a copy, which to them will prove invaluable. The author has written several other works relating to Turkey, its customs, and language, but none more deserving of extensive circulation than the one before us.

H. M. S. St. Jean D'Acre, 101 Guns.—*London: Ackerman, Strand,*

This is a splendid specimen of talent, and coming at this period when the "wooden walls of Old England" are in requisition, it merits a greater attention than is usually bestowed on these subjects.

The St. Jean D'Acre is represented as in the act of bringing-to at Cork, where she joins Her Majesty's ship's Queen, Prince Regent, Leopard, Imperieuse, London, Duke of Wellington and Agamemnon, which are all shown in the plate, surrounded by numerous yachts under Canvas. The whole forming one of those pleasing pictures which reflects the highest credit on the artists, Messrs. Brierley and Dutton, and we recommend all naval men and yachtsmen to add it to their marine collection.

The Peninsular and Oriental Steam Ship "Vectis"

Royal Mail Steam Packet Company's Ship "Solent"—*London, Waterlow and Sons, London Wall.*—A beautiful pair of well executed prints by Mr. C. Gregory, who has done justice to these splendid vessels, which were built by Messrs. J. and R. White of Cowes, "on their Improved Diagonal principle without Frame Timbers." These prints lithographed by Messrs. Waterlow and Sons, are real gems, and when framed will form a splendid addition to the cabinets of Art.

CLUB MEETINGS, 1854.

April 1, Saturday, Royal Harwich Yacht Club.
" 4, Tuesday, London Model Yacht Club.
" 4, " Royal Mersey Yacht Club.
" 4, " Royal St. George's Yacht Club.
" 5, Wednesday, Royal Thames Yacht Club.
" 5, " Annual General Meeting of the Royal Yorkshire Yacht Club.
" 5, " Birkenhead Model Yacht Club.
" 7, Friday, Prince of Wales Yacht Club.
" 13, Thursday, Opening trip of the Prince of Wales Yacht Club.
" 17, Monday, Royal London Yacht Club.
" 19, Wednesday, Liverpool Yacht Club.
" 21, Friday, Lecture before the Prince of Wales Yacht Club.

April 22, Saturday, Opening trip of the Liverpool Yacht Club.
" 24, Monday, Prince of Wales Model Yacht Club.
" 29, Saturday, Opening trip of the Royal London Yacht Club.
" " " London Model Yacht Club.
May 4, Thursday, Royal Cork Yacht Club.
" 24, Wednesday, Annual Meeting of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club.

HIGH WATER TIDE TABLE FOR APRIL.

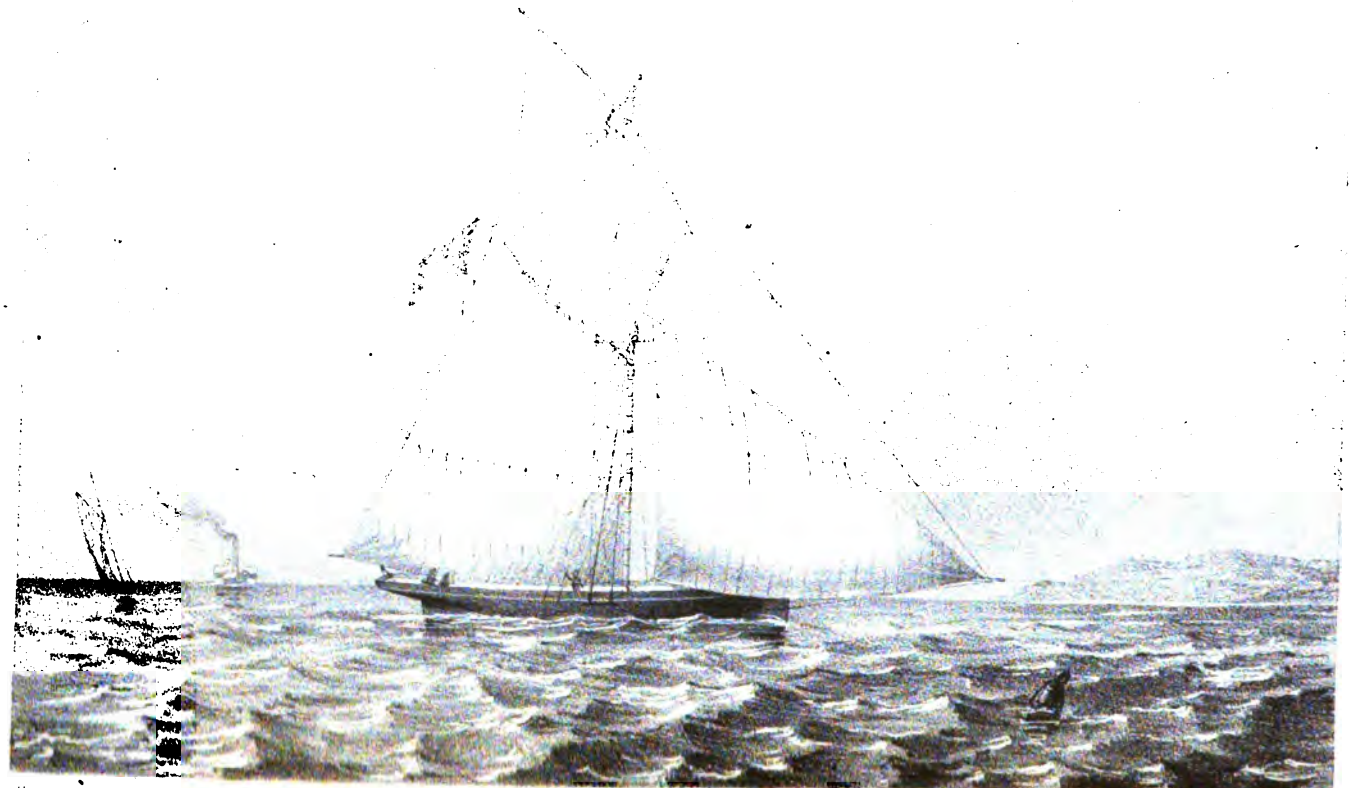
D of M	High Water Lon. Bridge morn.		after.		The time of high water at the following places may be ascertained, by adding to, or substracting from, the time at London Bridge.						
	h	m	h	m			h.	m.		h.	m.
1	4	18	4	34	Aberystwith	add	5	23	Aberdeen	sub 0	56
2	4	49	5	5	Alderney		4	38	Aldborough	3	23
3	5	20	5	38	Bantry Bay		1	39	Belfast	4	2
4	5	57	6	15	Bridlington		2	23	Brighton	2	29
5	6	36	6	59	Carmarthan		4	3	Carnarvon	4	47
6	7	26	8	2	Cork Harbour		2	23	Cowes	3	22
7	8	47	9	33	Dartmouth		3	58	Dublin Bar	2	55
8	10	17	11	1	Dudgeon Light		5	23	Dungeness	3	17
9	11	38	—	—	Eddystone		3	8	Folkestone	3	37
10	0	10	0	34	Edinburgh		2	23	Foreland, North	2	22
11	0	56	1	17	Exmouth Bar		4	18	Foreland, South	2	47
12	1	35	1	53	Falmouth		3	8	Gravesend	0	37
13	2	10	2	27	Flamboro' Head		2	23	Greenwich	0	20
14	2	45	3	1	Guernsey Pier		4	23	Harwich	2	37
15	3	19	3	39	Hartlepool		1	38	Howth Harbour	2	59
16	3	56	4	16	Humber Mouth		3	23	Ipswich	2	7
17	4	36	4	56	Kinsale Harbour		2	23	Kentish Knock	2	37
18	5	17	5	42	Land End		2	23	Lowestoft	3	37
19	6	8	6	34	Leith Pier		0	15	Margate	2	2
20	7	7	7	42	Lynn Regis		4	38	Nore Light	0	58
21	8	25	9	12	Plymouth		3	26	Portsmouth	2	27
22	10	0	10	45	Swansea		3	48	Sheerness	1	28
23	11	26	11	58	Torbay		3	58	Southampton	2	27
24	—	—	0	26	Waterford		3	48	Spithead	4	37
25	0	49	1	11	Weymouth		4	23	Yarmouth Roads	5	27
26	1	33	1	51	Whitby		1	38	Calais	2	19
27	2	7	2	25	Amsterdam		0	53	Dieppe	3	2
28	2	43	3	0	Antwerp		2	18	Havre de Grace	4	15
29	3	17	3	33	Bourdeux		4	45	Ostende	1	12
30	3	49	4	4	Cherbourg		5	23	Honfleur	4	37
31					Hamburgh		3	53	New York	5	7

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D.—"Gaieties and Gravities" and "Mariner's Tale" were finished. "The Doomed Yacht" has been delayed through the illness of the Author. Several communications received too late for insertion this month.

Hunt's Yacht List.—The alterations from several yacht owners shall be attended to; and as we have not issued our Annual Circular yet, we feel truly grateful for their promises of continued support.

HUNT & Co., Printers, 6, New Church Street, Edgware Road.



Dick Lost in Hunt's Yachting Magazine May 1876

HUNT'S

YACHTING MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1854.

THE JESSICA, 8 TONS.

THIS beautiful little craft, a perfect gem in naval architecture, is the property of J. A. Clarke, Esq., the Commodore of the Liverpool Yacht Club, she was designed by Mr. Waterman, and built by Mr. Smith of Liverpool; she has good cabin accommodation, having room to dine ten persons: she was successful in her match last September, and is engaged to sail against the Sorocco on the 8th inst, provided it blows a single-reefed breeze, the particulars of which in our next. We shall also endeavour to give the lines of this yacht.

THE FORTHCOMING SEASON.

"SHALL we fit out?" is a question that has been generally asked by yachtsmen, and there has been some hesitation,—a diffidence; and we were on the point of saying a difficulty, in answering that query. But what is the reason assigned for laying up during the season?

Is it because a war has broken out between certain powers, whose scene of operation is far distant from our own shores, that a yachtsman should not enjoy his accustomed cruize, if he wishes it?

Is it because our brave troops and seamen have gone forth to assist, as is usual with John Bull, those whom he deems oppressed, that yachts are to lie up and rot, and their owners luxuriate at the fire side? or Is it because the ladies would be in continual dread of Russian privateers, or pirates under Russian colours, carrying them to some of their ports, and thence to be sent to Siberia?

Now as regards the first two questions, cannot yachtsmen do this year as they have done before, keep near their own shores? and if they do so, will any one be bold enough to assert that the Czar would dare to send ships into our waters to capture yachts; but if yachtsmen will venture where "shots and shells cleave the air" why they must "look out for squalls".

Now as regards the third question we feel persuaded *that* does not form any portion of the cause, for we well know that ladies who are in the habit of accompanying their relatives in their cruizes are as deficient of fear as the sterner sex; and should any daring enemy intrude on their pleasures the *salute* would not be congenial to the culprit's feelings.

Much has been said and written on the subject of "War versus Yachting" in our own journal and others, yet nothing decisive has been arrived at.

With the reasons for going to war we have (in the *Yachting Magazine*) nothing to do, all we presume to meddle with, is to show the yachting world there is no danger in fitting out.

We find a letter signed "The Man in the Mask" in *Bell's Life*, from which we extract the following passages to prove *if there was danger* we ought to fit out.

If yachtsmen want to show their utility in a national point of view, now is the time; not by laying up their vessels, or posting notices at the yachting stations that "yacht owners have come to the determination of not fitting out in consequence of the war with Russia," but by fitting out immediately, getting their crews well together, drilling them in rifle practice, cutlass exercise, and boat work, so that when the necessity does come—if it should at all—the Admiralty, by communicating with the secretaries of the different yacht clubs, can be immediately put in possession of the numbers of volunteers from the yacht club fleets. And I should say that it would be found that the different yacht owners would vie with each other in sending in their drafts of men. The First Lord of the Admiralty told us, in answer to Capt. Scobell, the other night (Monday, the 27th ult., I think it was), that "Four months ago, there was some difficulty in obtaining men, but, now that their services had become clearly requisite, they came forward with a spirit which

it was impossible too much to admire." Therefore it is clear that the more demand we have at home for sailors, the more sailors shall we keep at hand to man our wooden walls in the event of a protracted war; in fact, the Yacht Club fleets would, if they could be brought to take the matter up immediately and actively, be found of immense service as a reserve force of seamen, from which, as required, large drafts of ready-trained, picked, and slashing seamen could be obtained.

It may, of course, be asked "How can you induce these men to volunteer into the navy?" A very proper question, too; but the answer I should give would be this, "Let no regattas be held this year, *or next if requisite*, let the sums which would be expended in giving prices be allocated as a bounty fund, and let every seaman who volunteered from the "yacht fleet" into the "men-of-war" receive from the Royal Yacht Club bounty fund a reasonable bounty for so doing. As each draft might be required it could be made up by selecting so many volunteers from each yacht—their places be filled up, and the new hands trained as they were—so that little, if any, inconvenience would be felt by the yacht owners; it ought rather to be a source of pride and gratification that their pleasure craft should become the means of securing to the service of the state so large a body of its staunchest defenders.

Not only thus, should we secure, as I have stated, an available reserve of picked A.B.'s, but, as Sir G. Tyler suggested in the House of Commons during the debate on the Navy Estimates on Monday night, "That a sort of naval militia, quite independent of the Coast Volunteers, should be formed along the coast." Why there are none more adapted to work up a scheme of the kind better than the yachtsmen of the United Kingdom. Now is their time, as I have said before, and if they are to be considered of any service at all by the Admiralty let them now prove that they are worthy of the royal patronage, and the Admiralty privileges that have been granted to them. Now is the time; let flag officers and committees of yacht clubs do their duty, or let gilt buttons, gold bands, and crowns in burgees be hereafter consigned to oblivion, as worse than useless; and an assumption of maritime distinction to be looked upon merely as an agreeable delusion and a merry conceit.

This letter deserves to be preserved, and handed down to future yachtsmen to teach them how to act in the hour of supposed danger. The necessity for adopting this advice is now no longer apparent for our navy has been manned, and that more readily than when cannon "balls and grape shot" were not in vogue, for during the "piping time of peace" weeks and months would elapse before even a favorite vessel could get her complement, but the Navy *has been manned without pressing.*

We have been informed that some yacht crews have taken advan-

tage of the rumour (at a time when no reason can be assigned for their conduct) to demand an advance of wages, and to stipulate "no Baltic cruizing." That we submit to yachtsmen is unpardonable, and rather than yield to their uncalled for demands *do not fit out*, unless a fresh crew can be obtained. If men who have been, perhaps years engaged in navigating certain yachts, and who look on it as a means of obtaining a reserve fund for the winter months, will at every little spurt that may occur "strike for more wages" they must be taught that their services can be dispensed with. We hold the doctrine that "every labourer is worthy of his hire," and that remunerating, yet we do not approve of men dictating to their employers.

However to return to the starting buoy, why not fit out? We find the Commodore of the Prince of Wales Yacht Club "coming out," although we presume the Albatross will not show in the Baltic or Black Sea, yet being an old "Salt" he ventures to give his reasons why they should "fit out and hold regattas:" having been favoured by him with the following letter, our readers can form their own judgment.

"Agreeing in every respect with the first half of the arguments contained in the letter of "The Man in the Mask" relative to the question, "Ought yachtsmen to fit out for the season of 1854?" I must differ with him entirely when he says, after some very excellent remarks upon the training of the seamen to the use of arms. "Let no regattas be held this year, or next, if requisite." Why nothing could be more impolitic or injurious to the prosperity and emulation of the eighteen royal yacht clubs throughout the kingdom at any time, and more particularly at a time when their utility is recognised and admitted by all, than to do away with the principal stimulus, and the only public one yachtsmen have to promote the attainment of excellence and superiority in build, speed, stability, accommodation and seamanship. It would be "killing the goose that lays the golden eggs"; and our yachtsmen, without regattas, would be like an army in the field without the hope of promotion, honours, rewards, and victories; the spirit that animates them once withdrawn, they would gradually degenerate and dwindle away into mediocrity and ultimate decay. Now, I should say, is the moment to increase the number of regattas and of prizes for competition, to offer greater advantages than ever to that truly national, scientific, and in time of need, patriotic branch of nautical amusement, which I have long ago compared to "a sort of naval militia", and if we are hard pressed, of which there is not much chance in my opinion, by the Czar, the yachtsmen and their crews will be found to volunteer to a man, *pro aris et focis*, in defence of the State against the enemy. The club over which I have the honour to preside, far from giving up regattas has received four different prizes, presented by individual mem-

bers, to be sailed for, and thus encourage sport this season in an unusual degree. That is the course I should advise, as more becoming the dignity of the yachting world, and of a great nation, than the one suggested by the "Man in the Mask."

COMMODORE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB.

There can be no doubt it would be highly injurious to yachting to suspend the regattas for even one year. Yachtsmen should not look on matches as merely gratifying to their own tastes and inclinations, but remember that a vast number of persons derive a benefit by the congregating of the multitudes who take pleasure in those contests.

There are many yachts for sale at the present time, but it would be unfair to impute to their owners a desire to keep aloof from the noble sport because of the war.

We do not apprehend a bad season; at least not worse than last year, and the Isle of Wight folks say that was bad indeed.

DREDGING CRUIZE OF THE ADA YACHT—1853.

BY T. C. EYTON, ESQ.

HAVING purchased the Ada, 38 tons, last spring for dredging purposes, and collecting marine animals, I send you a short account of my first cruize, (which may perhaps be followed by others,) thinking that it may prove interesting to some of the readers of the *Yachting Magazine.*

In my first cruize I was accompanied by the late much lamented Mr. H. E. Strickland, than whom a truer friend, a pleasanter companion, and intelligent naturalist did not exist: he died indeed universally regretted by his friends.

It is my intention in the following account to follow the dates given in the log-book, and briefly state the occurrences of each day.

May 6th.—Joined the Ada at Douglas, Isle of Man, and laid in stores.

May 7th.—Bent sails and prepared for sea.

May 8th and 9th.—Wind bound in harbour.

May 10th.—Got underway with a light breeze, and made Ramsay bay, but was obliged to anchor off the harbour, the wind being contrary for rounding the point of Ayr. Landed with Mr. Strickland and examined the pleistocene cliffs north of Ramsay, found some curious sort of

sand stalactites lying horizontally in the strata, and bearing north and south. The stones to which they were attached lying to the northward also found some fossil shells, which had been formerly described by Mr. Strickland.

May 11th.—Wind contrary landed for stores.

May 12th.—Got underway, and had the dredges down north of Maughold Head in 16 fathoms water. To show the abundance of life existing on the scallop beds of the Isle of Man I here give a list of the species taken:—

Ophiura texturata	Cardium Norvegicum	Trochus tumidus
——— rosula	Montacuta substriata	Eulima polita
Uraster glacialis	Pectunculas glycemeris	Aporhais pes pelecani
Cribella occulata	Pecten rasius	Murex erinaceus
Uraster papposa	——— maximus	Buccinum undatum
Palmipes membrinaceus	——— pusio	Fusus islandius
Echinus Sphæra	——— opercularis	——— antiquus
——— miliaris	Ostrœa edulis	Pisa tetraodon
Spatangus purpureus	Anomia striata	Inachus doryrhynchus
Saxicara rugosa	Chiton fascicularis	Pinotheres pisum
Corbula nucleus	——— ruber	Munida rondeletii
Tellina donacina	——— cancellatus	Squilla
Tapes virginea	Acmœa Virginea	Pagusus Bernhardus
Venus cassina	Dentalium entalis	——— prideaxii
——— fasciata	Paleopsis Ungarcus	Platychles porcellana
——— ovata	Emarginula rosea	Stenorhychus
Cyprina islandia	Trochus magus	
Cardium Echinatum	——— cinerarius	

Besides the above many other marine animals were taken, some of which, the Annellida particularly, are in the hands of Dr. Williams of Swansea, from whose able pen a monograph on these animals may shortly be expected. There was one animal taken which I had never taken before, although it does not appear to be very uncommon, the sailors reognizing it, namely the sea leech, or pontobdella. At 1h. 15m. P.M. the tide and wind being favorable, rounded the point of Ayr. It shortly afterwards began to blow fresh, and we came to an anchor off the light on piles in Belfast Lough at 12h. 10m. A.M., after a fast run.

May 13th.—Blowing hard; weighed anchor, and in doing so carried away part of the windlass wheel, got the reeffing tackle to the chain and at last got the anchor home after a good ducking, and ran into Belfast.

May 13th.—Got damage repaired; visited Mr. Hyndman and Mr. Paterson, the two celebrated Belfast naturalists, from whom we receiv great civility, and were shown the sights of Belfast, and the collecti made by the late Mr. Thompson.

May 15th.—Sunday, rather puzzled to know what to do with ou selves all day, but at last took a walk to the lower part of the harbou

near where a small fresh water brook comes in collected a small quantity of shell sand, and some other shells; we reckoned in all thirty-three species of Molusca from the locality, of which the following is a list :—

Mya arenaria	Killia subra	Turritella communis
Corbula nucleus	Montacuta bidentata	Apporhais per pelecani
Syndos mya alba	Mytylus edulis	Cerithium reticulatum
Psammobia ferroensis	Nucula nucleus	Scalaria turtoni
Tellina solidula	Pector maximus	Chemnitzia elegantissima
Scrobicularia piperata	Littorina neritoides	Purpura lapillus
aetra subtruneata	——— littorea	Nassa reticulata
Tapes decussata	Rissoa labiosa	—— pygmœa
Venus striatula	——— parva	Cyclichna obtusa
Lucinopsis undata	——— ulvæ	Philene aperta
Cardium edule	Skenia planorbis	Sepia octopus

May 16th.—Wind blowing dead into the harbour, could not therefore get out, but obtained a farther supply of shells from the locality last named, and of the same species.

May 17th.—Still windbound, so we packed up some dredging tackle and went by rail to Carrick Fergus, near which place a large deposit of salt has lately been discovered; could not at first obtain a boat, so wandered about the shore at low water, and picked up twenty-five species of testaceous molusca, many of which were however dead. The most rare perhaps found was Acmæa testudinalis, two species of Pholus dactylus found burrowing in the hard clay in the greatest abundance. We succeeded in obtaining a boat about the middle of the day, and dredged for some hours off Carrick, and took forty-two species of Molusca, among them those of the greatest rarity were Propilidium anchytoides, which I had never taken before, or seen alive; one specimen of Eutimapolita, and a few of Solicurtus coaretatus. We also took eleven species of Echnodermata; none of them however of very great rarity, except Cucumaria Drummondii, which I had never taken before, except once off Bardsey Island, on the coast of Wales. Cucumaria Hyndmani was also taken for the first time, and does not appear to be uncommon in the Lough. The Crustacea were not very abundant or very rare, Pagurus lævis being perhaps the most so.

May 18th.—We got early out of Belfast this morning with a fair wind, and had a few more hauls with the dredges off Carrick Fergus, and between that place and the Copelands, did not obtain anything [illegible]ering from what we secured the day before, but got sufficient scollops [illegible] last about half-a-mile of long lines, when the wind failing dropped [illegible] kedge, and set the lines, taking them up the following morning, [illegible]en to our surprise not a single fish was fast. We had however, the [illegible]asure of finding seven male specimens of Atychylus Heterodon safely

hooked, and which appears to be a rare crustacean, the female of which is not at present known.

While mentioning scollops it may perhaps be as well to state the best mode of cooking them, which is either by scolloping them with bread crumbs like oysters, or by frying them with butter and pepper: the latter mode I prefer,—the beard as it is called, or gills, ought to be cut off.

May 19th.—After getting in the lines set sail down channel again and made an attempt to get a haul with a dredge in mid-channel in 64 fathoms water, about nine miles S.E.b.S. of the Copelands; after a great deal of trouble we however got it, or rather its remains, on board again: the net only contained a few specimens of Comatula rosea, Echinus sphæra, Nassa macula, Pagurus ulidianus, Sertularia abientina, and Argentea, a beautiful specimen of Halichnondria infundibiliformis, Crusea, ebernea and Atcyonium digitatum. It again fell calm in the evening, and the tide drove us very near the Scare rocks at the entrance to Glen Luce Bay, dropped the kedge a few miles south; a dense fog having come on, and being rather at our wits ends for amusement, tried a new plan of dredging while at anchor, by pulling the boat out with the dredge to the length of the hawser, then dropping it, and hauling it on board the yacht: we did not, however, obtain anything of rarity. There were some very fine specimens of Phasianella pullus, and a few of the Echnocyamus posillus: the bottom was all sand.

May 20th.—The fog still continued, the wind however springing up about 3 A.M. we weighed and made the Point of Ayr; at 7h. had a few hauls on the scallop bed in Ramsay Bay, on our way to Douglas: were becalmed again off Laxey in the evening, dropped the kedge, and set the lines with the scallops taken at Ramsay, did not get anything but haddock, which were a very acceptable addition to our fare.

May 21st.—About 3 A.M. an ominous roaring was heard at sea, and a light breeze springing up had all hands on deck, doused top-sail, took two reefs in the main-sail, and stood out to sea: lay-to about eight miles off Douglas, blowing hard until 10 A.M., when the tide suiting ran into Douglas, and getting on board the Old King Orry returned to England with our treasures.

(To be continued.)

TALE OF A TUB.

Chapter II.

(*Continued from p.* 175.)

"I believe the longest of all minutes are those which come just before the last gun in a match is fired. The skipper in a high fidget is scratching his pate, chafing and grumbling at all hands: while the men at their stations with the halliards in their hands, are soothing their excited feelings by grumbling at the skipper and spitting on their fingers.

"The owner all adrift with excitement, keeps wishing they had bent the other top-sail, or suddenly impressed with a belief that the craft is by the head, suggests that a ton of ballast should be got aft at a moment's notice, while his friends, if he is weak enough to have any aboard, eager to show what good seamen they are, torment him and all about them with questions and criticism.

"My skipper, John Bolt, was a good honest fellow who did his duty and feared no man: but his seamanship like his whiskers were rather of the roughest: he had been master of a Leith smack big enough to hang me up on her davits, and in spite of all my hints and remonstrances, he would sail me as he had sailed the Elisa packet of blessed memory, for he lost her on the Gunfleet. 'What she can't carry she must drag,' was his favourite maxim. He would heave all taut as a bar, secure everything with preventers, and then carry on till all was blue. I used to think sometimes he would lead the signal halliards to the windlass, and call all hands to heave up the colours. Of course in spite of all his care he was a terrible fellow for carrying away spars, pulling out bolts, and straining a craft to pieces; and though I could not but like the old fellow, I was not very fond of his management; for you must know that the pain you little creatures feel when your teeth are pulled out, is nothing compared to the pang that it costs us when a bolt is started, and the loss of a spar to us is much worse than the amputation of an arm or the fracture of a leg to you.

"The mate, a red-headed Scotchman, had but one rule for all his conduct, which was to oppose the skipper in everything he suggested, and to find fault with all he did, and yet they were sworn friends, they had sailed together from childhood, neither of them would take a berth without the other, and so they went through life, like a couple of main-sheet blocks, wrangling and knocking their heads together whenever they met.

"Well we were all ready at our station off West Cowes Castle, with the Circe about a hundred yards to the northward; there was still an hour's flood, and a fine breeze was blowing from W.N.W. The first gun had fired; we were both lying with a spring on our cables, our booms topped up, and the gaffs beginning to creep up the masts, as the men in either vessel, stole an inch or two on the halliards, when a boat dashed alongside of us, and a royal navy looking gentleman jumped on board, and declared that he was come with the Earl's orders to take charge of the yacht during the match. Captain Bolt was a man of few words so he touched his cap and said nothing.

"'Bear a hand one of you,' shouted the new comer, who was almost as long and thin as the lead line, 'Bear a hand and reeve a new jaw rope, this one is chafed.' 'Ask your pardon, sir,' said the skipper, 'but no doubt you've got the Earl's written orders to take charge?' 'What's that to you?' replied the officer, 'you obey my orders.' 'I knows my duty, sir,' said Captain Bolt, 'but if any one gives orders aboard this here craft excepting me and my lord, I'm ———

"Bang went the gun, hard-a-starboard went the helm, up go the sails! Now, my sons! hoist away, up with that jib, over goes the boom as we canted round with my head to the eastward, down goes the lieutenant flat on his back; avast peak. Three hands hang like bats to the main-halliards, while three more bouse him up with a will.

"'Up peak, up gaff-top-sail,' roars the skipper from the helm; and long before we had a moment to look about us, we were rounding old Castle Point, the Circe about twenty yards on our weather quarter, and a whole galaxy of signals, which no one had time to notice, blowing out from the flagstaff at the club-house.

"I must confess that a good many of our stun'-sails and flying kites, were more plague than profit, for they kept the men shuffling about the deck; and indeed they were scarcely set before we were off Ryde, and at the Chequer Buoy, half of them had to come down again for the gybe.

"Meanwhile, Circe, who had the weather guage had crept up, and was smoking along about half her length on our weather-bow; but careening to the puffs, and seeming to feel the weight of the wind much more than I did.

"Now my skipper was a terrible old fellow for gybing all standing, and I cannot deny that I trembled as I approached the buoy, but he managed it admirably, eased the main-boom over handsomely, cut out the Circe who steered rather wide, and walked away to windward of her on the starboard tack.

"All this time the lieutenant had been sulking on the companion

stairs, with his head ready to bob down in case of the boom making another excursion in his direction, but now he brightened up and began patronising the steward who stood near him. The men were in high spirits for now we seemed to have the best of it; the skipper and the mate were quarrelling together as they always did when they were pleased, and you may depend upon it I was bowling along merrily enough, for this was all child's play and smooth water, but the tug of battle was to come.

"When we had run down to Bembridge Ledge buoy, the tide was going cheerily to windward, and the white tops were beginning to tumble about to seaward; for the wind had drawn round to the westward and plenty of it too.

"Any man in his senses would have doused his top-sail, set a small jib, and perhaps hauled down a reef before he sent a vessel into such a head sea: but my skipper was not one of that sort, so he got half a dozen hands to the weather runners, boused up all the top-sail gear by main force, and then set all taut by heaving down the bobstay with the windlass.

"'Take that taupsle off her John Bolt' said the mate. 'Now my sons in with your sheets, cried the skipper as he shoved the helm a lee and sent me crashing through the sea to windward: the spars all bending till the sails hung in bags, and such a weight of wood and iron, canvas and hemp, wind and water pressing on my lee bow, that I could no more sail than you could run a race with a pig of ballast in your breeches pocket. But Circe like a great goose instead of profiting by our folly came swaggering after us with every stitch she could spread, and being a tenderer vessel of the cod's head and mackerel tail build she fared still worse than we did.

"At last, to my delight, John Bolt in trying to make the top-sail stand by heaving and purchasing, carried away the top-mast stay and away went the top-mast short off by the upper cap. The wreck was soon cleared and the crew busy in rigging a fresh top-mast, for John Bolt accustomed to such little events was always provided for casualties; and as he had done so much for me, I determined to do a little more for myself as soon as an opportunity offered. After the accident we had gone about on the other tack to get at the wreck more easily, and as we stood in for the shore we did not feel the sea, and having got rid of all this top-hamper we were fast dropping Circe to leeward: we were compelled however to stand in much longer than we should have done till we lost both wind and tide under the land, and when we reached off again to the southward, I had the mortification to see the Circe who had sent down her top-sails and shifted jib, at least half a mile to wincward.

"I should not have cared so much, but my stupid old skipper could not feel what I felt only too well, that with my big jib swagging away to leeward, and my main-sheet hauled aft as flat as a board, I could not bustle along through the sea and make up lost ground. This will never do, I thought, so as soon as I saw a good sea coming I pitched my bowsprit slap into the thick of it and split the jib, new as it was, from the foot to the luff rope. Second working jib and reefed bowsprit was now the word, the main-sheet was eased to balance the reduced head sail, and in a few minutes, I was cracking along just as I should have done all along, if my dear master had been aboard, overhauling Circe hand over hand.

"Every tack brought me nearer and nearer to her, in spite of all her manœuvring to shake us off, and at length when off St. Catharine's I weathered her, fore-reached her, and gave her a good opportunity of contemplating the full beauty of those proportions in which she herself was most unhappily deficient.

"But 'there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the ship,' as the Scotch mate remarked so soon as he saw the skipper brightening up a bit, and I knew well that we should meet the ebb in the Needles, and the Circe would be up with us in a few minutes, while we hung in the tideway, and might still show us a clean pair of heels in running up the west channel.

"The wind was falling lighter, and drawing to the southward, and little rest or peace did Captain Bolt give the hands who were at work upon the topmast.

"The lieutenant had been very useful with the rigging, and he and the skipper had patched up their differences and were now in high consultation whether to get the top-sail up before the gybe. 'Don't get the taupsle on her, John Bolt;' said the mate. 'Now my sons bear a hand, up with that topsail,' replied the gallant skipper, and up it went.

"A bright idea now struck the lieutenant that by casting off the standing part of the main-sheet and manning both ends he could ease the boom over better in the gybe. The mate ridiculed the plan so the skipper at once adopted it, and a precious plan it was; for it just divided the purchases by two; and when the boom went over it overpowered the men, hove one overboard, knocked two or three flat on the deck, and crushed the Scotchman's fingers in the block: the boom it f plunged two fathom deep in the sea, filled the mainsail half full of wa , which deluged the deck as the boom came aft in the weather roll, wh the bight of the sheet caught the man who had gone overboard by t waist and flung him sprawling upon deck where John Bolt seized hi d——d his eyes, and set him with the lieutenant and all the hands

could muster to reeve the main-sheet and get the square-sail up. This accident might have been fatal, but it did not lose us much way, and the Circe was just poking her nose round the Needles as our square-sail ran up.

"A fleet of yachts had worked down to Hurst to meet us, and many a cheer greeted us as we swaggered away up the west channel, with every kite flying, and every thread of cloth drawing: but Circe was not beaten yet, she was very swift of foot before the wind and she seemed to bring the breeze with her: as she came off Yarmouth she had gained and was only two hundred yards astern, but here we got all hands aft, each man with a bucket of water, a bag of nails or something heavy in his hands, for trimming ballast was not allowed. What would I have given to give them a hint or two, for of course I knew what was wanted, but as I told you these fellows could not make a ship talk or understand my language. We got on a little better for a time, till off Leap. Circe made a regular start and went ahead a length or more, before I felt the breeze, and so we went a mile or more first one bowsprit ahead and then the other.

"The Solent swarmed with craft, all hands cheering, waving their hats, and yelling with excitement, crowds of people ran along the shore shouting with delight, and I vow that I would willingly have bargained to sink at my moorings that very night on condition that I might win. It is a very good proverb which says that 'a little help is worth a deal of pity' and a 'ready wit is worth a world of good wishes' is another, and so thought my Scotch mate; for while all hands were gaping at nothing, he sneaked round under the bulwarks, eased the lanyards of the weather rigging, slacked the backstays, let go a foot or two of the gaff top-sail sheet and slacked up the bobstay fall: the little freedom which this gave me just made the difference: a fine breeze caught me off Egypt Point, I bounded, I leaped, I flew, and leaving the astonished Circe astern, amid the cheers of thousands. A salute of guns from the shore luffed round the mark boat, a winner by half a minute, and three seconds to spare.

"Well," continued Maid Marion, after a short pause, "I must allow that that day was worth living for. I am growing old and ugly, and I'm sure I little thought that I should ever come to such a life as this. N I indeed! and I believe if it were not for thinking of those glorious d s, I should sink sometimes under the load of care and general cargo w ch I have to carry about with me. Oh! sir," she added, in a tone o the deepest pathos, "I lost such a sweet little dingy last winter, w hed overboard and drowned under my very eyes, and—oh! dear! oh!

dear! if its poor dear——" Here a low grumbling sound was heard from the corner where the skipper lay, and the words, "Bill, take and heave a bucket o' water into them creaking old jaws," murmured indistinctly between waking and sleeping, brought these lamentations to a speedy close.

However the old tar soon lapsed into slumber, and in a minute or two Maid Marion resumed her tale, but in subdued and softened strains; and while I could not but be shocked at the rudeness of the bear who could suggest such treatment of an elderly lady, at the same time I was surprised, and not altogether displeased, at the complete efficacy of his threat.

"That was a glorious evening for me as I lay at my moorings, the observed of all observers, every ocean breeze had some compliment to whisper, every ripple of the sea as they crowded around me had some little attention or congratulation to offer, and not a yacht or a wherry passed me without making me a bow or a courtesy, as they rose and fell upon the sea. I felt myself to be the

"Glass of fashion and the mould of form,"

the rose and the expectancy of the Solent fleet, and I was as happy and contented as a young cutter could be.

"But, alas! my dear friend! this life is but a short chopping sea of troubles, the higher we rise, the deeper we are sure to pitch into the trough of misfortune, but my time here is short and I shall soon be where the spirits of departed yachts flit peacefully for ever over summer seas, where there are no scant winds, and the seas never break, where every shore is a weather shore and all reef-earings are unrove.

"That very evening of my first great success brought me bad news from my dear master, he never rallied from the injury he had received, but sank by degrees: for three weeks, I lay at my moorings, but I never saw him more, worse tidings reached us day after day, in less than a month he died, and I of cutters most deject and wretched, was dismantled and sold to Mr. Murdoch, wine merchant, Cheapside for a thousand pounds."

(*To be continued.*)

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE EIGHT-OARED RACE.

[We are enabled by permission to gratify our numerous aquatic patrons with a full account of the proceedings of the crews of the Universities, as it appeared in Bell's Life, which being the compilation of a gentleman well

versed in rowing, cannot fail of being generally acceptable. Many of our yachtsmen as they look over the pages will remember the time when they first engaged in this manly exercise.]

It is well known to most of those versed in aquatic matters, that rowing had become a favourite amusement at Oxford for some time before it was adopted at the sister university; but no sooner had the first blade rippled the dull waters of the Cam, than term after term saw a gradual increase in the number of college boats, and very soon the eight-oared races were established, which, in the course of a few short years, were to raise the university to eminence as the champion of rowing even over the Londoners, with whom at the time it was deemed little short of folly to enter into competition. These college races being fully established at both universities, the merits of the rowing at each place became frequently the subject of discussion and dispute, first among those immediately concerned in them, and then gradually assuming a wider circle of importance and interest. The result of this, as might naturally be expected, was a mutual wish that the question should be set at rest by a decisive trial, and on the 10th of June, 1829, the first university race was rowed at Henley-on-Thames. Oxford rowed in a native boat, and Cambridge in one built by Messrs. Searle, of Stangate. The distance rowed was from a cottage above Hambledon Lock to Henley Bridge. Soon after the start the oars came slightly in contact, and Cambridge, imagining there should be a fresh start, waited for an instant, thus giving Oxford a decided lead, which, before reaching the goal, they improved to several boats' lengths, affording a certain proof that nothing would have altered the fate of the day. We have not been able to obtain the names of the winning crew, but those who rowed in the Cambridge boat were as follows:—

1. Holdsworth, Trinity
2. Bayford, Trinity Hall
3. Warren, Trinity
4. Merivale, John's
5. Entwistle, Trinity
6. Thomson, Jesus
7. Selwyn, John's
8. Snow, John's

Heath, Trinity (cox).

Selwyn, of St. John's, is a brother of the umpire, and now Bishop of New Zealand. The distance was rowed in fourteen minutes.

It is not our office, nor do we know that it would answer any particular end to inquire here into the reasons why so many years have been sometimes suffered to elapse without a renewal of this, the greatest of boat races; we have often expressed an opinion that it should be a *fixture*, and all great authorities have agreed with us in this opinion. It is very true that the chapter of accidents will often cause defeat to stare either one party or the other in the face so palpably, even long before the

definite arrangement, that it is evident they are but marching forth to destruction, yet this is never a reason for backing out, but the contrary; for, however the rowing community may be disappointed at not seeing *two* good crews, it is surely much more grievous when they are debarred from viewing the performances, even of *one*. We once again, then, venture to express the hope that nothing of the sort may ever again deter Oxford and Cambridge from entering the lists, and that, when casual difficulties are foreseen gathering on the horizon, they will be met with boldness and the determination that of itself half overcomes, and never be considered as reasons for declining to row.

It will scarcely be credited in these days of aquatic ardour and rivalry, that, after the race in 1829, so many as eight years passed away without a race. In the meantime, while Oxford had not been idle, Cambridge had made such rapid strides in the art of rowing, that a writer of great authority, in speaking of the history of those times, says, "At Cambridge itself, eight-oar rowing came to be looked upon as an undertaking of great magnitude, involving a vast deal of thought, labour, and close attention to certain leading rules with which its very existence was identified." A certain acknowledged standard of style was set up, of which the most celebrated oarsmen of the time were the representatives; every rowing man of that time had a tolerably distinct idea in his head what he had to aim at in his own person; and all crews which were in earnest, endeavoured to carry out those maxims which the success of their authors had made triumphant. Some clubs at Cambridge particularly distinguished themselves as *schools of style*, and numbering, as they did, among their numbers, some of the best oarsmen that the world ever saw, and the most able of coxswains, supplied in their proportion the university crew with a succession of competent hands, and long continued to hold a first rank as the champions of style and beauty of rowing.

Thus a race of rowing men was reared, the like of which has not existed, and whose conduct insensibly led other naval powers to think and act as they did. At that time Cambridge was thoroughly furnished with all the panoply of rowing; she was strong in herself, had nothing to learn from without, and required no assistance, because her own members excelled in everything. First-rate oarsmen were reared in plenty, because they were mostly reared after one style, and this, of course, contributed immensely to uniformity in picked crews; and there were, perhaps, more efficient coxswains at one time in that university, than have been produced in all other places put together, both before and after.

Such was the state of things when, in the year 1836, the second match was agreed upon, and, after much discussion, as to place and distance, the then usual London course, from Westminster Bridge to Putney, was selected as the fittest. Accordingly, on the 17th of June, the two following crews took their stations at the piers of the centre arch of Westminster Bridge:—

OXFORD.	CAMBRIDGE.
1. Carter, St. John's	1. Solly, Trinity
2. Stevens, Exon	2. Green, Caius
3. Baillie, Christchurch	3. Stanley, Jesus
4. Harris, Magdalen	4. Hartley, Trinity Hall
5. Isham, Christchurch	5. Jones, Caius
6. Pennefather, Baliol	6. Keane, Trinity
7. Thompson, Jesus	7. Upcher, Trinity
8. Moysey, Christchurch	8. Granville, Corpus
Davis, Jesus (cox).	Egan, Caius (cox).

We can find no record of the weights of the men, but remember that they were rather heavy, Oxford having slightly the preponderance. The boats were built by Logan, of Cambridge, and King, of Oxford, respectively. Lord Loftus, of Balliol, and Mr. Hickson, of Christchurch, were umpires, and Cambridge won the race by one minute, doing the distance in thirty-six minutes, the length of time being accounted for by the fact of their meeting the ebb at Wandsworth.

After this there was again an interval, though this time not so long, and on Wednesday, April the 3rd, 1839, the third University race came off from Westminster to Putney. The start took place at thirteen minutes before five, and precisely at eighteen minutes past, Cambridge, the winning boat, shot through the centre arch of Putney Bridge, beating their opponents by 1m. 45s. Messrs Selwyn and Wollaston, were umpires, and W. Harrison, Esq., Commodore of the R. T.Y.C., referee. Oxford rowed in a boat built by King, and Cambridge in one by Searle.

The crews were:—

OXFORD.	CAMBRIDGE.
1. Lee, Queen's	1. Shadwell, St. John's
2. Compton, Merton	2. Smyth, Trinity
3. Maberley, Christchurch	3. Abercrombie, Caius
4. Garnett, Christchurch	4. Paris, Corpus
5. Walls, Brazenose	5. Penrose, Trinity
6. Hobhouse, Balliol	6. Yatman, Caius
7. Powys, Balliol	7. Brett, Caius
8. Bewick, University	8. Stanley, Jesus
Foulkes, Exon (cox).	Egan, Caius (cox).

On the 15th of April, 1840, the fourth match came off over the same course, the crews being:—

OXFORD.	CAMBRIDGE.
1. Mountain, Merton	1. Shadwell, John's
2. Pocock, Merton	2. Massey, Trinity
3. Maberly, Christchurch	3. Taylor, Trinity
4. Rogers, Balliol	4. Ridley, Jesus
5. Walls, Brasenose	5. Uppleby, Magdalen
6. Royde, Brasenose	6. Penrose, Magdalen
7. Meynell, Brasenose	7. Jones, Magdalen
8. Cocks, Brasenose	8. Vialls, Trinity
Garnett, Brasenose (cox).	Egan, Caius (cox).

This was a very closely contested affair, Oxford leading the way till beyond the Red House; they went through Battersea Bridge almost oar and oar, and on arriving at Putney, the stern of the Oxford boat was nearly even with the stroke oar of Cambridge. The distance was rowed by the winners in twenty-nine minutes and a half.

In 1841, the match took place on the 14th of April, the crews being:—

	OXFORD.	st.	lb.		CAMBRIDGE.	st.	lb.
1.	Bethell, Exon	10	6	1.	Croker, Caius	9	12
2.	Richards, Christchurch	11	2	2.	Denman, Magdalen	10	12
3,	Mountain, Merton	10	9	3.	Ritchie, Trinity	11	10
4.	Royde, Brasenose	11	13	4.	Ridley, Jesus	12	7
5.	Hodgson, Balliol	11	10	5.	Cobbold, Peter's	12	4
6.	Lea, Brazenose	11	7	6.	Penrose, Magdalen	12	0
7.	Meynell, Brazenose	11	11	7.	Denman, Trinity	10	7
8.	Cocks, Brazenose	11	3	8.	Vialls, Trinity	11	7
	Wollaston, Exon (cox)	9	2		J. Croker, Caius (cox)	10	8

Messrs. Egan and Walls were umpires, and Mr. Antrobus, M.P., referee. Both boats were built by Searle, and were 52ft. 7in. in length, and Cambridge were the winners by 1m. 4s., rowing the distance from Westminster to Putney in thirty-two minutes and a half.

Thus had Oxford been defeated in no less than four successive matches, when the long-remembered names of Shadwell and Menzies first appeared in the list of University oarsmen; these gentlemen, by introducing a system entirely unknown at Oxford, totally changed the aspect of rowing affairs, and laid the foundation for that greatness which has ever since been preserved there. The writer above quoted says, "The history of rowing at Oxford is a melancholy one, till the older race of rowing men having passed away, the government came into other and abler hands. By that time it had been universally felt by Oxford men that their system was a faulty one, and entailed unavoidable defeat if persisted in. Fortunately it happened that the men who now came to the head of affairs, were heartily opposed to the narrow-minded policy which had hitherto reigned, and determined to eradicate the whole existent malady. They met with opposition at first, but, on the whole, things went well

with them; a single victory gave them a moral ascendancy sufficient to carry out their plans with a high hand, and in two seasons the Augean stable was cleansed. At Oxford, as at Cambridge, the improvement in the college boat-races, and the business-like method of training university crews, could not fail to be received by all the rowing men as the true direction of affairs. One principal satisfaction of the Oxford reformers was to be able to prove that Oxford was competent to rear her own rowing men, and to bring into the field first-rate crews without any foreign assistance, it having been their fixed opinions that gentlemen can always, when they exert themselves, manage their own cause better than any hired waterman. In choosing their crews they were not contented to take men merely because they had a rowing reputation; they chose every man upon his individual merits, and his disposition to be obedient, and if they could not find enough ready formed oars, they took young likely hands and taught them. They kept continually in practice throughout the year, some crew or other, so that a proportion of university oarsmen were always rowing together, which smoothed away many difficulties. In short they were energetic, and their energies being directed on sound principles they were successful."

We now come to the sixth match, which was rowed from Westminster to Putney, on the 11th of June, 1842, by the following crews:—

	OXFORD.	st.	lb.		CAMBRIDGE.	st.	lb.
1.	Macdougall, Magdalen Hall	9	8	1.	Tower, John's	10	2
2.	R. Menzies, University	11	3	2.	L. Denman, Magdalen	10	11
3.	Breedon, Trinity	12	4	3.	Watson, Jesus	10	13
4.	Brewster, John's	12	10	4.	Penrose, Magdalen	11	10
5.	Bourne, Oriel	13	12	5.	Cobbold, Peter's	12	6
6.	Coxe, Trinity	11	8	6.	Royd's Christ's	11	7
7.	Hughes, Oriel	11	6	7.	G. Denman, Trinity	10	9
8.	Menzies, University	10	12	8.	Ridley, Jesus	12	0
	Shadwell, Balliol (cox)	10	4		Pollock, Trinity (cox)	9	7

This race was won by Oxford, who rowed the distance in 30m. 45s., beating Cambridge by thirteen seconds. Searle built the Cambridge, and King the Oxford craft. W. Harrison Esq., was sole umpire, and this was the last race ever rowed from Westminster.

In the two following years there was not a race on the London waters, but, at the Thames and Henley Regattas, Oxford produced some splendid c-ws, and were very successful.

n 1845, the race was rowed on the 15th of March, from Putney l lge to the Ship, at Mortlake, the course being about four miles and a iarter, or nearly a mile and a half shorter than the old one. The c vs were:—

	OXFORD.	st.	lb.		CAMBRIDGE.	st.	lb.
1.	Haggard, Christchurch	10	3	1.	Mann, Caius	10	7
2.	Stapylton, Merton	10	12	2.	W. Harkness, John's	10	10
3.	Milman, Christchurch	10	0	3.	Lockhart, Christ's	11	3
4.	Lewis, Pembroke	11	7	4.	Cloves, Trinity	12	8
5.	Buckle. Oriel	13	12	5.	Arnold, Caius	12	6
6.	Royds, Brazenose	11	5	6.	Harkness, John's	11	10
7.	Wilson, Christchurch	12	3	7.	Richardson, Trinity	12	2
8.	Tuke, Brazenose	12	2	8.	Hill, Trinity	11	3
	Richards, Merton (cox)	10	10		Munster, Trinity (cox).	9	2

Cambridge were the winnners by thirty seconds, and rowed the distance in twenty-three minutes and a half. The boats were built by Logan, for Cambridge, and King, for Oxford. W. Harrison, Esq., was again umpire.

It was about this period that the "outrigger" boat, which had been introduced by the celebrated Claspers,* was becoming generally used, and the university race in 1846, was, we believe, the first eight-oared race in which they were used. King built the Oxford boat, which was fifty-eight feet and a half in length, and Searle that in which Cambridge rowed; she was two feet longer. C. Selwyn, Esq,, was umpire. The race came off on Friday, April the 3rd, from Mortlake to Putney, and was won by Cambridge, who rowed the distance in 21m. 5s., beating Oxford by two lengths, after one of the best and severest races ever witnessed. The following are the names of the contending parties:—

	OXFORD.	st.	lb.		CAMBRIDGE.	st.	lb.
1.	Polehampton, Pembroke	10	9½	1.	Murdoch, John's	10	2
2.	Burton, Christ Church	11	0	2.	Holroyd, Trinity	11	1
3.	Heygate, Merton	11	8	3.	Clissold, Trinity	11	10
4.	Penfold, John's	11	8	4.	Cloves, Trinity	12	12
5.	Conant John's	12	4	5.	Wilder, Magdalen	13	2
6.	Royds, Brazenose	11	9	6.	Harkness, John's	11	7
7.	Stapylton, Merton	10	12	7.	Wolstenhome, Trinity	11	1
8.	Milman, Christ Church.	11	0	8.	Hill, Trinity	11	1
	Soames, John's (cox)	9	13		Loyd, St. John's (cox)	9	8

The next race between the Universities was rowed on 29th of March, 1849, and was also won by Cambridge, who did the distance from Putney to Mortlake in 22m. leaving Oxford, who led to Chiswick Eyot, many lengths astern. T. H. Fellows, Esq. of the Leander, was umpire. Messrs Searle built the Cambridge, and Hall the Oxford boat. The names of the crews were:—

* Hunt, the boat builder, had, however, many years before, constructed an outrigger, but the amateurs did not adopt the principle, and no other appeared until the Claspers came to London.

	OXFORD.	st.	lb.		CAMBRIDGE.	st.	lb.
1.	Wauchope, Wadham	10	4	1.	Proby, Trinity	11	0
2.	Chitty, Balliol	11	2	2.	Jones, Trinity	10	12
3.	Tremayne, Christchurch	11	5	3.	De Rutzen, Trinity	11	8
4.	Burton, Christchurch	12	0	4.	Holden, Trinity	11	8
5.	Steward, University	12	0	5.	Bagshawe, Trinity	11	12
6.	Mansfield Christchurch	11	8	6.	Waddington, Trinity	11	10
7.	Sykes, Worcester	11	0	7.	Hodgson, Trinity	11	2
8.	Rich, Christchurch	10	0	8.	Wray, Trinity	10	11
	Soames, (cox)	9	13		Booth, (cox) Trinity	10	12

On the 15th of December in the same year the Universities met again, thinking, if we remember rightly, that the Christmas vacation would be found more convenient to both parties than Easter. This race ended most unfortunately in a foul, the umpire, T. Fellows, Esq. deciding that Cambridge was in fault. It was the first instance of such a thing occurring in the University matches, and was greatly deplored by all. The following is a list of the crews:—

	OXFORD.	st.	lb.		CAMBRIDGE.	st.	lb.
1.	Hornsby, Brazenose	11	0	1.	Baldry, Trinity	10	10
2.	Houghton, Brazenose	11	2	2.	Pellew, Trinity	11	0
3.	Woodhouse, Exon	11	7	3.	De Rutzen, Trinity	12	8
4.	Chitty, Balliol	11	9	4.	Holden, Trinity	11	11
5.	Aitkin, Exon	12	1	5.	Bagshawe, Trinity	12	0
6.	Steward, Oriel	12	2	6.	Miller, Trinity	12	0
7.	Sykes, Worcester	11	2	7.	Richards, Trinity	11	3
8.	Rich, Christchurch	10	2	8.	Wray, Clare Hall	11	0
	Cotton Christchurch (cox)	9	0		Booth, Trinity (cox)	10	12

Both boats were built by Messrs Searle.

The next match made between the Universities was in 1852, after a lapse of two years. It was fixed for the 3rd of April, on which day, accordingly, it was rowed. Messrs Searle built both the boats, and Charles Selwyn, Esq. officiated as umpire. The following are the names of the contending crews:—

	OXFORD.		CAMBRIDGE,
1.	Prescott, Brazenose College	1.	Macnaghten, Trinity
2.	Greenall, Brazenose College	2.	Brandt, Trinity
3.	Nind, Christ Church	3.	Tuckey, John's
4.	Buller, Balliol	4.	Foord, Trinity
5.	Dennee, University	5.	Hawley, Sidney
6.	Houghton, Brazenose College	6.	Longmore, Sidney
7.	Meade King, Pembroke	7.	Norris, Trinity
8.	Chitty, Balliol	8.	Johnson, Trinity
	Cotton, Christ Church (cox)		Crosse, Caius (cox)

This race was a very one-sided affair from the beginning, and was won by Oxford, who rowed the distance from Putney to Mortlake in 21m. 36s. beating their opponents by 27s.

We now come to the last contest, which was decided on Saturday,

the 8th of April, last. Thus it will be seen, that of the twelve races which have been rowed, and which have spread over a period of twenty-six years, seven have been decided in favour of Cambridge, and five in favour of Oxford.

Very early in last term it was agreed between the Universities to have a renewal of the contest at Easter, and Oxford immediately set to work with the selection of their crew, and soon got into practice and training, having for some time the valuable aid of their old coxswain, Mr. Shadwell, and latterly being sometimes visited and tutored by Mr. Chitty; Cambridge also availed themselves of the experience of an old member of their club, but college races prevented them from making the selection of their crew before the beginning of March. It is not our place minutely to enter into all the vicissitudes which sometimes wait upon the formation of a university crew, even were we enabled to get at more than a vague report, yet it is but justice to those who came forward when called upon at the eleventh hour, so late as within a week from the time at which the crew left Cambridge, to make mention of the very adverse circumstances under which they rowed, and which makes what they did entitled to so much the higher praise. Neither Mr. Courage nor Mr. Wright had practised with the crew more than five days, having been substituted for others whom illness or other causes prevented from rowing. Indeed we received intelligence ten days before the match that there was every likelihood of its not coming off, which we forebore to publish, in the sanguine hope that things might yet assume a more favourable aspect, which hope fortunately proved to be well founded. On Wednesday 29th of March, the Oxford crew arrived at Putney, and took up their quarters at the Bells, where every attention was paid them; Cambridge arrived on Saturday, 1st of April, an ominous day, and were most comfortably entertained during their stay by Mrs. Finch, at the Star and Garter. During the week following, both crews rowed daily over the course with the exception of Cambridge the last two days, who were evidently aware of their want of strength, and deemed it expedient to husband it somewhat more against the day of struggle. Oxford had brought such a reputation with them from Alma Mater for strength, weight, condition, and good rowing, while the misfortunes of Cambridge were not unknown, that the odds at the beginning of the week were everywhere about two to one on them; but after the beautiful rowing of Cambridge, their excellent manner of getting forward, and their apparently good condition had been seen, and the respective trials had been timed, these odds fell to evens, and those who had much money on Oxford drew long faces, and were inclined to hedge. There was, indeed, a

general opinion that Cambridge might pull through. However, after Oxford had beaten the Watermen, which Cambridge was unable to do, and a scratch crew from their own University had shown itself capable of "holding" Cambridge for some distance, and out-rowing them at first, betting again assumed the odds of five and six to four on Oxford, freely offered, and as shyly taken. It was now apparent that strength must have it. On the day before the race both crews only went out for a short breathing, and a few starts. In the evening it was arranged that the start should take place as near eleven A.M. as possible, as it would then be about high water. Never did more brilliant morning or more genial sun attend upon a University race, and at an early hour the stream of Hansom cabs, long and unbroken, which poured over Putney Bridge was extraordinary. Ten steamboats, crowded with the members of either University and their friends, lay along the shore, and every nook and corner, house roof, and window, from whence even a peep might be obtained, was filled with anxious spectators, while the towing-path was covered with hundreds afoot, and among the numerous horsemen many a fair equestrian. Westminster attended in two eights, making a very good display of rowing; St. John's College, Cambridge and the Wandle Club, together with numerous four-oars, &c, were also on the water. Shortly after eleven, the umpire, C. J. Selwyn, Esq. formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge, and one of our most renowned oarsmen, who has so often officiated on similar occasions, took his seat in a cutter, manned by eight picked watermen, and proceeded to the bridge, where Mr. Edward Searle, time out of mind the able starter of these races, was stationed in a boat to do his office. In a few minutes the contending boats shot forth from the yard, and going down a short turn through the bridge, returned by the centre arch, and took their stations amidst general cheering. The following are the names of the rowers:—

OXFORD.	st.	lb.	CAMBRIDGE.	st.	lb.
1. Short, New Coll.	10	5	1. Galton, Trinity	9	10
2. Hooke, Worcester	10	0	2. Nairne, Emanuel	10	2
3. Pinckney, Exon	11	2	3. Davis, Trinity	11	1
4. Blundell, Christ's	11	8	4. Agnew, Trinity	10	12
5. Hooper, Pembroke	11	5	5. Courage, Trinity	11	13
6. Nind, Christ's	10	12	6. Johnson, Trinity	10	13
7. Mellish, Exon	11	2	7. Blake, Corpus	11	1
8. Meade-King, Pembroke	11	8	8. Wright, John's	10	2
Marshall Exon (cox)	10	3	Smith, Caius (cox)	2	12

Oxford, having won the toss, took the Middlesex side, and both boats being in readiness, with the rowers stretching forward, all eyes were looking anxiously for the start.

THE START.

which was most admirably effected by Mr. Searle, the oars of both boats dashing into the water simultaneously. Nothing could be more beautiful than this first burst of two such excellent crews, and though its duration, as a strife for the mastery, was not of long continuance, great was the admiration excited in the minds of all those oarsmen spectators, who had once borne their part too in many a similar struggle. After they had gone about a quarter of a mile the Oxonians began to show steadily ahead, and though, opposite the Vice-Chancellor's [we cannot help retaining this name from old associations] Cambridge, in a noble spurt, regained nearly half a boat's length, but before the Crab Tree was arrived at, Oxford had cleared its length. On nearing Hammersmith Bridge, a barge going up with the last remnant of the flood stood decidedly in the course, and gave both steerers an opportunity for a display of skill and judgment, of which the Cambridge coxswain availed himself, promptly going between the barge and the pier. Some complained that the Oxford boat was steered too suddenly wide of the barge, but it was making sure on the safe side, and there was not that "pressure from without" which sometimes justifies great risk. After the bridge, Oxford was at least two boats' length ahead, rowing in splendid style, and though Cambridge rowed with most unflinching pluck, and without deviating in the least from the goodness of their "form" it was quite evident that no change could be wrought, and eventually Oxford rowed past the flag boat amidst cheers of thousands, exactly eleven strokes in advance of their competitors, the distance [they met the ebb at Chiswick] in 25m. 29s. Neither of the crews exhibited any signs of distress at the finish; indeed, their superb condition prevented the possibility of it. The style of their rowing was very similar, as, indeed all good rowing always must be, the chief difference being that Oxford was slightly higher on the feather. In Corney Reach, when the strokes of both boats happened to be in time together, they were rowing thirty nine in the minute. Immediately on getting out of their "ships" at Mortlake both crews repaired to the Cedars, the hospitable mansion of Mr. Phillips, who entertained them at lunch, and in the evening they sat down to dinner with a numerous party of their friends, at the Albion Tavern, in Aldersgate Street, where good fellow-ship and hilarity contributed to a most pleasant evening.

After the cloth had been removed and the usual loyal toasts had been drunk, Mr. Wright, who occupied the vice-chair, proposed the health of the winning crew, and expressed his regret that the accumulation of untoward events had prevented Cambridge from sending forth a crew

more worthy of their gallant conquerors. Mr. Meade King returned thanks in a feeling and eloquent address, and after the Cambridge crew had been toasted with all due honour, he proposed the health of Mr. Selwyn, the umpire, who was always so ready to render his valuable services on these occasions. Mr. Selwyn, who, on rising was received with loud and protracted cheering, said this was now the fifth generation of rowing men over whom he had the honor of presiding as umpire, and that however much he might always wish to be of service, where it pleased others to think him serviceable, he thought that he was now no longer young and active enough to act in the capacity again. Besides there was one man among them so signally qualified, to take his place, one who had so distinguished himself by flood and field, and whose reputation for integrity and impartiality stood so high, that none could doubt him to be the proper man. Need he mention Mr. Chitty? After a few more speeches, and some songs the party broke up, and all departed, satisfied, to their homes.

Messrs. Searle and Sons built both the boats, which were each sixty-five feet in length. We rather preferred that in which the Oxford crew rowed, in spite of her being thought by some too heavy.

LONDON MODEL YACHT CLUB RULES.

Repeated applications have been made to us for the rules of different Clubs, therefore we intend whenever opportunity offers to insert them, in the pages of this *Magazine*, which will be a means of preserving them for reference.

Fundamental Rule.—A resolution having been passed at a Club meeting held on Monday evening, June 7th, 1852, "That pleasure yachts not exceeding five tons shall be admitted into the London Model Yacht Club as sailing models," it is here laid down as a fundamental rule, to which every new member when he joins the Club is expected to subscribe (whether he has been called upon by any member of the Club or not to do so,) and which shall never be rescinded or altered but by unanimous consent (without even one exception.) That no undue preference with regard to sailing matches, prizes, or any other matter whatsoever, shall at any time be shown or voted by ballot, or otherwise, to yachts of greater measurement than 1,000 inches, (as per rule.) That this class of yacht, being the true and original maximum for model yacht sailing, shall so long as two or more remain, the property of two or more members, and are or should have been entered on the Club register as such—they shall be awarded prize for prize of equal value at

least, or more, with any one, or all other classes which are now, or may be hereafter entered, or should have been entered on the Club register.

W. Tuckwell, *Commodore.*
T. H. Williams, *Vice Commodore.*
J. P. Gordon, *Rear Commodore.*
W. B. Crabb, *Hon Secretary.*

GENERAL RULES.

I.—That the Club shall be called "The London Model Yacht Club."

II.—That the officers of the Club shall consist of a Commodore, Vice-Commodore, Rear-Commodore, Treasurer, Secretary, Cup-Bearer, two Auditors, and a Committee for "sailing and general purposes," (consisting of the officers and five other members;) and that their annual election shall be at the monthly meeting in December, and that they shall take office on the 1st of January following. The nomination to take place at the November meeting.

III.—That the members shall meet at the Club room on the first Tuesday in every month at half past 7 o'clock; the chair to be taken at 8 o'clock precisely, by one of the officers present.

IV.—That ten members (including the secretary) shall be sufficient for transacting business, and should there not be a flag officer present, the chairman may be chosen for the evening.

V.—That the members may each introduce a friend at the Club room, except erased members or rejected candidates but not the same person more than twice during the half year.

VI.—That every member before he takes his seat shall sign his name, and also the names and addresses of any visitors he may introduce, in a book kept for that purpose.

VII. That no person shall be admitted as a member, until he has been proposed by one member and seconded by another at a general meeting, and ballotted for on the next, one dissentient in three to exclude; and should a rejected candidate be again proposed and again rejected he cannot be put in nomination a third time for one year at least.

VIII.—That the flag officers shall have the privilege *ex officio*, of inserting in the monthly circular the names of any candidates who may have announced to either of them their desire for election, subsequent to the last monthly meeting, and should they be seconded at the next monthly meeting, and voted in by the usual majority, they shall be declared duly elected.

IX.—That the proposers and seconders of new members shall be liable for their entrance fees and first year's subscriptions.

X.—That the annual subscription shall be 6s., and for honorary members 10s., with an admission fee of 5s. for each member. Life members upon one payment of £3. 3s.

XI.—That only officers in Her Majesty's service and members of Royal Yacht Clubs, shall be eligible to become life members.

XII.—That a postage fund shall be raised of 1s. per annum each member such fund to be applied to the issue of a monthly notice of candidates for election, (and other business occasionally) to the members.

That the annual subscription shall become due on the 1st of January in each year, but no member whose election shall be subsequent to the October monthly meeting, and previous to the general meeting in January, shall be liable for any further subscription till the second January after election.

XIII.—That whosoever shall suffer his subscription or dues to be in arrear, shall forfeit his privilege of voting until they are paid, and after six successive months of default, he shall be considered no longer a member.

XIV.—That the Auditors shall, twice in the year, viz:—previous to the monthly meetings in January and July, examine into and report to the club (at those meetings) the state of its finances; and that the accounts be made up to the 30th of June and the 31st of December.

XV.—That the books of the club shall be kept open till 10 o'clock, at which hour they shall be closed, if business will permit. No notice of motion to be given after that hour.

XVI.—That any member wishing to propose an alteration or addition to the Rules or Sailing Regulations, must give notice thereof in writing, and state the nature of such alteration or addition at a Club meeting, and move it at the next monthly meeting, when, if seconded, a ballot shall be taken thereon; and to effect the proposed alteration, the number voting for it must, at least, be double the number opposing it; any smaller number being a negative. No member, who shall have given notice of motion, can be allowed to withdraw it except by leave of the Club.—N.B. It must be understood that the fundamental rule *is not subject to this rule—that* can only be altered or rescinded by UNANIMOUS consent.

XVII.—That whatever alterations or additions to these Rules and Sailing Regulations may hereafter be resolved upon, they shall not be in force during the current year.

XVIII.—That any member who may desire to vote upon notices of motion, according to rule 15, yet unable to attend in person, may do so by letter directed to the Chairman or Secretary at the club-room, provided that he was present on the night notice of motion was given.

XIX.—That the Secretary shall summon an especial meeting on receiving directions from two of the Flag Officers, or a requisition signed by not less than Ten members, whose subscriptions or fees are not in arrear. Such requisition to state the object of the proposed meeting.

XX.—That no political, religious, or personal dispute, or betting, or settling of bets or disputes, shall be permitted in the club-room, under any circumstances whatever; nor any public challenge be given by any member of the club.

XXI.—That whoever may engage to sail for any prize or wager whether with a brother member or not, shall be considered as far as may be practicable under club laws, and subject to fine or expulsion if proved guilty of dishonouring the flag.

XXII.—That the Officers individually or collectively, may refuse to certify the resignation of a member till the next general meeting if they think proper, when it must receive the assent of one-third of the members present.

XXIII.—That prizes shall be sailed for by the several Classes of yachts qualified according to Sailing Regulations and at appointed times between the first day of March and the last day of September; such prizes not to be in specie.

XXIV.—That no prizes shall be given if the balance in the Treasurer's hands be less than £5.

XXV.—That no member shall be permitted to divulge the transactions of the club, when of a personal nature, under pain of expulsion, censure or fine.

XXVI.—That all protests and disputes shall be referred to the Committee for "Sailing and General purposes" whose decision shall be final.

XXVII.—That no member shall lend, sell, or give away the club colours except to a brother member, nor shall he permit any yacht besides those he has registered in the club books to carry them.

XXVIII.—That the Club Uniform shall be as follows viz: A plain blue dress or frock coat, a white or buff waistcoat, each with the club buttons, and trousers blue, or white. The Undress Uniform, waistcoat, and trousers blue as before mentioned, and a blue jacket with club buttons, in either dress a black neckerchief.

The Flag Officers to have additional buttons under the flaps and on the cuffs, with gold cable round the wrists. The caps to be of one uniform make, with gold cable round, and Nautilus in centre.

XXIX.—That an Opening trip, Closing trip, and Club Dinner, shall be appointed Annually, on such days as the Committee may determine.

XXX.—That the Chairman shall be empowered to enforce these rules, and to dismiss the meeting when he thinks proper so to do.

XXXI.—That the wilful infraction of these Rules; or the Sailing Regulations, shall subject the member or members to fine or expulsion.

XXXII.—Finally that all members shall promote the stability and respectability of the club, by a strict and willing adherence to these and the sailing regulations, and it is much to be wished that the members may be known from non-members during the time of sailing, not only by the Club ensign, but also by their gentlemanly bearing and the beauty and completeness of their craft.

General Match Sailing Regulations.

1.—That all Club matches and all yachts sailing therein shall be under the direction of a flag officer. All directions to be given in strict conformity with the Club regulations.

2.—That no member whose election has been within three months, or whose yacht has not been registered, and named at least one month previous to the day for the match, or whose subscriptions or fines are in arrears, shall be eligible.

3.—That all yachts of whichever class, shall be propelled by wind and sail only.

4.—That no yacht belonging to more than one owner shall be allowed to sail in any Club Match, unless each and every owner of such yacht be a member of the Club.

5.—That no boat used as a working boat, or let out for hire under any circumstances, shall be entered on the Club Register.

6.—That no member shall be permitted to enter more than one yacht in a Club Match, the last night of entry to be the General Monthly Meeting, next before the match.

7.—That in the event of the Flag officers being competing members, or unable to attend, the Sailing Committee shall appoint a member (not having a vessel entered) to act as President of the match.

8.—That First and Second Class yachts shall pay an entrance fee for a Club Match, to be previously named by the Sailing Committee.

9.—That neither the winner in the last match, nor his yacht (whether it has or has not changed ownership) shall be eligible for the next Sailing Match of that class.

10.—That in the event of the first yacht not being entitled to the prize, through non-observance of the Club regulations, the first yacht which shall have fully complied with them shall be declared the winner.

11.—That the only acknowledged method of communication between the umpires and the sailing members shall be by signals, and all parties interested are expected to attend to them as speedily as possible.

12.—That wilful obstruction on the part of any one member towards another, shall subject the offender to a fine or expulsion, as the Club may decide.

13.—That Club Matches shall be fairly sailed and the prizes honourably won in the true and strict meaning of those terms.

14.—That the prize shall be presented to the winner by the Chairman at the first Monthly Meeting after the match.

15.—That as many unforeseen circumstances may render it necessary to rescind some one or more of the Sailing Regulations, it shall be in the power of the Officers or the competing members to call a Sailing Committee meeting for that purpose, when the arrangements made shall be absolute for the forthcoming match only.

Lastly it is expected that all those who engage in a Club Match will not lose their temper though they may lose the prize; that they will strive to win with as little obstruction to their neighbouring opponents as possible, and that the efforts of every one engaged, will be accompanied with hearty good will and genuine friendly feeling to all—particularly to those who may appear to be getting the best of it.

First Class Sailing Regulations.

1.—That five tons shall be the maximum tonnage, measured in the following manner:—That the outside length be taken at two-thirds of the height

from the rabbet of the keel to the deck at stem and stern posts, (the counter to be included in the measurement if more than one-third of the depth from the deck to the rabbet of the keel) from which substracting three-fifths of the breadth, the remainder shall be esteemed the just length of the keel, to find the tonnage; and the breadth shall be taken from the outside of the outside plank in the broadest part of the yacht, whether that shall be above or below the main wales, exclusive of all manner of doubling planks that may be wrought upon the sides of the yacht, then multiplying the length of the keel by the breadth so taken, and that product by half the breadth, and dividing the whole by ninety-four, the quotient shall be deemed the true contents of the tonnage.

2.—That unless five yachts shall be entered, and four start, no prize be given. Time for difference of tonnage to be allowevd viz: one minute per ton by the larger yachts to the smaller

3.—That the yachts in a Match shall start from a buoy or boat directly opposite Greenwich Hospital, and sail to such point as the Sailing Committee shall determine, and shall round the distance buoy, and pass the winning buoy, leaving both on the port hand.

4.—That all yachts shall be at their stations within one quarter of an hour after the signal to take stations has been given by the Commodore, or shall not be allowed to sail in the Match.

5.—That the owners of yachts entered to sail in a Club Match, shall draw lots for stations; and No. 1, shall at all times take the Southward Station, the other yachts to follow in numerical order.

6.—That during a Match every yacht shall be steered by a Member or Members only.

7.—That the yachts in a Match shall be started under the following regulations:—The first gun from the Commodore to be the signal to take stations; the second gun to prepare, and third to start; no sail to be hoisted until the third gun is fired.

8.—That all yachts during the time of sailing in a Match shall have a proper distinguishing colour, of the following dimensions, viz:—eighteen inches in the hoist by two feet in the fly, at the topmast head, unless it should be necessary to strike the topmast, when it may be carried on a staff at the mainmast head, or wherever the commanding officer of the day may appoint.

9.—That no ballast shall be shipped or unshipped during the Match, and no water ballast allowed; that no sweeps shall be used, and in skeeting, the skeet shall not be used as a sweep.—To skeet to windward only.

10.—That during a Match, should any yacht engaged therein foul any road, tier, or vessel at anchor, she shall be allowed to shove or warp clear, if unassisted by any person out of the yacht, except the crew or crews of the vessel or vessels so fouled; any person during a Match, leaving a yacht engaged therein (unless accidentally knocked overboard)shall cause her claim to the prize to be forfeited.

11.—That during a match the following canvas only shall be allowed, viz:

Cutters, four-sails; viz. main-sail, fore-sail jib, gaff, or jib-headed top-sail.

Yawls, six sails, viz. try-sail, fore-sail, jib, gaff-top-sail, mizen and mizen top-sail.

Schooners, canvas not limited, square sails excepted. In no case shall the jib exceed two feet in the head, or be hoisted above the main-mast head, or any sail or sails be boomed out to windward. All sails to be trimmed on one side.

12.—That in all matches should the leading yacht not be enabled to round the distance buoy by five o'clock, or, should the leading yacht not be enabled to pass the winning buoy by ten o'clock, p.m., the match be re-sailed the following day, or any other day the Sailing Committee may name, the time to be decided by the officer in command at the match.

13.—That in sailing to windward, the yacht on the port tack shall give way to the yacht on the starboard tack; and that any yacht disregarding this regulation shall be considered as altogether out of the match, and forfeit all claim to the prize.

14.—That if two yachts should be standing for the shore or any road or tier, and the yacht to leeward be likely to run aground or foul of any road or tier, or not be able to stay without the windward yacht running foul of her, the windward yacht shall be put about, upon being hailed by any member of the Club who may be on board the leeward yacht: the yacht to leeward shall also go about at the same time as the yacht she hails.

15.—That any yacht having been disabled by foul sailing on the part of any other yacht, or having valid cause of complaint, must hoist the Club ensign in lieu of her distinguishing flag, as a signal of protest, which shall remain hoisted until acknowledged by a gun, or dipping the ensign by the officer in command. And also, in any of the matches of this Club, should any yacht wilfully foul another sailing in the same match, the member in command of such yacht so fouling, upon being declared guilty of the same by the Sailing Committee, shall be liable to expulsion by a general vote of the Club:

16.—That the yachts shall be allowed to anchor during a match if they require it; provided that they afterwards weigh the anchor.

17.—That in case of a match being re-sailed, the owners may alter the trim of their yachts, and take in or put out ballast previous to starting.

18.—That every first class yacht, previous to sailing in a match in this club, shall be measured pursuant to Rule 1, under the inspection of three members of the Club, one to be chosen by the owner of the yacht, and two by the Sailing Comm ittee, and that such measurement shall be afterwards entered in the Club Register, and be considered as the actual tonnage of such yacht for all purposes connected with the Club, until any alteration shall be made in such yacht likely to effect her tonnage, of which alteration notice must be immediately given to the secretary specifying the nature thereof.

Second Class (or 12 feet) Regulations.

1.—That this class shall consist of yachts not exceeding 12 feet on the

load water line, (taken in the same manner as the other classes) without any restriction whatever in the hull, except that a taffrail or counter must shew abaft the rudder head.

2.—That no old boat shall be admitted, but every yacht shall be built expressly for the class, and for "experimental purposes."

3.—That they shall all have a gold cable round the wales, and club burgee (nautilus) painted on the bows.

4.—That such yachts shall not be lent for hire, under pain of expulsion and forfeiture of club moorings.

5.—That during a match each yacht shall be sailed by a member in club uniform (dress or undress.)

6.—That each yacht shall be provided with life-buoy and belt, or some other means of preserving life in case of accident, to the satisfaction of the Sailing Committee.

7.—That every yacht of this class shall be examined and approved by the Sailing Committee before she can be entered on the Club Register, and also before a Club match.

8.—In all other respects to follow First Class Regulations, unless the Sailing Committee may determine otherwise upon any one particular occasion.

Third Class Sailing Regulations.

1.—That 1,000 inches shall be the maximum for third class models, and 800 inches the minimum, taken in the following manner:—

The outside length taken at two-thirds of the height from the rabbet of the keel to the deck (inclusive) at the stem and stern-posts in inches, (the counter to be measured if more than one-third of the depth from the deck to the rabbet of the keel,) shall be multiplied by the extreme breadth, and the product not to exceed 1,000. Also, the outside length of the keel not to exceed four feet six inches, and the keel not to extend more than two inches abaft the stern-post (to preserve the rudder merely from injury).

2.—That an entrance fee for each yacht shall be paid of not less than two shillings and sixpence, for a Club match.

3.—That every yacht shall carry a sailing colour seven inches in the hoist by nine inches in the fly, at the main-top mast head.

4.—That the boat-rods shall not exceed twelve feet in length, and shall not be used while the yachts are afloat, except at the Wall.

5.—That the distance to be sailed shall be from the south shore of the Serpentine River to the north, and back again.

6.—That the several stations or starting points shall be twelve yards asunder, and numbered from east to west by the Rear-Commodore, the first station to be placed twelve yards from the Eastern Iron.

7.—On the day appointed for a match, the Rear-Commodore shall mark out the stations and boundaries, and see that the sailing members have notice to take each one his proper position by the time appointed.

8.—That no member under any pretence whatever, shall touch any yacht engaged in the match after it has taken its station, (except his own,) until the prize is won.

9.—That to reach within the boundaries on the north shore, the yachts may tack either in or out of bounds, but on their return to the south shore, should a yacht strike out of bounds she shall lose the heat.

10.—That if a yacht should foul either of the obstructions which are within the given boundaries, the owner may use any means he pleases to clear his yacht.

11.—That should a yacht foul either of the iron posts on the winning shore, and her position was such that she would have won otherwise, she shall be declared the winner; if however there should be a doubt in the mind of the umpire it shall be considered a dead heat and re-sailed as such.

12.—That should any two or more yachts "foul," the whole distance shall be re-sailed, the second start shall then decide he heat whether fouling occur or not; should two yachts reach the winning shore while foul of each other, before either one of the rest, it shall be considered a dead heat.

13.—That no unnecessary delay can be permitted in the return of the yachts to their respective stations after a "foul" heat, and to prevent the risk of dispute which might arise from such delay, it is particularly recommended, that each member shall provide himself with a long towing line, and use it under such circumstances.

14.—Should it occur that one yacht only be left to decide a heat, she shall not exceed half-an-hour in reaching the winning shore.

15.—That immediately after the conclusion of the match, the winning yacht shall be measured by at least three members of the Sailing Committee.

16.—That the Flag Officers and Sailing Committee, shall be empowered to decide at the time any dispute that may unexpectedly occur, should three be present not interested in the match, and their decision shall be final.

THE PRACTICAL FISHERMAN.

(*Continued from page* 143.)

2.—The White Whiting.

This fish (*merlangus albus*,) although common in the Mediterranean, was unknown upon our coasts until a few years since when a specimen came under the notice of Mr. Couch of Polperro, who furnished Mr. Yarrell with a description of it, with which he has favored the public in his "History of British Fishes." It differs from the common whiting, in the formation of the mouth; the under jaw of the white whiting being the longest; the upper maxillary bone being terminal, and the snout receding from it backwards, instead of projecting as in the former fish; but the general form closely resembles the whiting except that it is rather more slender. In addition to its other teeth, which are like those of the whiting, it has a pair of prominent sharp teeth in the roof of the

mouth. The lateral line is straight, passing near the back, and it has another line along the middle of the body formed by the meeting of the muscles; the body ending arrow shaped at the tail fin, which is shaped like that of the whiting, but rather narrower. The colour is brown above and white beneath, and it has a dark spot upon the upper margin of the pectoral fin. Along the upper margin of the anal fin is a broad white band. Mr. Couch informs us it was taken with an ordinary bait a few miles from the land.

3.—The Whiting Pollack.

The pollack, or whiting pollack, (*merlangus pollachius,*) is so like a whiting in external appearance, that an inexperienced person does not readily detect the difference. One certain guide of distinction is the formation of the jaws; the lower jaw in the pollack, projecting beyond the upper; whereas the upper jaw, as also the snout in the whiting, projects far beyond its lower one. The pollack is also of a darker colour than the whiting; the upper part being of a deep olive brown, becoming lighter on the sides, which are sometimes tinged with a golden or a copper caste, the lower part being of a dull silvery white. The back and tail fins are brown, as are also the pectorals and anal, but of a lighter cast, edged and tinged with reddish orange; still, like the common cod-fish, and some others inhabiting rocky ground, these fish vary much in colour, depending in a great measure upon the localities they inhabit. A thick adhesive slime covers the whole body, which gives a bright appearance when the fish is first drawn out of the water, but causes it to look very dull indeed when the slime becomes dried up. This fish is remarkable for the smallness of its ventral fins, which are white, and so minute and transparent as often to pass unnoticed.

The whiting pollack is called a lythe in Scotland, which according to some authorities is derived from *lithos*, a stone, on account of the fish being usually found on stony ground, whilst others affirm that it derives its appellation from the supple and pliant activity it displays in all its motions.

Pollack attain to a considerable size, sometimes weighing as much as 12 or 14lbs., and 9 or 10lbs. is a very common weight; but those usually captured do not seem to be restricted to any particular dimension, so that in the course of the same day, and on the very same ground we have taken specimens varying in size from 10lbs. to half-an-oun in weight.

Pollack inhabit a rocky bottom, and are generally most abunda over the most rugged and uneven ground, and where the ore wee

abounds. Here, with their heads opposed to the current, they lurk on the look out for prey, and their colour so much resembles the ore weed as to afford them a ready means of concealment. Whilst thus lying in ambush, the fish maintains nearly a vertical position, always carrying its head downwards, in which posture a very slight turn of the body enables it to see around on every side, and at the same time to spring off in any direction at whatever object of attack may chance to come within its reach.

Pollacks are not gregarious fish like the poutings, blinds, and whiting, which constantly rove about and feed in shoals; for, although numbers of the former fishes may often be found congregating together on the same spot, still each is drawn there on its own individual account, in pursuit of the same object of food, and not for any love of social companionship. But, if pollacks are not strictly speaking gregarious, we nevertheless believe that they often associate together in pairs, for we have noticed, when we have only caught these fish at very long intervals, that when we have at length got hold of one fish, another has been found to bite immediately at one of the other lines, or to follow the captive to the surface; a circumstance which has so frequently taken place, that we always look out for its occurrence.

Unlike any of the cod family we have previously treated of, the pollack chooses to feed rather towards the surface than at the bottom; and therefore where these fish are the principal object of capture, very different kind of tackling must be adopted, and altogether a different mode of fishing carried on than any we have yet treated of. The sort of tackling to be employed, must depend upon the nature of the ground you design to fish over, and the depth of water, and the probable size of the fish you are likely to meet with; for in those parts of the deep open sea, where these fish may be expected to run of large size, very different gear must be used from that employed in the shoaler waters near the shore, or in estuaries or harbours, where only the smaller kinds are likely to be found.

In deep water fishing in the open sea for the larger kind of pollack, we have generally used lines of cord, of the same material in fact we employed for bibs, with leads of moderate weight, either of the boat shape, or of a conical form, with the yoke stick, as in figures 1 and 2.* To the end of the line we attached a foot line, consisting of about two fathoms of finer snooding, about half the thickness of the main line, to the other end of which was a brass swivel, and fastened to

* See p. 144. Vol. II.

this we had about three yards of still finer snooding, and added to this, about a yard of very fine snooding, to which was fixed the hook, distant about five fathoms or so from the sinker; but in proportion as the sinkers were light or heavy, so we increased or diminished the distance from the hook.

Several lines may be used to advantage at the same time in this kind of fishing, if you have sufficient hands to attend to them; as by using sinkers of different weights, you can try several depths of water, and thus stand a better chance of coming across the fish at whatever depth for the time being they may chance to be roving about in. But if fish are at all plentiful, and more particularly if they are also large, it is advisable not to have more lines overboard than can be easily managed; as more chances are thrown away by the confusion caused by lines getting foul, or fish carrying away something or other, by getting a dead strain on the tackle before enough line can be yielded to them to check a violent strain, than are gained by the additional bites procured by having a great number of lines overboard at the same time.

The best way to prevent the dead strain upon the tackle, where many lines are used, is to have short rods of stout whalebone, hazel, or cane, from a foot to eighteen inches long, with a loop or ring at the upper end, to which the line may be fastened, the lower end being fitted into a hole bored for that purpose in the gunwale of the boat, or stuck into a similar hole made in the top or sides of some of the boat's thowls.

This plan answers two excellent purposes: In the first place it enables you to detect a bite by the jerking motion or bending of the rod; and in the second, by preventing the sudden dead strain upon the line, which would enable a fish of no great size or strength to break the slender gear usually employed in pollack fishing. Still for all this, when a bite is detected, the line cannot be too quickly attended to, and should be fastened with a slip knot to the loop of the rod, so as to be in readiness to be cast off in an instant if necessary; sufficient line being previously unwound from the reel, to be ready to veer away as much as may be required to insure the safety of the tackle against the violent struggles of a powerful fish.

In fishing for the larger pollacks, we have found the sand launce to be the most attractive bait. These we usually put on two at a time, baiting the first in the same manner as directed for baiting the head end of a herring, or pilchard, * and the second by running the hook through the head by inserting it through the eyes. Sprats we also baited in the same manner, as also small eels and lampreys. Other fish baits

* See p. 467, Vol. II.

we contrive by cutting a slice about an inch and a half long from the tail end of a mackerel, herring, pilchard, or garfish, or a narrow strip of squid. These are baited by running a hook through close to the narrow point near the tail end of the bait, except squid, which is baited according to directions we have previously pointed out.* Ragworms are also good bait for pollack, and for these rather small hooks must be used, so as to be adapted to the size of the bait. It is also a good way to have a very small hook tied to the snooding just above the ordinary hook, and this small hook must be baited with a good sized worm run through the nose, the other hook must be baited by running the point in at the mouth, and bringing it out a little way down the body, and then sticking on another worm, by inserting the hook a little below the head, and forcing the point up until it comes to the mouth of the bait, taking care to bruise the worms as little as possible, in the course of the operation. Mussels may be used for a bait, but these will only answer when the boat is brought to an anchor.

Pollack fishing may be either carried on at anchor, or by trailing slowly through the water. If the latter plan is adopted, it should be conducted across the tide, and in turning round, the boat's head should always be rounded against the current; and at the same time a good sweep should be taken, as well for the purpose of keeping the lines clear of each other, as to prevent their sinking down and getting foul of the bottom, both of which accidents are very likely to occur if the boat is rounded too sharply, or with the way the stream runs. The boat should proceed very slowly over the ground, and directly a fish is hooked, unless it is a small one, it will be prudent to stop, or at any rate to check the way, and the other lines should either be pulled up, or hauled sufficiently in board to keep the sinkers and hooks clear, as also from getting foul of the line, on which the fish is hooked. A pollack is a very sportive fish, and if large is very likely to baulk an inexperienced fisherman by carrying off some portion of his tackle at the very first struggle. If the fish does not thus succeed in breaking free, he commonly makes a dash right ahead or towards the surface, thereby slackening all strain upon the line, which causes a beginner to believe the fish has outwitted him altogether, until a fresh tug convinces him of his mistake, or probably converts his previous belief into a reality; for unless a sufficient line be yielded to allow a strong fish to exhaust his fury, some thing or other must give way. What a large pollack generally does is to give two or three desperate tearing struggles in the attempt to shake the hook free, and then to make a dart forward, striving to break the

* See p. 417, Vol.

tackle by main force, and it then becomes necessary to give him line; but at the same time to make him work hard for every inch he gains, by gently checking the progress of the line as it goes through the hands, which combined with the weight of the sinker, will soon tire out your adversary to a stand still; when finding resistance unavailing, he will relax his efforts, rising towards the top, and offering so little resistance as hardly to be felt upon the line. At such times you should haul in pretty smartly, but at the same time be prepared for a fresh struggle, which the fish will sometimes make, and even carry out the whole length of line; and this a large one will sometimes repeat more than once before he will allow himself to be drawn up to the surface.

We have often indeed seen a pollack make a desperate dart down again, after the sinker has been hauled on board, which has consequently caught foul in the gunwale, or met with some other impediment in going overboard, thereby causing a sudden strain upon the snooding, which has been instantly snapped asunder. By this means we have seen many a large pollack effect his escape. In order to avoid this vexatious accident, you ought, whilst in the act of hauling in board the finer part of your line, either to hold the sinker in your left hand, or place it in such a position, that in case the fish makes a sudden start off for the bottom, you can at once cast the lead overboard again clear of every check or impediment.

It often happens, however, that a weighty fish of this kind so exhausts his strength by struggling beneath the surface, as to be perfectly subdued when he gets above it, and lies there motionless upon its side, and may then very easily be struck with the gaff just beneath the pectoral fin and thus lifted on board. If the fish is a sizeable one, the gaff should always be resorted to; for helpless as a pollack may seem to be upon the top of the water, the moment he is lifted out of it, he will generally make a last and sometimes successful kick for life and liberty; and if he does contrive to break free from the line, he generally manages to make good his retreat to the bottom; in which respect he has the advantage over most of his congeners, whose swimming bladder, as we have already remarked, become so much inflated with the air they inhale in being dragged to the surface, that although they get free from the hook, they are unable again to sink themselves beneath it, and float about in utter helplessness at the top with their noses above water, until they either expire, or become a prey to sea gulls, cormorants, a hungry blue shark, or some other unworthy member of that rapacious family; every one of whom are ready to take advantage of such accidents, and we have often witnessed them rise with a huge whirlpool like a trout at a fly, and bear

down some unlucky whiting, which by slipping off the hook has only thus succeeded in jumping out of the frying pan into the fire.

The success in pollack fishing depends in a great measure upon being acquainted with the proper localities, and the time of tide that is best suited to them; for unless the time of tide, as well as place is properly chosen, you have but slender chance of success. Some of the spots where we were in the habit of catching the largest fish, and upon which we could always rely for catching some good ones, if we came at the proper state of tide, it was in vain for us to try at any other time. A knowledge of all these things is not it must be confessed very readily acquired, nor is it very easy to gain much information from the old experienced pollack fishers, who we have already remarked are very jealous of affording any information, or allowing any one to discover any of their fishing grounds. Still there are near most fishing stations many well known spots, and where the suitable times of tide for fishing are so well known as to be no secret in the neighbourhood. With this information to begin with, chance may often throw other favorable places in your way, which by noting down carefully, every day's fishing may tend to add something to your stock of knowledge. Whenever therefore in trailing over the ground you get a bite, instantly take up the landmarks, and whether you catch the fish or not re-try the ground some other day; if successful note the time of tide, and try the spot again the next convenient opportunity. By adopting this plan constantly most of the best places will be eventually discovered, and also the times of tide when they may be fished over to the greatest advantage.

In trailing for pollack a rowing boat has a great advantage over a sailing one, as you are enabled by means of the former, not only better to regulate your rate of proceeding through the water, but also to turn in any direction, and thus always be upon the right ground, which is very important to success in this sort of fishing; as the places the pollack occupy is often of very limited extent, and it often happens that every time you traverse a space of only a few yards, you continue to get hold of fish, whilst in every other direction for a mile or more around, you will be unable to obtain even a nibble.

With respect to the depth at which you should fish, it is impossible to lay down any exact rules, as these fish are met with at all depths, from the very surface to the bottom of the sea, but generally speaking, when inclined to feed eagerly, they are found nearer the top than at other times. This is particularly the case early in the morning, and towards the close of the evening, at which latter time we have often met with excellent sport with a perfectly light line upon the surface, without

any lead or sinker whatever. At such times also, we have often found first rate sport close to the shore, and in very shallow water, where it would be almost vain to hope for success during the middle hours of the day.

In very bright calm weather pollack do not take so well as when the sky is dull and overcast, and there is a breeze strong; and they rarely feed eagerly if there is any thunder in the air.

(To be continued.)

THE MARGARET YACHT.

It is really surprising, this craft should create a sensation in the yachting world. What has been her deeds? Has she proved herself the *Eclipse* of sailing? Certainly not! she has done nothing whatever to cause her to be so much talked of, and we do not expect her *feats* will be of that magnitude that she will leave all others behind. We gave an account of her return voyage from Smyrna, at p. 422, vol ii, and certainly as far as could be ascertained, she beat a certain craft—but could *she* sail—that was the question. However, as the Margaret has again joined the Thames Yacht Club, we hope no protest, on account of her having carried merchandize, will be brought forward, as it really would be beneficial to yachting interests, to allow her to join in the schooner match, when no doubt her powers will be tried.

PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB.

The opening trip of this club, took place on Thursday, the 13th ult., when Commodore Berncastle hoisted his broad pendant on board the Albatross, which has been completely rebuilt, and in fact our friend Wentzell may be said to have made her a new yacht. After the usual salute had been fired, he proceeded down the river, followed by a numerous fleet,—amongst which were the Mosquito, Frolic, Julia, Britannia, Pearl, Traveller, Annie, Conundrum, Calliope, Vice Commodore Knibbs bringing up the rear in his elegant little cutter, Idas. The Commodore carried at the peak the French and Turkish ensigns under the British, which compliment to those two of our allies was duly appreciated by all the floating population on the way down, and on nearing the Cauducous, transport-ship, having on board the Royal Horse Artillery just on the point of sailing, the whole body of officers, soldiers, and crew, gave three hearty cheers as the Albatross passed under her stern, dressed with the popular bunting of the day. The weather was delightful, and the wind being due east, the little fleet afforded a very pretty sight as they were seen beating down in regular order of sailing,

and at sun set a gun from the Vice-Commodore was the signal for "down colours." Each yacht was well freighted with the members of the club, who had aviled themselves of the kind hospitality of the yacht owners on such occasion. At seven P.M. the quiet and picturesque little bay of Erith assumed a very animated appearance, and the frequent rattling of chain cables through the hawse holes, announced in succesion the arrival of each vessels as she brought up off the club-house. "All hands" now landed, and about forty gentlemen sat down to the good things provided for them by friend Dean, the excellent host of the Crown, that favourite resort of all river yachtsmen. The cloth being removed, the Commodore gave the usual loyal toasts of the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and Royal Family, and then the toast of the evening, "Success to the Prince of Wales Yacht Club." In an able speech he pointed out the extraordinary progress and success of the club even this year, before the season had actually commenced, 100 guineas having been presented in one evening by five different members, principally as a mark approval of the tonnage being fifteen tons, which may be considered as a new era in the fortunes of the club, one prize sent from Australia proving the devoted attachment of its supporters. He urged members never to lose sight of those principles of union and good feeling that had been the main instrument of their strength, and without which no society could hope to prosper, no rivalry should exist, but that of an honorable one to excel in the promotion of all that is conducive to the best interests of yachting in all its varied branches. War would not interfere with their sport, for they were determined to go ahead with greater spirit this year, than during the *statu quo ante bellum*, in proof of which several new clippers would be ready for the first match in June. The worthy Commodore concluded his remark amidst great cheering, and the toast was drunk with enthusiasm. The toasts of the "Royal Thames Yacht Club," the "Press," and the health of the Commodore, Vice-Commodore, Treasurer, Honorary Secretary, Cup bearer, Auditors, and Sailing Committee, being each proposed and responded to in due order, intermixed with some excellent singing, the company separated at midnight, the Commodore having announced that they must turn in all standing, as at two A.M. he should get under weigh, and proceed to sea, on a cruize down Channel.

The following day some of the fleet proceeded to sea, visiting Ramsgate, Margate, &c, but this is all the information we can give, yet we suppose they did not meet with an enemy or other mishap, as the papers of the day have allowed their voyage to pass unnoticed.

BOMBAY YACHT CLUB.

The Regatta of this Club took place on the 8th of February, last., and the course was from abreast the rendezvous off the Apollo Bunder, to No. 1, flag boat, moored four miles due south, thence to No. 2, flag boat, moored three miles east by north, from No. 1, flag boat to No. 3, flag boat moored five miles west-north-west from No. 2, and back to No. 2, flag boat, leaving all on the port hand, thence to No. 3, to the rendezvous flag, passing in shore, and from the southward of both to win. Length of course about twenty-three miles.

The boats entered were :

Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
Wye	Schooner	20	J. C. Ibbs, Esq.
Cruizer	Sliding Gunter.	24	Government
Blue Bell	Cutter	30	S. Compton, Esq.
Challenger	Cutter	25	W. Howard, Esq.
Slipper	Lateen	7	Dr. Reynolds,
Eva	Schooner	28	Scott, Esq.
Syren	Lateen	23	Stewart, Esq.
Augusta	Schooner	110	Government

The owners of the different yachts having laid down their moorings early in the morning, the boats were all at their stations, and looking out most anxiously for the breeze to freshen, when the preparatory gun fired. Eva and Augusta being new boats, and built on the lines of the America, great interest was excited, many being of opinion that the latter would prove more than a match for Syren, the larger of the two boats built after the plan of the Bombay fishing boats, and which, except on one occasion, has proved the fastest boat in Bombay. The Wye, Cruizer, and Blue Bell started at two P.M. with a moderate breeze ; then Challenger, Slipper, and Eva, at 2h. 13m. and Syren and Augusta, at 2h. 30m. Of the first batch the Blue Bell took the lead, and kept it for a considerable distance ; of the second batch the little Slipper shot ahead of her two companions in a wonderful manner. The Syren having been moored to the leeward of the Augusta, got her sails quite becalmed, and so the big one took the lead, and gradually increased her distance to No. 1, flag boat. There was very little alteration in the relative positions of the boats, till they had passed No. 2 flag, and hauled on a wind, when the weatherly qualities of the fishing yachts began to tell, and at this time the breeze freshened. The little Slipper proved she had a good pair of heels, for before she rounded No. 3 flag, she had passed all the others that started before her, and was too far

ahead to be much afraid of the others. She stood well up under her enormous press of canvas, and slipped along at a wonderful pace. The two new schooners did not realise the expectations of those who trusted that the shine would be taken out of the fishing boats, but there is no doubt they will behave better on a future day, as they look sharp enough to beat anything. After passing No. 3, flag boat, the Slipper kept the lead, and came in the winner at 5h. 30m, the Syren, Blue Bell, and Challenge coming in about ten minutes after her, and all three close together, the next nowhere. Prize £25.

List of the Members of the Bombay Yacht Club.

Commodore—Sir H. J. Leeke, K.H.
Spencer Compton, Esq.
Capt. H. B. Lynch, I.N.
Henry Young, Esq.
Capt. H. J. Barr
W. Howard, Esq.
Cursetjee Jamsetjee, Esq.
Capt. G. Jenkins
Capt. Boulton
S. S. Dickenson, Esq.
J. Stuart, Esq.
Lieut. Hamilton, I.N.
W. Scott, Esq.
T. S. Cowie, Esq.
J. A. Keys, Esq.
Hugh Mallet, Esq.
Capt. White
Capt. Felix Jones, I.N.
L. C. C. Rivett, Esq.
Capt. Willis
Capt. Gillet
N. W. Oliver, Esq.
J. A. Baumbach, Esq.
Capt. Fenshard, I.N.
Dr. Reynolds
J. G. Lumsden, Esq.
Col. D. Davidson
J. Costerton, Esq.
Major Crispin
Michael H. Scott, Esq.
Capt. Morris
A. Kimington, Esq.
H. R. Burn, Esq.
Capt. E. Evans
P. W. LeGeyt, Esq.
Capt. Forman
Capt. Grainger
Lieut. A. M. Grieve
Capt. Porter, I.N.
Thomas J. Tanner, Esq.
C. Kingcome, Esq.
W. H. Barker, Esq., I.N.
Hon. Capt. Carey, R.N.
Capt. Burke, (Engineer)
Capt. Kempthorne, I.N.
Gilbert Cowie, Esq.
W. Brooks, Esq.
John Ritchie, Esq.
W. H. G. Dunlop, Esq.
Capt. H. H. Hewitt, I.N.
Dr. White
Capt. W. Barker, I.N.
Lieut. H. A. Frazer, I.N.
J. R. Robson, Esq.
Michael Rimington, Esq.
Dr. Yuill
W. B. Tristram, Esq.
J. C. Ibbs, Esq.
Capt. Hunt, (78th Highlanders)
F. Leggett, Esq.
James Stockham, Esq.
A. H. Campbell, Esq.
F. G. Beaumont, Esq.
Capt. R. Hunt
Capt. Alston
J. A. Mackenzie, Esq.
Lieut. A. D. Taylor, I.N.
J. Wood, Esq.
H. Scott, Esq.
H. E. Leeke, Esq.
Capt. Crockett
George Rimington, Esq.

Our Editor's Locker.

YACHTING STATISTICS.

April 10*th*, 1854.

SIR.—There is but "one step from the sublime to the ridiculous," and it appears that that step has been taken by the champion of the Model Yacht Club, as seen by his letter in your last number, concerning the build of yachts and their influence over Naval Architecture as applied to vessels of "war or commerce". The efforts of these Model men may be very commendable, but is there not a great deal of the "fly and the mail coach" about their pretensions with their pigmy craft, destined merely for a day's sail on the placid waters of Father Thames, or the Medway, during the sunny days of the fine season, to point out the way of improvement to "vessels of war or commerce" that actually do not suspend at their davits any boat so insignificant as the *vessels* of the Model Yacht Club, vessels of two and four tons! Why it is the frog and the bull again. And then we are seriously told that if the Secretary was a builder, he would build something so extraordinary that nothing could stop her from winning every thing on the face of the waters against any other build; and the type of this phenomena is a little four-ton craft, that can dine eight persons at her cabin table; a sort of floating chop-house. What on earth can that have to do with Naval Architecture? since by the same rule if a 100 ton schooner was turned into a large dining-room, it would accommodate people in exactly the same proportion.

A "vessel of war or commerce" has other objects in view than that of dining a large number of people, such a quality never entering into their list of advantages; and as for adding immense iron keels in lieu of ballast, to gain thereby accommodation, every tyro knows that a ship so constructed would roll her masts out of her in a seaway, ballast requiring to be spread over the wings on a large extent of surface to give great stability and stiffness under canvas. As a ship is not intended to sail in fresh water, and these models sail nowhere else, what may be an advantage to the latter would be positively dangerous and absurd in the former. The cases being different in all respects, no reciprocal utility can be expected, each having an entirely different field of action, different objects in view, and a different aim to attain.

I allude more particularly to the prizes sailed for, which I opine weigh far more with the model yachtsman than any anxiety about the advancement of Naval Architecture, except as far as it can be made to serve his own vanity or selfish purposes; else how can you explain the reason why this celebrated four ton yacht that beat one double her size, but only by a very few minutes, has a keel extending far beyond the rudder; a dodge and species of jockeying of the very worst description, and ostensibly intended for the purpose of making her hold a better wind in a tideway and smooth water, such as generally exists in that part of the Thames where the matches take place. By such unfair means and contrary to anything that would ever be tolerated or dreamt of in a "man of war or merchantman" this wonderful vessel of four

tons has contrived to pocket a few minor prizes on the Thames, but no child would ever consider that such honours are the test of excellence or of improvement in shipbuilding, when the same system applied to ships would be an absurdity.

As long as Model yachtsmen confine themselves to their legitimate waters on the Serpentine, the admired of school boys and of nursery maids, nobody could look upon them but with gratification, but they must leave to the Royal Yacht Clubs of Great Britain the task of bringing about any substantial improvement in the higher walks of Naval Architecture, which is quite beyond their province or competence, and they should bear in mind that "vaulting ambition, o'ersteps itself, and falls on t'other side."

A SAILOR.

April 25th, 1854.

SIR.—I see a letter in your last Magazine from the Honorary Secretary of the London Model Yacht Club in reference to an article on Yachting Statistics, in your previous number. Nothing can be imagined more humiliating to the club, than the simple confession of this gentleman, that, after their 89th meeting ostensibly for the purpose of improving the build of yachts by means of Models, and when gentlemen in other clubs believed that some results both of a practical and scientific nature would have been found in the Library, "nothing of the kind came to my hand when I accepted office, and I have not yet had sufficient time to form any definite arrangement of my own observations"!

What then has been the purpose for which this Model club has met so many times and now boast of their seniority?

In reference to the main subject of the paper, the hon. secretary "boldly asserts" that he would like to build a yacht with a keel of fifty tons, which should beat any vessel afloat of equal tonnage. He forgets however, to make mention of the draught of water such a vessel would have, and how often she would take the ground, in consequence of the extravagant depth of his favourite build. Why, Sir, a practical proof of this defect was given in the very first opening trip of this year, when his favourite Model vessel, with a keel of nearly *two* tons instead of his *three quarters*, was obliged to remain in the mud. How much more frequently would this ensue in his new yacht drawing fifteen or twenty feet water, and with his fifty ton keel.

It is to be hoped that this gentleman will devote himself a little more to the objects for which the club was ostensibly formed, and if he has not time himself, that he will organize a Committee from which "some definite arrangement of my own observations" may be collected.

I had almost forgotten to mention the other confession of the Honorary Secretary that, "the smaller classed vessels of the London Model Yacht Club are no Models at all." Do the other Model Clubs say the same?

P.

THE LAW RESPECTING PRIZES GIVEN FOR COMPETITION, NOT ACTUALLY IN THE HANDS OF THE CUP-BEARER.

SIR.—You will oblige many of your readers by inserting the following, a copy of which appeared in the *Era*, and by giving it publicity in your valuable journal, it will explain to yachtsmen the "Law of Promises."

I am, &c.,

ALPHA.

SIR.—At the last monthly meeting of the Prince of Wales' Yacht Club, I, one of its earliest members, heard with much gratification, which sentiment I am sure was partaken in by nine-tenths of those present, an announcement that five prizes had been given this year to be sailed for by the yachts of the club, and I saw before the worthy Commodore the glittering evidences of such generous liberality in the shape of three cups representing both the precious metals. Two of those prizes were the "realised promises" of two of the most energetic supporters of the club, Messrs. Abbott and Lilley. The other equally worthy donors of prizes were, first, Commodore Robinson, of the yachts Ariadne, and Vixen,* and a gentleman of so high standing in the yachting world that he has lately received the honourable appointment of Commodore of the Medway Yacht Club, bearing the Admiralty warrant; second, Dr. Hutchinson now témporarily absent from this country, but whose heart, as every true member of this club knows, is still amongst us, and who from the other side of the world did not, when separated by thousands of miles forget a promise he made when last amongst us to send a prize home as a momento of cherished recollections; and lastly, Mr. C. Greaves, the well-known and esteemed boat builder of Chelsea, who offered a prize to be sailed for immediately the new law permitted the fifteen ton boats to enter, who, with Commodore Robinson, were present on this occasion.

It was very properly proposed from the chair a unanimous vote of thanks should be given by acclamation to these gentlemen collectively for their munificent gifts. Would you have thought, sir, one dissentient voice would have been heard in opposition to so manifest a course of propriety? Yes, sir, there was one voice, animated by what sprit I will not venture to express my opinion upon, but leave it to the judgment of those present to put every man his own construction upon, who did rise from his seat and propose to the chairman that such votes of thanks should be individually given and separately proposed and seconded, "Because," as he said, "Mr. Robinson might not give his cup." These, sir, were the very words made use of. There sat the gentleman to whom this most unprecedented insult was directed, an owner of yachts and a Commdore of a club the government have thought fit to honour with its special warrant, and who treated such conduct with the contempt it merited; but not so the club, they evinced by expression of disapprobation that such remarks were unworthy of a gentleman and a yachtsman, and some observations fell not very flattering or complimentary. From the horns of this dilemma the speaker endeavoured to escape by saying the

* This gentleman is negociating for a third.

gentleman might die and his executors would not pay the amount of the prize. This explanation did not avail to diperse the universal feeling of disapprobation that had arisen, and a member very properly observed that if the honourable gentleman did die his good intentions would not die with him.

But, sir, let me put the club right on this question in a legal point of view. Every *bona fide* engagement a man makes (except those prohibited by law as wagers, &c.,) is as capable of being enforced against his executors as himself. The donor charges his estate instantly he binds himself to give a sum to be appropriated to a legal purpose. 'Tis not the man's intention but the produce of his pocket that is the tangible realisation of the gilt, and as long as the promise of that gift is *bona fide*, open, and capable of proof by evidence, it is by law binding, and can be enforced. And now, sir, for a case in point.

The late Lord S. allowed his name to be put down as a subscriber to a testimonial to the Duke of R. for £500. He died without paying it. The testimonial was presented, and application made to the executors of Lord S. for the £500. They were of course anxious to act legally as well as honourably in the matter, because as executors they were responsible to their *cestui que* trusts. They disputed the legal liability to pay such a claim and the case was submitted to the leading eminent lawyers of the day, and they decided that it was a just claim upon the estate, and the executors were bound by law to pay, and an action would lie against them.

Common sense appears to support this view of common law; the expense of such testimonial had been incurred on the *faith* of the subscriptions, and there is a good moral as well as legal consideration binding in all parties. So in a yacht club expenses are incurred on the good faith of members. Steamers are hired, matches made, buoys laid down, bands engaged, &c.; but if the *bona fides* of gentlemen are to be publicly impugned, and they are to be deterred by contumacious insult, from making promises, and to be called on to "*post the money*," as if the matter were a pot-house bet, then farewell to all gentlemanly feelings of propriety, and the sooner those possessing these notions are left to themselves the better.

I am, &c.,

AN ADMIRER OF BLUNTNESS, BUT NOT VULGARITY IN A SAILOR.

ON THE ELECTION OF SECRETARY OF THE PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB.

April 20th, 1854.

SIR.—In the pages of a would-be Aquatic work of recent origin, and somewhat humble parentage, I observed in a report of the proceedings at the last meeting of the Prince of Wales Yacht Club, the Editor appears to take upon himself the deciding of the law, affecting a question that the Club took upon themselves to dispose of, by an open appeal to the general body of members in addition to a unanimous recommendation from the Sailing Committee with respect to the filling up a vacancy occasioned by the resignation of one of two Secretaries. The Editor lays it down most emphatically, that

the Club had not the power to deviate from a rule, saying, There shall be two Secretaries; although a notice of motion had been given a month previous to the day on which the second secretary would enter on his duties to confine the appointment to one.

How was it, Sir, that at the Annual election of Officers of the Royal London Yacht Club, the office of Rear-Commodore was not filled up "according to the rules"; and why did not some officious member in that assembly rise, and in opposition to the known feelings and wishes of the Commodore, Sailing Committee and general body of members, insist on some gentleman being nominated to the vacant office? Because Sir, there exists in that club a gentlemanly spirit of obedience to authority, and a desire to support the executive in the views emanating from their councils.

How is it, Sir, that the reporter of this paper completely overlooked this great breach of the Laws of the Royal London, and makes such a stir about the same case in the Prince of Wales. We, the public, look for faithful and impartial reports and strictures on the doings of all clubs, and do not expect to see one club selected as an example of irregularity, and the same course of conduct in another entirely passed over.

Perhaps, Sir, the Editor will in his next number give us a reason why, what appears to be "good fish" in one club, should be barely "salt herring" in another.

I am, &c.,

CONSISTENCY.

LITERATURE AND ART.

DAYS AND HOURS.—*By Frederick Tennyson.*—John W. Parker & Son.

Mr. Frederick Tennyson, brother we believe of the Laureate, has given us a little volume of poems, which, small though it is, gives him a place amongst the first poets of the age.

The collection, as the title "Days and Hours" implies, consists chiefly of short lyric odes suggested by the recurrence of those times and seasons which set most men thinking, and poets singing.

Mayday, the Bridle, the Cicala, the Fisher's Hymn, Holytide and many more are rich in beauty. The following extract is from Mayday.

The last pale beam is drawn to heaven,
And swiftly o'er the land is driven
The Uragan, like smoke of war,
From mountain peak to sandy shore:
The hills are dark, the earth is grey,
All creatures fly the self-same way;
Floods swell the thunder and the herd,
And herdsmen with one fear are stirr'd.
The lightning fires the rick and farm,
Red flames roar onward with the storm,
And cries, and wails, and dismal knells,
Mingle as the tumult swells;

Towers crash, and granite mountains craze,
And fear beholds the end of days!
Lowly we murmur'd,—oh! if thou, or I,
By evil days henceforth be overtaken,
If sorrow frown upon us from on high,
Or either by the other be forsaken.
Ah! let us not forget, though dark the path,
And lit with lightnings only, until even,
To pass with faith beneath the cloud of wrath,
And that their light is still a light from heaven.

But the gem of the book is the Dream of Spring, a poem most truly, most deeply beautiful. Thoughts, of which many minds have been dimly conscious are expressed with most heartfelt and unaffected pathos, and like Annabel Lee or Angel's Footsteps, if the rest of the book were worthless, this poem alone would be enough to place the volume amongst our nearest and dearest favorites.

Conscious as we are of the injustice we are doing Mr. Tennyson in quoting a short fragment detached from the context, we cannot resist the temptation to give our readers these exquisite stanzas.

I heard thee speak—swift utterance, clear and low,
Thou leanedst over me, and in mine ear
Breathedst such tender notes, that still I hear,
Would I could see thee now!

Did'st thou not say? Methought I heard thee say,
"Beloved, (words ah desolate and sweet,)
Alas! in thy sad world we cannot meet,
Or in the light of day.

"But, O beloved, I will hold for thee
A happy isle, beyond the worlds forlorn,
Beyond the golden rivers of the morn,
Deep in the starry sea.

I am the spirit that hath onward led
Thy mortal steps, the being that shall be
Hereafter loved by thee, and only thee,
The soul thy soul shall wed."

We took up this book just after having read (not for the first time,) the tales and poems of Edgar Allan Poe; and the gentle grace and beauty, the deep genial and kindly feeling, which pervades Mr. Tennyson's writings contrasted forcibly with the dark and morbid, though wild and beautiful dreams of the unhappy American.

We are unwilling to say one word in disparagement of a work which has given us real pleasure; but, we cannot but regret a degree of obscurity,

which, with neglect of melody and peculiar or careless versification, is the fault or the affectation of the age.

It is, however, but fair to say, that Mr. Frederick Tennyson is far less open to censure on this score than the other living poets whose fame stands highest, and that many of his verses are as musical, as they are rich in beautiful images and original thoughts. Such words, however, as champaign (used for country not for wine,) when occurring frequently and needlessly, rather jar upon the ear.

"The purple *champaign* streaming like a sea,"

is one instance,

"Up from the *champaign* and the town"

is another.

We have all possible sympathy with the poor schoolmaster blithe and *boon*, who at Harvest Home closes his desk an hour too soon; but we cannot say so much for the mountain river in the next ode, that

"Spills its bubbling urn into the valley *boon*"

The pronoun *ye* also is used invariably, and if we are not mistaken, incorrectly for *you*.

These, however, are but small matters, and we apologize for alluding to them at all; but if we had attempted to enumerate beauties instead of defects, our space would have failed us long before our task were done.

Our fair readers will, we have no doubt, forgive us for concluding our netice of this charming little book with an extract from the Bridal.

The bridal bells are pealing!
  We will rejoice to-day!
The blissful sounds are stealing
  Hearts away!

The jocund bells are pealing fast and sweet,
  Softly they come and go, like lovers sighs,
In one glad thought the young and old are met,
  The simple and the wise.

They reach the woodman in the morning air,
They meet the baron in his carven chair,
The dark-eyed damsel bending o'er the spring,
The scholar in dim cloister murmuring,
The dusty pilgrim stays across the stile,
The smith upon his anvil leans awhile;
Boys whistle—beggars bustle—shepherds sing—
The marriage bells ring merrily,—hark, they ring!
The sun is kissing off from wood-nymphs' eyes
Their evening tears, and dewy breathings rise
From wild-flower urns.

THE YOUNG VOYAGEURS.—*By Captain Mayne Reid.*—Bogue, Fleet Streer.

THIS is a book written for boys, and just the sort of book that boys like,—hunting, shooting, fishing, and canoe travelling, with adventures and hair-breadth escapes, are the burden of the song.

A good deal of natural history, with a little botany, and a dose or two of geology, are introduced; but enlivened as the book is by illustrations, and seasoned with sport, we have no doubt the utile will be swallowed with the dulci, and without many wry faces.

We wish, however, that the Captain would not make his boys talk quite in such copy-book phrase; there is little danger of his teaching any boys of our acquaintance to cut and dry their conversation after the model of the Young Voyageurs, nor is it desirable;—men or boys who talk like a dictionary are the greatest bore on earth.

With this exception, however, this little book is written with spirit and cleverness, and few sportsmen will dip into its pages without gaining information as well as amusement for their trouble.

THE RESULT OF THE CENSUS OF GREAT BRITAIN.—*By Edward Cheshire.*—London:—Parker and Son, West Strand.

The fifteenth edition of this work is now before us, and when its contents are carefully perused, no surprise will be manifested at its success. It is a work of great interest, and deservedly merits public patronage. We strongly recommend its perusal to every one who is desirous of knowing the population of Great Britain, and all who feel an interest in Sanitary Reform.

NEW PARIS GUIDE.—Paris: Galignani. London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co., Cruchley, Fleet Street.

No visitor to Paris should neglect to provide himself with a copy of this work, as although it contains a great amount of information it is in a compact form, and will be of infinite service to the uninitiated; it embraces instruction as to routes, conveyances, passports, and charges, as well as every object worth seeing or knowing in its environs. The traveller will by this Guide be able to assist himself without relying on any individual assistance. The work is illustrated with numerous engravings and maps.

HINTS ON HOUSE PROPERTY.—*By F. Cross.*—Nelson, Paternoster Row.

This is a work which should be in the possession of all persons, more espe-ally those who are about taking a newly built house in London. The tricks the scheming builders are exposed, and by some excellent observations, upled with unmistakeable hints, the author who is an Architect and Sur-yor, has conferred a great boon on the public, especially that portion which longs to Freehold Land and Building Societies.

BENTLEY'S MONTHLY REVIEW OR LITERARY ARGUS.—(New Series 1s.)—Piper, Stephenson, and Spenee, Paternoster Row.

This clever monthly has been enlarged, and altogether improved, and the Articles for May are very amusing. Among others a sketch under the title of "Tom Suffrage's Vote" and an excellent paper "The last days of Murat, King of Naples" deserve especial notice.

THE SMOKER'S FRIEND, OR THE PHILOSOPHY OF SMOKING.

This is the title of a little pamphlet, "addressed to all Tobacco Smokers," by Messrs. Phillips and Co. 9, Lyon Street, Caledonian Road, Islington. It clearly demonstrates that tobacco smoke, as produced in a *complex* substance, contains some very pernicious poisons, which, acting on the human frame, produce a variety of diseases. Without advising Smokers to discontinue the use of the "noxious weed", the authors confidently affirm that it is, when divested of its poisonous components, a valuable remedial agent; and that it may easily be rendered so, by a properly arranged *condensed and filtering apparatus*. The application of such a principle, for the purpose of smoking, has, it appears to us, been perfectly carried out in the invention secured by Royal Letters Patent known as Phillips and Co's Patent Condensing and Filtering Pipes and Stems for Meershaums; which see our Advertisement Sheet.

MAP OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE AND BLACK SEA.
EUXINE AND SEAT OF WAR ON THE DANUBE.
BALTIC OR EAST SEA,—*Introducing the Gulf of Finland and surrounding countries.*
THE TOWN AND HARBOUR OF SEVASTOPOL,—*With the batteries and approaches.*
CRONSTADT IN THE BALTIC.—*With the fortifications, batteries, &c.*
London:—Wyld, Charing Cross and Exchange.

The Publisher with his usual alacrity to meet the wishes of the public, has in this instance brought out these useful maps. No one who takes an interest in the present warfare can fail to understand the position of the Allies and Russians, every place and point being so very accurately laid down; and when reading the reports from the Newspapers these Maps are absolutely necessary for reference to convey to the mind the exact seat of operation.

THE BALTIC AND BLACK SEAS.—*Betts, Strand.*

This chart being folded into a portable form and in covers, is very convenient for the pocket, and being a very useful work we are enabled to impress on our readers the necessity of their being provided with such a guide, to point out the movements of our gallant Commander Admiral Napier.

CHART OF THE THAMES.—As we have many new subscribers who are n perhaps in possession of Vol. 2, we have again given the chart of the Thame as it will prove useful in the forthcoming matches.

ROYAL CORK YACHT CLUB.

On the 4th of May, the Club will hold their first general meeting for 1854, in the new club-house. It well deserves the enconiums that have been passed on it. Mr. Salvin is the architect instead of Sir John Benson as erroneously slated.

A large number of candidates have had their names given in to be balloted for on the 4th of May. On that day the committee will be balloted for, the officers of the club for the ensuing year elected, the accounts of the past year examined and audited, and if there is to be a regatta the day will then be decided on.

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB.

At the last monthly meeting on Wednesday 5th ult. it was proposed and carried that the opening trip of the season should take place on Saturday, May 13th, and that the vessels should assemble at Blackwall and proceed to Gravesend.

Several of the alterations of the rules were recommended by the Sailing Committee, but the one which caused considerable discussion was the proposed alteration in the mode of measurement, by which the tonnage of all the "clippers" will be materially increased. It is as follows:—"The length shall be taken on a straight line on deck, from the fore part of the stem to the after part of the stern-post, from which deducting the breadth, the remainder shall be esteemed the just length to find the tonnage; and the breadth shall be taken from the outside of the outside plank in the broadest part of the yacht; then multiplying the length by the breadth, and dividing the whole by ninety-four, the quotient shall be deemed the true contents of the tonnage,, provided always that if any part of the stem or stern post project beyond the length taken as above mentioned, such projection or projections shall, for the purposes of finding the tonnage, be added to the length taken as before mentioned."

On submitting the proposed alteration, by the Sailing Committee, in the rule of measurement, Mr. F. T. Biddle rose and addressed the meeting in a very lucid speech which elicited much applause.

There was a new rule as regards classification proposed, viz, first class yachts, not exceeding 35 tons; second class, 20 tons and not exceeding 35, and third class, 10 tons and not exceeding 20. Eventually all the alterations proposed by the sailing committee were carried.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB.

At the time we are issuing our present number, the members of this Club are celebrating their opening trip; and we wish them a pleasant cruize and the enjoyment of the luxuries of the table.—*April 29th.*

PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB.

The usual monthly meeting took place at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great

Queen Street, Lincolns' Inn Fields, on Friday the 7th ult. The attendance on this occasion was very numerous; but how many were present during the evening it is impossible to say, as many gentlemen from forgetfulness omit to place their names on the "Muster Roll." The chief business of the evening was relative to the Secretaryship: viz. whether there should be one or two. It must be remembered that on a prior occasion at the general election of officers Mr. Secretary Chubb was re-elected; Mr. Gordon the co-secretary having resigned the office some short time previous. It struck us that on the night of the general election there was an oversight in the proceedings. It should be observed in order to get at the foundation of the error the club fell into, that all the officers were for re-election; accordingly a very excellent chairman, Mr. Lilly, officiated for the time being. Now the point which we wish to draw especial attention to, is this, after the Commodore was re-elected he should have been called in and re-installed in the chair; and so on with Vice, &c. Had this plan been adopted the members would not have fallen into the error of chosing two secretaries, as then they would have been informed that the Committee recommended there should be but one. We do not pretend to dictate to any club, but it appears to us that had this course been adopted, the informality of re-electing two secretaries instead of one would not have occurred. No difference of opinion on such matters of minutiæ should exist among a body of gentlemen who congregate together but for one purpose, and that is to promote yachting; and by so doing, unite in one bond a class of men who are ever ready to uphold the dignity of the Crown, and the honor of their country.

We must confess this meeting was rather a stirring one, but it was caused in a great measure by all being talkers and none hearers. However "after a storm there comes a calm", and we are glad to see unanimity and good feeling still constitute one of the chief characteristics of the club. A vote of thanks was given to Messrs. Robinson, Greaves, Lilly, and Abbott, for the prizes presented by these gentlemen, the value of which is considerable.

It was resolved that the names of all donors of prizes to the club of five guineas and upwards be placed in a frame in the club-room.

The first club match was fixed for Wednesday the 7th of June; the course to be from Erith round the Chapman Head and back; the prizes to be Mr. Abbott's gold cup, value 20 guineas; also a handsome silver cup, surmounted by a sailor leaning on an anchor, with a figure of Neptune holding a trident, in bas rellef, value 20 guineas, given by the club; and a five guinea silver cup, presented by Mr. Lilly; the first yacht is to have the choice of cups; the two remaining cups for the second and third yachts. Friday May 5th to be the last day of entry at the club-house from eight till ten; the yachts to be measured on Thursday, 1st of June, at five p m., at the Marine Stati Blackwall. A steamer and band will be engaged to accompany the match.

Seven new names are down for the next ballot.

At the conversazione on the 21st ult. a letter was read stating that M Ditchburn was in Holland; his lecture, to the regret of all, was consequentl postponed. To guard against disappointment in future, it is proposed tha

some scientific member shall come prepared to lecture, or at least propose a subject for discussion, in the event of non-attendance of any gentleman who has promised to lecture.

Should Mr. Ditchburn be unable to attend at the next conversazione it is intended that Iron versus Wood shall be brought forward; and that we believe by Mr. Bain, a gentleman fully competent to introduce that or any other matter connected with Naval Architecture; and we have no doubt of the subject not only meeting with attention from the members, but will also once more draw forward our old correspondents whose letters in the *Yachting Magazine* first introduced the topic to the yachting world, and we shall again be able to gratify our readers with the knowledge displayed by yachtsmen in a scientific manner.

LIVERPOOL YACHT CLUB.

The monthly meeting of the above club was held at the Marine Station, Birkenhead Hotel, on Wednesday eveniug 19th ult. the members dining together at half-past five, the Commodore in the chair. At eight o'clock the businss proceedings commenced, when the gentlemen proposed in March were ballotted for and duly elected, and seven others proposed for next month's ballot. The treasurer also laid his accounts before the meeting, which were extremely satisfactory, the committee being able to recommend £60 to be ezpended in prizes for the coming season. The Commodore also stated that should the committee find themselves in a position to give an eztra prize at the end of the season, it would be done, at the same time congratulating the members present, on the present prosperous condition of the club.

ROYAL MEDWAY YACHT CLUB.

The Admiralty have granted a warrant for this club, whose Commodore is J. G. Robinson, Esq., the owner of the Ariadne, and other yachts. The head-quariers are the Sun, Chatham. The particulars connected with this club in our next.

LONDON MODEL YACHT CLUB.

The opening trip of this club is also to-day (29th of April,) and we hope the Commodore will be accompanied by many yachts, and an overflow at the festive board. There are upwards of thirty candidates for election at the next monthly meeting.

CLUB MEETINGS AND MATCHES, 1854.

y 2, Tuesday, Royal St. George's Yacht Club.
4, Thursday, General Meeting Royal Cork Yacht Club.
6, Saturday, General Meeting Royal Western Yacht Club, Ireland.
8, Monday, Match between Jessica and Sirocco at Liverpool.

May 12, Friday, Annual Meeting of the Royal Squadron, at the Thatched House Tavern.

" 15, Monday, Royal London Yacht Club.

" 17, Wednesday, Liverpool Yacht Club.

" 20, Saturday, Royal London Yacht Club Match by 3rd class vessels only.

" 24, Annual Meeting of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club at the Thatched House Tavern.

" 24, General Meeting Royal St. George's Yacht Club, Kingstown.

HIGH WATER TIDE TABLE FOR MAY.

D of M	High Water Lon. Bridge morn.		after.		The time of high water at the following places may be ascertained, by adding to, or substracting from, the time at London Bridge.					
	h	m	h	m			h.	m.		h. m.
1	4	21	4	37	Aberystwith	add	5	23	Aberdeen	sub 0 56
2	4	53	5	12	Alderney		4	38	Aldborough	3 23
3	5	29	5	50	Bantry Bay		1	39	Belfast	4 2
4	6	10	6	35	Bridlington		2	23	Brighton	2 29
5	6	59	7	29	Carmarthan		4	3	Carnarvon	4 47
6	8	7	8	51	Cork Harbour		2	23	Cowes	3 22
7	9	30	10	10	Dartmouth		3	58	Dublin Bar	2 55
8	10	45	11	20	Dudgeon Light		5	23	Dungeness	3 17
9	11	47	—	—	Eddystone		3	8	Folkestone	3 37
10	0	12	0	33	Edinburgh		2	23	Foreland, North	2 22
11	0	52	1	15	Exmouth Bar		4	18	Foreland, South	2 47
12	1	34	1	53	Falmouth		3	8	Gravesend	0 37
13	2	11	2	33	Flamboro' Head		2	23	Greenwich	0 20
14	2	55	3	16	Guernsey Pier		4	23	Harwich	2 37
15	3	36	3	58	Hartlepool		1	38	Howth Harbour	2 59
16	4	21	4	45	Humber Mouth		3	23	Ipswich	2 7
17	5	9	5	37	Kinsale Harbour		2	23	Kentish Knock	2 37
18	6	5	6	35	Land End		2	23	Lowestoft	3 37
19	7	6	7	42	Leith Pier		0	15	Margate	2 2
20	8	21	9	2	Lynn Regis		4	38	Nore Light	0 58
21	9	41	10	17	Plymouth		3	26	Portsmouth	2 27
22	10	51	11	21	Swansea		3	48	Sheerness	1 28
23	11	49	—	—	Torbay		3	58	Southampton	2 27
24	0	15	0	36	Waterford		3	43	Spithead	4 37
25	0	58	1	20	Weymouth		4	23	Yarmouth Roads	5 27
26	1	40	2	0	Whitby		1	38	Calais	2 19
27	2	19	2	36	Amsterdam		0	53	Dieppe	3 2
28	2	54	3	10	Antwerp		2	18	Havre de Grace	4 15
29	3	29	3	44	Bourdeux		4	45	Ostende	1 12
30	4	0	4	20	Cherbourg		5	23	Honfleur	4 37
31	4	36	4	58	Hamburgh		3	53	New York	5 7

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NECKON OF THE NORTH, AVENGER, CHANNEL CRUISERS, and CAPSIZING,—Received on the day of Publication, viz: the 28th, and we now beg to inform our friends that all monthly periodicals are placed in the hands of the publishers two days before the 1st of the month, (Sundays not reckoned)

In consequence of the increase of our sale, we shall give an extra number next month, without additional charge.

HUNT & Co., Printers, 6, New Church Street, Edgware Road.

Capt. Cook's Ship in Kamtschatka River.

HUNT'S

YACHTING MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1854.

THE SCHOONER YACHT MAY-FLY.

THIS pretty specimen of naval architecture was built by Mr. White of East Cowes, for Sir Hyde Parker, Bart., who afterwards sold her to S. M. Peto, Esq., a gentleman well-known for his liberality and acts of charity. The present owner of May-Fly is G. Bidder, Esq., for whom she has been lengthened by Messrs. Spencer and Barnes, of East Cowes, and is much improved as regards hull. She has a very long bow, and short jib-boom, instead of bowsprit. She is tastefully ornamented by a gold moulding. Her dimensions are as follows :—

	ft.	in.
Breadth . . .	17	3
Draught of water aft . .	9	4
" forward . .	6	6
Length over all . . .	101	0
" keel	83	0
" deck . . .	87	2

When this vessel was first built her tonnage was 95, and since she has been lengthened 12 feet by the bows,—she is $114\frac{22}{94}$ tons.

THE APPROACHING YACHTING SEASON.

At the commencement of the present season, a reluctance to fit out was at first apparent, owing to the warlike state of affairs in the East; but that reluctance is now thrown off, as there appears no scarcity of seamen as was at first supposed there might be; and with few exceptions, all are preparing, and many prepared for the forthcoming sports. The yachtsmen of the Southern Clubs are always behind-hand in that respect. The month of August has ever been the grand season at the South; and there sometimes appears a tardiness on the part of these yacht owners, to give their vessels the finishing stroke of the paint brush until the previous month—July.

Yachtsmen, one and all, we greet you with our best wishes; and do most confidently assure you that we see no reason why the season of 1854, should not be equal to any of its predecessors as regards *home* sports. The prizes offered by most of the Clubs will be no less in value, nor fewer in number, than heretofore. There are several new yachts to compete for them, but *all* will not prove clippers. There are many cups yet to be won by the gracefully moulded racers of previous seasons. To those gentlemen who may introduce new yachts, we can say that they have something to do to beat some of the old ones, although the new tonnage measurement in some instances may throw the odds against them.

We shall have a few words to say on some future occasion upon the new measurement system; in the present number so many other matters are pressing upon us that space cannot be afforded. Give us time and all shall be afloat, with three hearty cheers from our editorial cabin for the aquatic sports of 1854!

SONG.*

Why should war our pleasures mar,
When all is caused by the Russian Czar;
Whose uproarious doings at Si-no-pe,
Will be revenged in the Baltic Sea.

And woe to the foe that dares to abuse
Our bunting so spotless, our white flag of truce;
Though our guns may be rather a trifle the lesser,
We've just as much *pluck* as was shown at Odessa.

Uprouse ye then Yachtsmen, the signal's *prepare!*
Of the sports of the season no longer despair;
The Queen and her subjects all call you to arms,
To enliven the waters where yachting has charms.

* By the Printer's Devil.

Up, up with your canvas, and ope' the port-holes;
If you cruize in the Baltic beware of the shoals,
For an Autocrat Bear has extinguished the lights,
And the beacons which warned us of perilous bights.

But steer not to regions so warlike and cold,
Leave old England's battles to be fought as of old!
And let not, oh! let not, your canvas mildew,
But unfurl it, unfurl it, unfurl it to view.

THE PERILS OF SEA-VOYAGES IN SMALL YACHTS.

BY BRINY DEEP.

FEW persons are aware of the risks incurred by the owners and crews of small yachts, in their perilous adventures at sea in six, and eight ton vessels, built expressly for fast sailing in smooth water.

We often notice during the summer months, the voyages of these little craft across seas they ought never to look at; for should a gale overtake them in one of these excursions, when twenty or thirty miles out at sea, their certain doom is a watery grave. It would be far safer to undertake voyages of the kind in good open sea boats of half the tonnage of these little lumps of wood and iron, which are as sluggish in a tumbling sea as a water cart. A twenty feet ship's launch would ride over the waves like a cork, whilst the heavily ballasted little clipper would go down stern first. A ship's launch is generally a fine burdensome boat, requiring no ballast, and built expressly for rough service; and such a boat under proper sail, and with little or no ballast, would in a seaway, beat many a six ton clipper yacht; I have seen the experiment tried on more than one occasion; but in smooth water, the yachts would go two knots to one faster than the launch.

The "Cruize of the Pet," and other amusing adventures, may doubtless be read with astonishment, and much interest; particularly by those who take part in such adventures; but every sailor must know that nothing but sheer good luck as to wind and weather would ensure their safety. The Pet however may be an exception: and is, probably a seagoing vessel.

I do not pretend to say that all eight ton vessels are unfit for sea-way urposes; nor even five ton boats, for it is well known that many fishng vessels are no larger; but then they are built on totally different ines, and have not such immense spars to roll them about, nor such huge sails; nor are they so heavily laden with ballast, look at the north ountry cobles, and the fishing yawls of various parts of our coast, many

of them of five tons and under, will put out to sea in half a gale ; and actually make good weather of it, when a ten ton racing cutter would be certain to be lost.

No such yacht under fifteen tons ought to cross the English Channel, and then only in fine weather; and fair winds : a twenty-five ton yacht might go round the coast in safety during moderate weather; occasionally staying in port a few days during bad weather, and making the best of fair winds and off-shore breezes. The Welsh and Irish Coasts might also be visited ; but it would be prudent not to bring up for the night at sea, unless becalmed, or in a tideway ; and if so, the watch should be set when the anchor is down. Find a harbour every night if possible; such however cannot always be done in a voyage round the coast: there are many stretches too long for one day's sailing, and yachtsmen must not object to a night or two at sea ; and if they have an efficient crew, jolly companions, and a tight vessel, they may turn in for the night, or play a rubber, or game of chess, with perfect *nonchalance*, whilst the vessel is going ahead rapidly.

But let a yachtsman once encounter a gale anywhere from the north, or east, in the North Sea, and he will not easily forget the ups and downs of a twenty-five ton cutter. If he can keep his vessel out at sea, clear of shoals and sandbanks, and off the shore, all well; and with good seamanship, and good luck, he may weather a summer gale ; but he will not afterwards be over anxious for another North Sea cruize in a twenty-five tonner.

Pleasure yachts are not to be played with in gales at sea: a yacht of fifty tons ought to have sufficient stability to live in almost any summer gale, where there is sea room : lay her to for seventy hours, or double that time if necessary under storm-jib and try-sail, and she ought to ride it out safely. A vessel of fifty tons built on different lines to our long legged racers, and expressly for sea-going purposes, might be so constructed as to be fit for a voyage to any part of the world.

But to return to the fresh water yachts : I have often met with these miniature vessels of five or six tons, upwards of fifty miles from home, without even a tolerably good seaman aboard ; at which no one can be surprised, as no experienced man would venture to take such vessels far out to sea.

It is not many years ago since the owner of the ———, cutter, a tons, R.T.Y.C., (with friends aboard,) started from the Thames on a cruize to Harwich ; when, night coming on before they reached their destination, not a man on board knew the entrance to the harbour, although the captain pretended before starting to be well acquainted

with the coast, (but that we will not now dispute,) perhaps he might have found the entrance to the harbour by daylight; but night coasting differs materially from open day sailing: they had besides an excellent chart of the coast in the yacht's cabin; so little however did they know of the coast by night, that they mistook the lights at Orfordness for those of Harwich, passing the harbour lights, Cork Light, &c., as if nothing at all. Arrived abreast of Orfordness, their bewilderment became greater; the lead was hove, and seventeen fathoms was the depth. Now had any of these mariners (?) known but a little of that coast, it might have occurred to them that no such depth of water is to be found in the locality of the entrance to Harwich Harbour, and between that and the West Rocks. But this they knew not; and, so far wisely kept the vessel in deep water. But how on earth they kept clear of shoals all the time is a mystery. The chart was consulted, and an opinion come to (although with much apprehension) that they had overshot the mark, and must retreat; when fortunately they fell in with a trawl boat, and on enquiry found they had run about fifteen knots too far, they were therefore knocking about at sea all night, and fetched the harbour by daylight next morning; when the custom-house authorities boarded them *instanter* and with every confidence of finding a cargo of contraband: but a little explanation set all right, and the yachtsmen were left to themselves, and the preventive-men shoved off sadly disappointed, having had their night glasses bearing upon the supposed smuggler several times during the night.

Such is but a sample of the adventures of some of these small yachts. I shall in some future number have occasion to refer to them again, and the hair-breadth escapes of many a yachtsman of the present day.

DREDGING CRUIZE OF THE ADA YACHT.—1853.

BY T. C. EYTON, ESQ.

(*Continued from page* 236.)

In my last paper I gave a short account of my expedition to the Isle of Man, and Belfast Lough; in the present one I propose to give a similar account of another expedition into the Clyde district.

May 27th.—Joined the Ada at Douglas.

May 28th.—Sailed for Ramsay, and anchored in the bay, remaining there until

May 30th, when at 4h. A.M., we set sail for the Clyde, with a fine

breeze at starting, but it became quite calm off the Mull of Galloway, and continued so all night.

May 31st.—A fine breeze sprung up at 6h. A.M., which carried us to Corsewell Head,—it then became again calm, and we came to an anchor; a slight puff however sprung up in the evening, and when we entered Loch Ryan and anchored off Cairn Ryan, went on shore there in search of meat, but could not get any. This Loch being chartered, we were not allowed to dredge in it: had two hauls near the entrance but got nothing.

June 1st.—Set sail from Cairn Ryan at 7h. A.M.,—had a beautiful view of Ailsa Craig, Goat's Fell, and the other mountains in Arran:—wind light.

June 2nd.—Anchored in Lamlash Bay at 5h. A.M.; went out dredging in a hired boat in the bay, and obtained *goniaster templetoni* for the first time: went fishing with hand lines in the evening, and in about an hour and a half caught ten dozen, and three whiting.

The following is a list of the animals obtained in Lamlash Bay, in water from twelve to twenty-four fathoms. There are the remains of a scallop bed on the opposite side of the bay from Lamlash, under Holy Island, but nearly all the shells are now dead.

Comatula rosasea	Amphidotus caudatus	Chiton assellus
Ophiura texturata	Leucinopsis undata	Capulus Hungaricus
Ophiocoma rosula	Cyprina islandica	Trochus cinerarius
Uraster glacialis	Cardium edule	——— alabastrum
——— rubens	Astarte sulcata	——— millegranus
Goniaster templetoni	Mytylus edulis	Aporhais pes pelecani
Echinus sphæra	Pecten opercularis	Stenorynchus phalangium
——— miliaris	Anomia ephippium	

June 3rd.—Wind fresh,—got underway at 9h. A.M.; made Loch Ranza at 10h. P.M., having been becalmed in the middle of the day; dropped a dredge off the Bute end of Kilbrainham Sound, took for the first time *amphidotus roseus*, together with the following species:—

Ophiura texturata	Echinus sphœra	Capulus Hungaricus
Ophiocoma rosula	Lucinopsis undata	Several species of Chiton
——— bellis	Carium edule	Aporhais pes pelecani
Goniaster templetoni	Astarte sulcata	Emarginula reticulata
Asterias aurantiaca	Mytylus edulis	Crania norvegica
Amphidotus roseus	Pecten tigrinus	Dentalium entalis

In trying another haul got the dredge foul, and was a long while getting clear. Set the long lines outside Loch Ranza, after coming to an anchor, but in the way of fish only got one conger. The following were however fast to the hooks,—*luidia fragilissima*, a very large specimen of *ophiura texturata*, *goniaster templetoni*, *solaster papposa*, and *endeca*.

June 4th.—Weighed anchor at 7h. A.M.,—had a haul in the Sound, on an ousy bottom in forty fathoms water: took *brissus lyrifer* for the first time, in company with *aporhais pes pelecani*. Came to at East Tarbet, at 6h. P.M.; remained there all Sunday.

June 6th.—Weighed and sailed at 5h. A.M., up Loch Fyne; anchored off Inverary in the evening,—had some dredging during the day. A list of all the Loch Fyne captures is given below.

June 7th.—Got a shore boat and went dredging with the small dredges near the shore, at the north end of the Loch, on gravel, and took several specimens of *terebratula*, *caput serpentis*, on gravel, also two species of *neæra*, on mud.

June 8th.—A rainy day: went in the evening to see the Duke's grounds, which are very beautiful: sorted the specimens obtained the previous day, found that I had taken fifty-four species, sixteen of *echinodermata*, and six of *crustacea*, in Loch Fyne.

June 9th.—Weighed anchor at 8h. A.M., and dredged down the middle of the Loch to Furness, in from seventy to eighty fathoms water, the bottom mud,—took a variety: came too at Furness for the night.

June 10th.—Weighed at 7h. A.M., dredged off Oter on gravel with rocks, and was obliged to let go one dredge, but recovered it afterwards. There are a few scallops here and plenty of *orania norvegica*.

June 11th.—Weighed at 11h. A.M.; let go the dredges off Shipness, got a capital haul in soft mud, taking for the first time *ovula acuminata*. This was the last haul in Loch Fyne:—the following is a list of the species taken:—

Ophiura texturata
Ophiocoma filiformis
——— granulata
——— bellis
——— rosula
——— Ballii
Uraster Glacialis
——— rubens
Cribella occulata
Solaster endecea
——— papposa
Goniaster templetoni
Asterias aurantiaca
Spatangus purpuseus
Echinus sphœra
——— miliaris
Amphidotus caudatus
Cucumaria pentactes
——— hyalina
Stenorynchus phalangium
Inachus doryrhynchus
Pisa Gibbsii

Solen pellucidus
Mya truncata
Cochlodesma pretenuis
Kellia suborbicularis
——— nitida
——— rubra
Venus Cassina
——— ovata
——— striatula
Nucula nitida
——— tenuis
Circe minima
Astarte sulcata
Cardium norvegicum
——— rusticum
Artemis exoleta
Tapes pullastra
———virginea
Modiola modiolus
Mytylus edulis
——— phascolina
Syndosmya intermedia

Dentalium entalis
——— tarentinum
Chiton several species
Capulus Hungaricus
Acmœa virginia
——— testudinalis
Patella vulgata
Pilidium fulvum
Emarginula Mulleri
Nassa incrassata
Littorina rudis
Trochus cinerarius
——— tumidus
——— millegranus
——— ziziphinus
Aporhais pes pelecani
Chemnitzia rufa
Turritella communis
Cylichna cylindracea
Eulima polita
Odostomia alba
Velutina lavigata

Cacinas mænas	Lucina ferruginosa	Purpura lapillus
Lithodes Maia	Lima tenera	Natica monilifera
Pagurus Predeauxii	Puten opercularis	——— sordida
——— lævis	—— tigrinus	——— pusilla
Galithea nexa	—— similis	Trichotropis borealis
Sarcicava arctica	—— Danicus	Fusus islandicus
——— rugosa	Psammobia ferroensis	———antiquus
Corbula nucleus	Ostræa edulis	———undatum
Necera cuspidata	Anomia ephipium	Scaphander lignarius
——— abreviata	——— patilliformis	Bulla cranchii
Leda caudata	Crania norvegica	Ooula acuminata

Besides the above list, there were taken on sea weed at East Tarbet and other places, numerous specimens of *rissoa*, and other small shells. The total number in the above list taken in Loch Tyne is *echinodermata* nineteen; *crustacea* eight; *molusca* seventy-two; to which may be added eight species of *rissoa*, and four of *chiton*.

Anchored at Rothsay in the evening, having gone round the Isle of Bute instead of through the Kyles, the wind not suiting. Stayed at Rothsay on Sunday, and paid a visit to the old castle, which is well worth seeing.

June 13th.—Dredged in Loch Striven, and the south end of the Kyles of Bute, in from thirty-six to forty-five fathoms water, but did not do much; took however *virgularia mirabilis* for the first time. The following is a list of what was taken:—

Uraster hispida	Cochlodesma tenuis	Tapes deussata
Echinus Sphœra	Corbula nucleus	Cylichna cylindracea
——— miliaris	Nucula nucleus	Nassa reticulata
Ophiocoma filiformis	Pecten opercularis	Littorina rudis
Uraster violacea	——— danicus	Turritella communis
Lithodes maia	Cyprina islandica	Acmæa testudinalis
Saxicava arctica	Solen ensis	Buccinum undatum

In Loch Striven the weather was very squally, which rendered dredging difficult. Sailed at 7h. P.M. for Greenock.

June 14th.—Anchored at Greenock for stores, and dredged up Gairloch* in the evening, but did not do much; the scenery, however, well repaid a visit. Sailed at 7h. P.M. for the Isle of Man: was becalmed during the night.

June 15th.—A fair wind sprung up at 4h. A.M.; made Holy Island at 10h. A.M.; Ailsa Craig at 12h.,—twenty-one knots in two hours, and anchored in Ramsay Bay, Isle of Man, at 11h. P.M.

June 16th.—Was all day working to Douglas, with very little w' '.

June 17th.—Set sail from Douglas at 1h. 25m. P.M. for Liverpo

June 18th.—Was off the north-west light-ship at 2h. 30m. A.M., a l obliged to lay-to for water to get in.—Got into Birkenhead Float t 7h. 30m. A.M.

* The bottom of Gairloch is composed chiefly of a substance resembling c - ders, but whether of volcanic origin or from the steamers, I am unable to say

OUR CRUIZE IN THE BALTIC.

(*Concluded from p.* 192.)

BY NECKON OF THE NORTH SEAS.

WHEN we parted from you last dear readers, you left us at that remarkable Russian maritime fortress y'cleped Cronstadt, as my friend Paddy Blake would say, "rowlin' in the wather;" and in good faith it would take a man of strong physical and moral tendencies who would not rather be "rowlin' in the wather," than "rowlin' on land there," and we all agreed it would be bad—very bad, and peculiarly "Russian," to sleep on shore at Cronstadt.

June 28th.—Got under-way and went over to Peterhoff where we found the "Fairy Queen." The Emperor was at his palace at Peterhoff, the guard stopped our entrance, we however went over the park and gardens which are pretty, with some very fine fountains in them: we dined at the hotel at six o'clock, and had a much better dinner than we expected; in the evening we had a concert in the gardens which would have been very enjoyable but for the intolerable cold; we unanimously voted a residence in Russia about as agreeable as would be passing a honey-moon at the North Pole. Returned to Cronstadt and had a visit from Vice Commodore Campbell, of the Claymore. Monday, the anniversary of our Queen's (God bless her,) coronation, was very wet and disagreeable; so it was yarn and smoke and overhauling our logs: in the evening, however, it cleared up, and determined to have some sort of fun by way of exercise we rowed round the Russian Fleet; their ships are anything but fit to class as A1., they are mostly built of fir, and upon the whole we voted them, simply useful *looking* things: the crews appeared to be half soldiers, half sailors, Mars and Neptune with a round turn and two half hitches, and the time they took to send down top-gallant yards, or perform the slightest manœuvre was truly ludicrous.

29th.—We started by an early boat for St. Petersburgh. We passed the morning seeing the lions, and were greatly pleased with the city, portions of which are superb. We found the English hotel very good, and reasonable for Russia, and after an early dinner we embarked in a droshky and had a pleasant drive in the neighbourhood of St. Petersburg, where all the nobility reside during the summer months: got on board early and found a jolly band of yachtsmen waiting for us, when perhaps we had not some rare yarns, and the health of the "old country" and those we had left behind us, you may be sure kind readers were not forgotten.

Hurrah for the 30th June.—"Who is to have the Emperor's vase?" that was the question. We got under-way at 6 A.M. and took up our station at No. 3. At 10 A.M. the momentous signal was given and the struggle for the championship of the Baltic and Gulf of Finland commenced in real earnest: as ill luck would have it the poor little Falernus canted the wrong way and we lost our start, never say die however; we cracked on the wee barkie and soon managed to place ourselves in the third place: it was a fine sight and must have rather astonished the Russian *yachtsmen*? Nine slashing schooners started and two cutters: we had a nice breeze but unfortunally for us it was a soldier's wind, and it was as plain as that Nicholas was Emperor of all the Russians that the schooners had it all their own way, if we could not manage to get them on a wind; they were bowling along as merry as sand-boys, everything dragging a-low and a-loft. On onwards we rattled, and towards the afternoon we managed to range up alongside of the gallant Claymore, passed and challenged the saucy War-hawk, and were beginning to think that things were not so bad with us after all when we had her astern of us; our triumph however was but short lived, for up came a rattling breeze, and they were all down upon the poor little sixty tonner, the Claymore came sweeping along like a race horse: at 6h. 15m, she rounded the Island of Neva about a minute a-head of us, the War-hawk being close astern of us; crash, bang, hurroo, away, went our bobstay-fall, and it was up helm and run to save our bowsprit. Shortly afterwards the Emperor's yacht the "Queen Victoria" passed us; however to work we went with a will, we had not come to the Baltic for nothing, and not many minutes had elapsed 'ere we were at them again as fresh as ever; the Claymore and Queen Victoria were now hard at it, as was also the Georgina, and we held on like grim death, determined at least to make the War-hawk look sharp; and a hard rattle it was between us, however we were too much for her and got clear round the flag ship some five minutes a-head of her, the Claymore went magnificently and was never afterwards caught, winning the vase as she liked.

July 1st.—At 1h. 30m. A.M. we got round the flag ship, being the fourth vessel of the eleven that started; the length of the course was about 106 nautic miles, which we did in fifteen hours and a half at about an average of seven knots an hour. We had very bad weather on the 1st. and in the evening Commodore Gaybreeze of the Reiver, determined to make the *best* of *bad*, made signal of all hands for a jollification, taking the band of the Falernus with us, fiddles, flutes, tamborine cymbals, and all, we treated the natives to a real jolly good yachtsmen dance upon the broad decks of the Reiver.

2nd.—Up at 6h. A.M., and off to St. Petersburgh, spent the day lionizing. The great sight of St. Petersburgh is the Isaak Church, a most wonderful building of marble, with bronze statues, the interior full of Malachite columns of immense size all figured in gold; but it has no architectural beauties: all the public buildings, domes, spires, &c., are profusely gilt, so that from a distance the capital appears one blaze of gold. St. Petersburgh is the dearest place in the world, for a glass of wine and a sandwich, they charged two shillings; for a bottle of porter five shillings; small Malachite ornaments, eight guineas; a small pair of sable cuffs, fifteen guineas; so we buttoned, our pockets and looked innocent of any immediate desire to possess any momento of our Russian Cruize.

3rd.—Remained on board all day.

4th.—We had a visit from our friends at St. Petersburgh, who spent the day with us.

5th.—We sent the Falernus to Cronstadt, breakfasted with Commodore Campbell on board the Claymore, after which we had droskys and a shore cruize to the camp, and afterwards to the palace of Peterhoff, wherein are some paintings, and fine rooms, but all rather partaking of a very ginger-bread aspect. We dined afterwards at a dinner given by the Imperial Yacht Club of St. Petersburgh to the English yachtsmen, a very grand affair indeed, as such things usually are: we sat down about fifty, and had a really excellent dinner, with as much iced champagne as would flood the Neva: amongst the guests were the English Ambassador and Attachès; the Admiral; and no end of Russian princes: in the evening we had an opportunity of tasting that *rare* delicacy Russian punch; such stuff, no water in it, and made hot by burning the spirits: after which we had an additional treat, only fancy reader a dance amongst a lot of men! ha! ha! The Russians tried to put some of us under the table, but they little knew the stuff that yachtsmen are made of, and we had the satisfaction of seeing most of them done up 'ere we left. We had a very strong gale at night and about three in the morning we were all on deck, the little Falernus driving bodily down amongst the breakers to leeward: no time to be lost, up stick and away, or our hammocks might be returned into store. We roused up the anchor in no time and with storm canvas thrashed across to the man-of-war harbour, which by-the-bye is an excellent place, and where we should have been all along.

6th.—We visited the dockyard, &c., and at 9h. A.M. got under-way, but it fell a flat calm and we did not make more than a mile from Cronstadt: the Emperor passed us in his yacht, and we had no end of

[illegible] in good order; [illegible] which we hoped [illegible] leaving us [illegible]

[illegible] and every [illegible] by-by [illegible] ever surveyed [illegible] were over [illegible] which at [illegible] there are [illegible] gentle- [illegible] ruins; but [illegible] of the place. [illegible] under them; [illegible] A rather good [illegible] Rus- [illegible] in parting [illegible] he was [illegible] merely, [illegible] which com- [illegible] much so our [illegible]

[illegible] for W— [illegible] unfor- [illegible]

[illegible] dinner on the [illegible] and a most [illegible] drinking in [illegible] the gallant Commodore [illegible] in his hospitable [illegible] of mutton, beef, [illegible] *pain-poivre*, [illegible] *champagne*, *madere*, [illegible] is to exist with [illegible]

[illegible] been a week getting up [illegible] we should never get [illegible] days from England, [illegible] in the

cabin ; schooner close alongside, all hands piped for a swim in the Gulf of Finland, after which we had a coffee evening, some capital singing, the band, and some well danced reels and hornpipes.

12th.—A rattling breeze, the Miranda cutter joined our little fleet, it was splendid to see the style in which the Reiver bowled along, and indeed the little Falernus did her duty like a clipper ; we were between the islands of Nargen and Jussari off the latter of which the compass becomes affected, the needle spinning round and round, (*mem.* give the island of Jussari a wide berth,) hurrah, within forty-five miles of the Hango Beacon so that we may expect to sight Stockholm to-morrow; nearly run out of grub in the forecastle, and no fresh meat aft, so that preserved meats were found to be a good stand-by.

15th.—Arrived at Stockholm, for the last two days we made good work of it with a nasty sea on, the Reiver going through it as dry as a church ; in one run we made thirty-one miles in two and a half hours.

The entrance to Stockholm, which is situated on the western shores of the Baltic and opposite to the Gulf of Finland, is one mass of rocks covered with fir trees, having from twenty to thirty fathoms of water close alongside, they extend for thirty miles. There is nothing very particular in the shape of sight seeing at Stockholm, save the palace, tombs of the kings, &c. ; but the situation of the place is very lovely : after dinner we went with some Swedes to a Villa-a-la-Romaine which was considered very fine, but we thought differently of all save and except a splendid view which we certainly had from the top of it.

17th.—Got underway for Copenhagen, we had splendid sailing all day, the scenery was truly magnificent as we beat out amongst the islands of the Lake Maëler ; a large eagle paid his respects to us, but 'ere a rifle could be brought to bear he was far aloft ; the musquitos proved excessively troublesome to us.

18th.—Clear into the Baltic and rattling merrily along; 3h. P.M. 120 miles since midnight ; 4h. A.M. southward of the island of Oland and a heavy sea on.

19th.—8h. P.M. made Copenhagen, arrived off the light ship at six, having reeled off 300 miles in thirty hours.

20th.—The Reiver made first move and we were off for Elsineur, and then for the North Sea and farewell to the Baltic. Upon the whole liked the Baltic weather much, our experience of it gave us when we l wind, a good steady gale, and no rain.

24th.—3h. P.M. off the Naze of Norway, under every inch of canvas could clap on, including square-sail and ruffy top-sail: we had a good up of a sea on that evening, but we hardened our hearts for we were neward-bound to soften them.

26th.—At 11h, A.M. we made Lowestoft church, and shortly afterwards sighted Newarp light vessel. At 11h. 30m. P.M. we lay-to off the North Foreland to wait for water into Ramsgate; we found ourselves considerably closer to the English coast than we expected, and considered that the in-draught of the River Thames had much to do with it.

Now, good reader, there was a jolly cruize of seven weeks, out of which we were only fourteen days on shore, and we rattled along our last 500 miles at the rate of nearly ten miles an hour. We must now cry "stop" hoping that when the Emperor gives another cup in the Baltic or Gulf of Finland, we may all be there to see; at present we believe he has taken to a game of cup and ball.

BALANCED MASTS.

Our attention to this subject has been directed by a correspondent, who feels assured that, however meritorious the invention may be, it is still capable of further improvement. We do not present it to our readers as an invention of the present time, for it was first introduced to the notice of the Society of Arts thirty years ago, yet as it possesses much merit and is not generally known, we are induced to place it before the public, in order that it may meet with that attention which every useful invention deserves.

It is the invention of Lieut. Clint, as a means of safety against risk of capsizing; and it will also improve the speed of the vessel so constructed. The Society of Arts presented the inventor with twenty guineas, as a testimony of their opinion of its merits. However, in order that the subject may be fully understood, we will insert the description, &c., given by Mr. Clint:—

"The invention now offered to the Society of Arts, was originally intended for open boats; but, on trial, it appeared that, under the various modifications of which it is susceptible, it may be most advantageously adapted to the use of such of them as are employed only for fast sailing, without regard to carrying cargoes. Of this class, are revenue cutt— yachts, &c., and when the many important advantages resulting fr the invention shall become known, none of these will refuse to make t allowance of the space required for the cradle. One of the objects this plan is to enable a vessel, under a press of sail, *close-hauled* to p serve an upright position *under water*. The advantages of which pc

tion are,—1st. The vessel will sail faster by dividing the water at the bows, and by drawing less dead water by the stern. 2nd.—The vessel will answer the helm much better. 3rd.—The vessel will go better to windward in that position than in the awkward state of sailing upon her side. Another object is to prevent the loss of lives and property, consequent upon the frequent upsetting of vessels in squalls of wind, or by inattention or fool-hardiness; for a vessel on this construction is found on trial to maintain her upright position, however violent the wind.

"The model before the Society is that of a sailing vessel six feet long, and only nine inches broad; of which the following is a brief description. In her hold a semi-circular cradle is suspended on the centres between two beams; in this cradle is a quantity of ballast, or part of a cargo; in the cradle the mast is raised, and to the sides of it are fixed all the rigging, halliards, &c., the whole being decked in: in other respects there are no material difference above deck from ordinary vessels. A boat of this construction is enabled to carry nearly three times the common quantity of sail *close-hauled*, and from its great length of shape, sails with proportionably increased velocity; and however violent the pressure of the wind, the *hull* of the vessel always maintains an upright position in the water.

"The preceding remarks have reference only to the application of this principle to vessels of the ordinary form, but a more important advantage, as far as relates to fast sailing, results from this construction, consisting in the diminished breadth of the vessel. The proportion of length to breadth in the model before the Society is as seven to one, and the ordinary proportion is as three to one, by which four-sevenths less of resistance is given to the progress of this vessel through the water, giving four-sevenths of an accelerated velocity in sailing.

"Length, if it can be applied, is a great desideratum, it enables a vessel to go over a heavy sea with ease and speed, by making the angles of elevation and depression upon the waves less acute: it makes a vessel sail more steadily and hold a good wind; it enables a vessel to lie at anchor, and ride out a gale in greater safety, by diminishing the strain upon the cable.

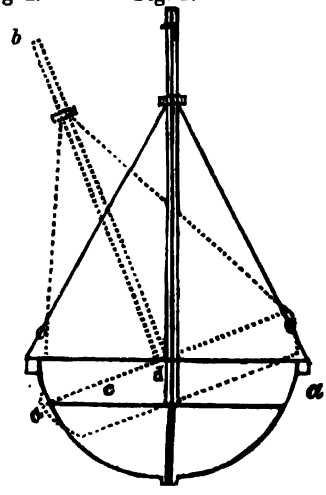
"To all these advantages the plan has the merit of extreme simplicity. Every stay, halliard, brace, sheet, tackle, and sail, is in the same place as an ordinary vessel; and consequently, in manning a vessel on this principle for sea, the sailors would have *nothing new* to learn.

"In conclusion, it may not be impertinent to remind the Society of the various means adopted by the natives of the shores of the Pacific and Indian Oceans, to make their long canoes carry sail.

"There are the double canoe, the catamaran, the canoe with bamboo canes placed across poles, and the canoe with one side flat, and a man out to windward upon a spar; these serve to exemplify the utility of length, but are fit only for an amphibious people, and are practicable only on a small scale.*

"In the month of May, 1824, a whale boat was fitted up by Mr. Clint, according to the foregoing plan, and several experiments were made in her in the Thames; on one occasion she sailed down to Erith with a full spread of canvas, and upon nearly an even keel, at a time when, from the boisterousness of the wind, the Gravesend and other sailing boats were working under close-reefed sails, and running nearly gunwale under. Of the novelty of Mr. Clint's plan, to at least a certain extent, there appears no doubt, and therefore the Society have thought themselves justified in offering it to the attention of the public, without, however, pledging themselves that in its present state it is applicable safely and usefully to marine navigation."

Fig. 2. Fig. 1.



Explanation of Diagram.

1.—Represents the relative position of the mast and hull before sail is set.

2.—Represents the same when the vessel is under a press of canvas, close-hauled.

a The hull.

b The mast attached to the cradle.

c The lower part of the cradle is partitioned off to contain the ballast.

d One of the pivots by which the mast and cradle are suspended, allowing them to swing laterally, while the hull preserves the upright position.

[Should any of our subscribers, who may be building, feel disposed to try the above plan, we will readily be the medium of communication with our correspondent.]

* *See* "Sailing Boat," for description of the Flying Proas.

PRACTICAL NOTES ON YACHTS AND YACHTING.

(Continued from page 230, vol. ii.)

BY A MEMBER OF A ROYAL YACHT CLUB.

CHAPTER V.

RIG OF YACHTS—CUTTER, SLOOP, MUDIAN, YAWL, SCHOONER, LUGGER, LATTEEN HERMAPHRODITE, BRIG, SHIP.

THE vagaries of mankind have not been less curiously developed in the varieties of rigs, invented for their ships when built, than in the diversity of models adopted in constructing the hull. When the first embarkation on the Mediterranean or the Persian Gulf, was made by primæval man, the rig of his craft was doubtless very simple. Some portion of dress, held up to woo the following breeze, by the hands of the intrepid navigator, probably served for mast and sail; by-and-by a rough pole would be substituted for the human mast, a branch of the nearest tree would supply the place of the human yard-arms, and a mat or hide that of the human clothing. This would be a very near approximation to a modern lug sail. It seems doubtful how far the Ancients practised the art of turning their vessels to windward; that the Romans at least were acquainted with the principle of doing so, is proved by the "*In contrarium navigare prolatis pedibus,*" of Pliny, in opposition to the "*Currere utroque pede*" of Catullus. Many of my readers will recall the passage in the Æneid where Palinurus, when caught out off the Coast of Sicily, orders his crew "To contract their swelling sails and luff to wind," or as we should say, "Heave her to, my boys, and haul down a reef." But it would not do—we soon find Æneas making the mortifying confession that he had more than enough of it.

"————————Too sure I find
We strive in vain against the seas and wind;"

and accordingly they immediately put their helms up and bore away before the gale.

"The course resolved, before the western wind
They scud amain, and make the port assigned."

In this poet's elegant description of a regatta* in the same book, which must always make it popular with yachtsmen, we find the contending galleys sought victory with their oars alone:—

"Exact in time with equal strokes they row;
At once the brushing oars and brazen prow,
Dash up the sandy waves and ope the depths below."

Indeed from all the information connected with naval affairs which has

* The first on record.

been handed down to us, in the ancient authors, oars seem to have been the chief moving power relied upon in the propulsion of vessels, and sails were an auxiliary only sought in moderate weather and with a tolerably fair wind. The "*Obliquat sinus in ventum,*" of Virgil, will serve for a wind abeam, as well as close hauled. It seems probable that all the vessels of antiquity were lug rigged, generally with one mast, which they had the power of lowering when going into port or assailed by a head wind. Down to a comparatively recent period in our nautical history, fore-and-aft-sails, properly so called, seem to have been either unknown or very little used. In the pictures of ships of war, even in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, unless it be a sort of mongrel lateen-sail upon the mizen-mast, all the other sails even the head-sails, are square. These vessels must have made but a very poor hand at beating to windward. Accordingly we find that in 1740, Commodore Anson took nearly a couple of months to clear the Channel at the best season of the year, and even in that long period it was chiefly accomplished by tiding it.

However familiar to us the art of making a vessel sail to windward in the very face as it were of the breeze which propels her may be, it it seems on consideration one of the most curious inventions which human ingenuity has yet discovered. It is more surprising even than steam itself, for there you have another force generated and applied no doubt with wonderful art to the propulsion of the ship, but in the case of the sailing vessel, you have the very force which appears to be battling and striving to keep her back, in reality urging her forward. Of late years from the improvement in the hull and rig of yachts, this curious faculty of sailing, almost in the very teeth of the wind has been wonderfully improved. The English cutter and the Yankee sloop are for the performance of this feat, of all the numerous rigs which have heen tried, *facile principes.* The difference between the two is not great, it consists chiefly in the number of the head sails; the cutter having two, while the sloop has only one. We have had but little experience of the latter rig in this country, and where the two have been brought into competition, the cutter has uniformly I believe been found superior even in speed, and in handiness it has manifestly the advantage. On board a small vessel, perhaps the most troublesome duty which has to be performed is shifting jibs in heavy weather, and it seems obvious that if a crew have to hand a sail, comprising both jib and foresail in one, it will prove a more difficult job than when these sails are separate. The Mudian or Bermudian, which is a near approximation to the sloop, having only two sails, was very popular some years since, but has gone quite

out of fashion from the difficulty of working. There being no fore-sail, the jib was large; from there being no top-mast, the main-mast was long and heavy, and from their being no gaff, the main-sail was narrow aloft, and the boom in consequence required to be many feet beyond the taff-rail, all which were found to be extremely inconvenient in small craft. As heavy spars do not in any way aid in propelling a vessel, but on the contrary very much diminish her stability, it is a most important object always to be kept in view in rigging a yacht, to have as few and as light spars as will suffice to carry the requisite amount of canvas. Cloanthus is not the only yachtsman who has had to complain that

"His o'er masted galley checked his haste."

It has been proved to demonstration that a cutter will carry more cloth on a given weight of spars than any other rig. The yawl which is but a slight modification of the cutter, is *haud longo intervallo* the next best. The addition of the mizen or jigger-mast, though but a small spar, is a disadvantage, and the sail carried on it of little use as a propelling power, though the vessel from the main-sail being so much inboard, would not when carrying her ordinary head sails, steer well without it. It is however a very handy rig; when the mizen is lowered and a small jib set, the craft will carry her other sails for a long time. It is very much in vogue in cruizing yachts, though unsuited for wager sailing, as a yawl *cæteris paribus* will never go to windward with a cutter. It is singular enough that coasters, where economy of labour is of the greatest importance, rarely or ever adopt this rig, but prefer the single mast.

The schooner rig is only adapted for large vessels, no yacht under sixty tons should be so rigged. It is universally admitted that the more you concentrate your main propelling power into one large sail, the more efficient it is, in sending the vessel through the water, but in large craft this rule must yield to other considerations, and the boom in cutters above 100 tons becomes unwieldy. In running along a wind, two masted yachts are allowed to have an advantage, as more of the sail can be brought into the body of the vessel than where there is a long boom, the outer part of which, must necessarily be a great way to leeward, and thus prevent the after leech of the sail drawing, as it otherwise would do. But then again when close-hauled you can flatten in a cutter's main-sail more than you dare do in a schooner's try-sail, and in running off the wind, unless you can wing a schooner, (that is carry the main-sail on the one side and the try-sail on the other,) the two sails are in the same line, and the main-sail keeps the wind out of the other, while the main-boom being so much shorter, the sail set on it

has much less effect than a cutter's main-sail, when the main-sheet is well paid away.

There is great variety in the rig of schooners; until of late years nearly all yachts of this rig were top-sail schooners, that is, carried a square top-sail, and top-gallant-sail on the foremast. This necessarily inferred a great amount of rigging, and was found very inefficient in turning to windward, the fore-top-sail was however a very useful sail in backing the vessel round, when staying in a heavy sea. Fore-and-aft schooners have been all the rage for some years, and since the arrival of the America a further change has been made, which although any thing but seemly to look at, very much increases the simplicity of the rig. The appearance of the America, curtailed of her fair proportions by the want of a fore-top-mast, must be familiar to every yachtsman, from the numerous engravings of her which have been published. Except for the sake of appearance, a fore-top-mast is of little use to a vessel rigged like the America, because owing to the triatic stay which runs from the fore-mast-head to the main-mast, it is impossible or at least very inconvenient to work the sheet of a fore-top-sail. Some of the more recently built schooners do carry a fore-gaff-top-sail, but it is an awkward sail. The older fore-and-aft schooners had their main-mast stayed to the deck by a stay leading forward on either side of the fore-mast, but as this interfered with the setting of the try-sail, each stay had to be slacked alternately in tacking, rather a troublesome thing to do, in short reaches. To compensate for the relief afforded from this annoyance, schooners rigged like the America, must either have their try-sails made with so little peak as to pass under the triatic stay, and if so, the main-sail for the sake of appearance, must set at the same angle as the fore-sail. If the sails be cut at a moderate angle the fore peak must be lowered everytime the vessel goes about, of the two the last plan is the best, for the flat headed sails, are ugly to look at, and are much more apt to fly away to leeward than those made with more peak.

Another alteration adopted from our trans-Atlantic friends, is a decided improvement. Instead of a high awkward bow-sprit and jib-boom running out at a great angle from the water and thus losing a great amount of valuable space for carrying sail, the bowsprit, is now short and nearly as straight as a cutter's, and the forestay fitting with an eye to the top of the fore-mast leads through the end of this, and is set up on its own end to the stem head. On this bowsprit or bumpkin, a jib-boom is sometimes carried but not always. The fore-stay-sail is fastened by the tack to the bow-sprit end, and works on the forestay by hanks like a cutter's fore-sail, this is a very large and powerful sail, well in the

body of the vessel, and of prodigious power, compared with the old fashioned head sails of a schooner, when the yacht is on a wind. It has a regular boom working in a goose-neck at the bumpkin end, and as this sail cannot be shifted like a cutter's jib, it has sometimes a bonnet which can be taken off when it blows hard; this laces and unlaces to the rest of the sail. The America was fitted with bonnets both on the fore-stay-sail and fore-try-sail, but they are not as yet much used in English yachts. In concluding these remarks upon schooners, I would again repeat that no vessel under sixty tons should be rigged a schooner, all small schooners are inefficient, toy-looking craft, inferior to cutters of equal size in handiness, speed, and accommodation, the two masts cutting up the interior arrangements sadly.

With regard to luggers little need be said, they have all the faults of schooners, and some disadvantages peculiar to themselves in addition, when on a wind the necessity of dipping the sails in tacking, so as to shift the yard to leeward of the mast is a terrible nuisance, and when the yards are lowered, they are everlastingly in somebody's way even when the vessel is at anchor. In short the rig is so troublesome that no man, but in pursuance of a crochet would make his yacht a lugger. There is a peculiar description of the rig sometimes denominated a Pembroke lugger, where the tack of the sail is made fast at the foot of the mast, and thus very little of the yard is before the mast on a wind, and in consequence does not require to be dipped in tacking, but this rig is so nearly identical with a schooner (only that there is generally a small mizen-mast) that it is unneccessary to enter into more detail in regard to it.

Latteen is a rig rarely or ever seen among our yacht squadrons. All who have visited the Mediterranean know how graceful the feluccas of the Italian ports are in their appearance; but it takes a man to sail in one of them in a gale of wind, to have any idea of the extreme unhandiness of the long tapering yards. They are generally reefed from the yards, and as the risk of being jerked into the sea is prodigious, from the great spring at the extreme point of the main yard, the hand who undertakes to go and perform this dangerous duty gets double pay. These craft run fast along a wind or when winged, but make poor work of it in plying to windward.

A singular looking vessel, a cross between a felucca and a schooner, appeared at Cowes towards the end of the season of 1851. She was of great length, not less than sixty feet keel, and only about nine feet beam, she was round-sterned and without counter, upright stern-post but raking stem, her lines were graceful and she had the look of a fast craft.

Instead of a fore-mast she had a pair of light sheers, between which she set a large latteen sail with the usual long bent yard aloft and another along the sole of the sail, which was made fast about the centre to the deck on which it moved as on a pivot. So much of this sail was before the mast that it worked as a fore-stay-sail, and so much aft the mast that it also served as a fore-try-sail; the main-mast was rigged like a fore and aft schooner, with main-sail and gaff-top-sail. This strange hermaphrodite craft had come all the way from the Clyde, with the owner, his lady and children, and only two seamen aboard; and was understood to have made excellent weather, and very rapid runs, distancing every craft she came across while running along a wind. The only practical objection found to the fore-sail was, that when reefed, it hung so low between the shears as to be somewhat unsteady, the yard having no spar to rest upon, in other respects it worked admirably, in fact it worked itself, and notwithstanding her extreme length the vessel was found to stay very readily. She started from Cowes with the intention of visiting the Thames and finding her way home by the East Coast, which it is believed she did in safety. The owner of her stated that this extraordinary vesssel had been originally laid down as a large rowing barge, and his ideas having altered when building her, she was raised upon and originally rigged a three-masted schooner; but under this rig would not stay, which she now did handily.

This same yachtsman some years since built a boat on the model of a Ladrone Island Prahu, flat on one side and round on the other, and carrying an outrigger on the flat side, both ends were alike, and she always carried the outrigger on the weather side. It is a well authenticated fact that very close on twenty miles an hour was got out of this craft running along a weather shore in a strong gale of easterly wind, and with smooth water. She was found an extremely unsafe boat from the outrigger perpetually breaking. A ducking in her was an every day occurence. On a wind she was useless, off a wind but middling, but with the wind abeam nothing could touch her; at last she broke her out-rigger once too often and left her bones on a desert island as a warning to all too venturous voyagers.

Sprit sails are sometimes used in small open boats, and are convenient from the facility in brailing up the yards and sails in a squall, but they never stand well, and from the bending of the yards or sprits, the harde it blows the worse they stand. They are not now much in repute, an gaffs have taken their place nearly universally, and they are in tru much more handy, though from the form of the gaff they do not adm of being brailed up so close to the mast.

Of brigs and ships it is unnecessesary to say anything, they are rarely used as yachts and when they are, their appearance is familiar to all. The well known Brilliant, the property of that eminent yachtsman Commodore Ackers, is a combination of the ship and the schooner, and her peculiar rig must be well known to all the readers of this Magazine, from the excellent illustration which appeared in the number for April 1853. This noble vessel is now being lengthened at Southampton and will be well nigh 500 tons when finished. Whether Mr. Ackers is to alter the rig we have not heard.

CHAPTER VI.

Material of Rig.—Spars, Ropes, Wire and Hemp, Chains.

A cutter's spars consist of main-mast, top-mast, main-boom, gaff, bowsprit, topsail-yard, and in vessels of some size, square-sail yard, corresponding boom and try-sail gaff. The dimension of these spars must in some degree depend upon the peculiar model you construct your vessel upon. A long narrow vessel will require a comparatively short mast, a short broad craft a long one, while a yacht with a deep draught forward, will require a longer bowsprit than one with less gripe. The ordinary rule for ascertaining the length the mast ought to be, is to make the hoist of the main-sail about twice the breadth of beam. To illustrate this we shall suppose that the dimensions selected for your twenty-five ton cutter, is 40 feet keel and twelve feet beam, this would give 24 feet of hoist for the main-sail, which with a fourth more for cap, crosstrees, and doubling would give about thirty feet of mast from deck to main-mast head. Again if you wish a longer vessel, we shall suppose the keel 42 feet, the beam 11 feet 6 inches, this would give you a foot less hoist and so on in proportion. We must always bear in mind, that the shorter we make our vessel for a specified tonnage, the taunter we can rig her as far as hoist is concerned, while on the other hand in the long vessel we can extend our breadth of canvas more safely than its height. A yacht with two feet additional keel, will carry her midship section and of course her bearings further aft, and will therefore require a longer boom than the short vessel, whose stability is more concentrated about the mast, in this way a short broad vessel always appears more heavily rigged than a long one, though in reality she may not be so.

To ascertain the proper proportion for the thickness of the mast, a common rule is to give $\frac{7}{8}$th of an inch for every foot of beam, thus 12 feet beam would give $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches for diameter of mast, while $11\frac{1}{2}$ of beam would give 10 inches, this is of course at the thickest part of the

spar, as it would necessarily taper somewhat towards the head. The more nearly a stick of these dimensions can be found, the better it will be for the purpose, as the less that is taken off in the way of thinning the tougher it will be, the strongest part of every spar is the external part, and having this fact in view, the Americans not unfrequently hollow their masts to reduce the weight, and it is not found that much loss of strength is thus sustained. It is unsafe to taper the mast much towards the head, as the weight of the main-sail is chiefly on the upper part of the spar, an inch in diameter from the thickest part would probably be as much as could be safely given. Indeed although lightness aloft is much to be desired, the very serious mistake of making your mast too weak must be carefully avoided. A great point is to secure a really good spar, for there is a vast difference in their quality and toughness, those in which the fibre of the wood encircles the tree in a spiral or corkscrew fashion are considered stronger than where it is perpendicular. Should your mast get sprung get a new one, never attempt to fish it as is sometimes done, it is a very expensive job to do, and very ugly when done.

The dimensions above given are adapted for the mast of a yacht chiefly designed for cruizing, and for comfort. Racing craft carry spars of a very different calibre, and on light winds this undoubtedly gives them a great advantage, as a large and lofty spread of canvas catches every gentle breath which comes from the mouth of Æolus. But I have known many a craft whose sailing qualities, would have been much improved by having a foot or two sawn off her mast.

With regard to the proper length for the top-mast of a cutter, it is entirely a matter of taste, some preferring long top-masts, some short. My own opinion is that the shorter a top-mast is made the better, and that the necessary hoist should be given to the top-sail, by giving it great peak and a long yard, very little of which should be before the mast. A very short top-mast does indeed look somewhat awkward and shabby, but it is a great matter when boxing a craft to windward in a stiff breeze to have but little top hamper. It is quite surprising to the uninitiated the effect a comparatively light weight aloft produces on the stability of a craft. I remember sailing a newly launched and imperfectly ballasted cutter at a regatta some years since in half a gale of wind. The craft had only been in the water a few days and we knew little of her trim or carrying powers ; in running along the wind for a couple of miles to the place of rendezvous, we found she would not carry her fore-sail without burying her whole lee bulwark in the water, and filling her cockpit. As considering the competitors we had to contend with, it was hopeless to race in this condition, we resolved just before the start to

get the top-mast out of her; this, having a good crew on board we soon accomplished, and lashing it along the deck and hoisting our distinguishing flag on a boat hook, we entered the contest, licked our competitors, and won the cup, carrying the whole of a large racing main-sail never set before and whole fore-sail. But for the top-mast being lowered on deck I believe she should have been last instead of first.

It is a great matter to have the main-boom made strong and not too yielding. The weight of this spar is well down in the vessel and therefore can safely be made greater in proportion than those aloft. When the main-sail is not laced to it, as is rarely the case in this country, the strain of the sail is all on the boom-end, and if the sail is a large one and the boom long, the force applied to the centre of the boom in a stiff breeze is very considerable, as any one who has seen the curve it sometimes assumes, will admit. When under these circumstances the boom gives way, it is a very serious catastrophe. I have known instances of one of the broken portions forcing itself through the side of the yacht, and very nearly causing the loss of the vessel. To avoid such risks the boom should always be made pretty stout in the centre, and as far aft as the main-sheet cleet. I am no advocate for the absurdly long booms we now see carried, they are unhandy in an extreme degree, and when reefing is required in a sea way it is a most dangerous operation getting the outer reef points tied and the earring down. In a vessel with a raking stern-post and long counter, this danger is much decreased, because the great overhang prevents the necessity of carrying the boom so far over the taffrail as in a cutter with an upright stern and short counter. The length of the keel and the length of the boom, should pretty nearly correspond.

The boom is generally connected with the mast by means of wooden jaws, which form a semicircle round it, while it rests upon a circle of wood nailed to the mast below, called a saddle. It of course unships from this and goes for'ard of the mast when required. Sometimes the boom instead of jaws, has an iron hinge, which works in an eye in the mast, commonly known as a goose-neck. It is much more apt to break than the jaws and saddle, and is rarely adopted in vessels of any size in this country, though not unusual among our Yankee cousins. The America had her main-boom fitted in this fashion. From the necessity of using a good deal of iron in its construction, a goose-neck is very apt to stain the tack of the main-sail when hauled taut to the deck, unless galvanized.

The peak of the main-sail in a great degree regulates the length of the gaff. This is much matter of fashion, in some yachting localities it

is customary to peak their sails more than in others. Except that a high peaked sail is more severe on the throat halliards than a low one. I know no reason why the main-sail in a cutter should not have a great peak; in a schooner as before explained, it is otherwise. A high peaked sail stands much better on a wind, and enables you to carry a loftier top-sail on a shorter mast. If the sail has much peak, the jaws of the gaff are generally iron and placed at a considerable angle with the gaff, so that they may encircle the mast almost horizontally, while the gaff rises at an angle perhaps of 45°, nearly in a line with the fore-stay. Iron jaws until late years were nearly universal in yachts, now they are more frequently wood, and generally have what is termed a tumbler fitted between them, which lies parallel with the mast, and aids most materially in lowering the main-sail, as it prevents the end of the gaff from jamming; the tumbler working on a hinge or axle and always retaining its perpendicular position. This renders the strain on the jaws and jaw rope and risk of chafing mast much less, and removes the necessity for the additional strength of iron, even where the peak is great. Both boom and gaff should be made a good deal longer than the size the main-sail is cut to, to leave room for the canvas stretching, which it does very considerably.

The draught of water forward regulates the length of bowsprit, a craft with a great gripe requires a long bowsprit, one with little gripe a short bowsprit, a vessel with long thin bows will also require less bowsprit than a short bluff vessel. The shorter the bowsprit the lighter it may be made, as of course the jib it carries will be smaller and the leverage less. This spar is very apt to be struck by seas, and is therefore often sprung notwithstanding that it is well stayed on either side. In a yacht with long sharp bows the angle of the bowsprit shrouds is so little that it would render them practically of little use, but for two iron rods generally called whiskers, which proceed horizontally from the bows and make the shrouds subtend a much greater angle than they otherwise would do, and thus increase their effect in supporting the bowsprit. As head sail is generally set, where there is little or no body to support it, it is very severe in depressing a vessel, and lays her over much more than an equal weight of canvas aft, it is therefore desirable to carry just enough to enable the vessel to steer and not an inch more. I would therefore always recommend as short a bowsprit as possible under such circumstances. The weight of a long heavy spar sets a craft down by the head, and requires ballast well aft to correct it, which is always objectionable.

If the plan I have suggested of a short top-mast and great peak to

the topsail, be adopted; a very long yard will be required. No doubt this will infer great extra top weight, but a top-sail is only carried in fine weather, and both it and its yard can be lowered on deck whenever the freshening breeze gives warning that such a precaution is necessary.

A cross-jack or square-sail yard is little used in vessels of twenty-five tons burthen, it is troublesome and greatly against the craft when plying to windward. A square-sail in a long run before the wind helps a boat through the water fast, but in a well found cutter a substitute in a balloon jib or some other spare sail, can generally be found to boom out opposite the main-sail.

A try-sail gaff is easily carried and every cruizing cutter of even 25 tons should have both it and a try-sail;* if caught out in really heavy weather, it is an amazing relief to the vessel to get quit of the long boom with which the working of the closest reefed main-sail is hampered: no sail can be so convenient for heaving a vessel to under, if it comes to that, as a storm try-sail and a spit-fire-jib. Should a try-sail not be carried, one jib should always be made with eyelet holes to lace to the mast instead, as a *dernier resort.*

The ordinary material of a yacht's rigging is tarred hemp rope, but of late years wire rope has been a good deal introduced for standing rigging such as shrouds, forestays, &c., while galvanized chain has been still more generally employed for running rigging such as jib and peak halliards. There is one objection common to both, and that is that neither of them yield, and the consequence is that in a vessel rigged in this way, every thing is as taut and stiff as if she were a frozen ship, while rope stretches when additional strain is put upon it and thus produces that degree of elasticity so beneficial to a yacht's speed. We shall suppose a vessel with a chain bobstay and chain jib halliards, (most yacht hands I have ever seen have an insatiable craving for setting down the one and setting up the other,) and the result is that the bowsprit is braced up and down until it is as stiff as a poker, and the boats sailing much injured. So desirable is it to have play in the bowsprit that I have heard a yachtsman of great experience suggest hide as the best material for a bobstay, and not many months since I was on board a racing yacht where the bobstay gave symptoms of yielding, which obliged the crew to slacken it slightly and thus give the bowsprit and mast-head more play. The effect was wonderful, it was just as if you had given a keen hunter the rein instead of curbing him with a powerful bit, the cutter sprang ahead, beat her

* The smallest yacht that goes to sea should always have a try-sail, and keep it bent. A try-sail and a storm-jib are the cruiser's best port.—Ed.

opponents hand over hand, and came in an easy winner. Chain running rigging is a favorite with the men, for it saves a great deal of trouble, when a sail is once set up it keeps up, as there is no stretching, and when lowered, it comes down by the run from the intrinsic weight of the halliards. It is also economical as there is little or no wear and tear, but the prime cost is much greater, and my advice to the young yachtsman would be to stick to the old material.

(To be continued.)

A TALE OF A TUB.

(Continued from page 242.)

Chapter III.

By the time that Maid Marion had arrived at this critical point in the history of her fortunes it was almost low water, and a chilly breeze from the gates of the morning had roused the skipper and his mate from their repose, and set them rubbing their drowsy eyes and blowing their frosty fingers, as they pulled and hauled about the deck to get Maid Marion in trim to work up to Southampton with the flood. Moreover, the passengers began to thrust their melancholy faces through the companion, inquiring how long it would be before we should reach Southampton, and the steward's wife as lively as a weasel, began bustling about her matutinal avocations. Her hair was nicely twisted up, partly in curl-papers of a yellow tinge, and partly in fragments of a pictorial publication; her nose and her elbows were of a rosy hue, her features, which were of the pointed gothic order, partook of the shaded white or neutral tint which pervaded her kerchief, and all that feminine modesty permitted to be seen of her lax and unaspiring stockings.

Her voice corresponding with her appearance, was brisk and piercing, and in her short but frequent excursions from the realms below, she wielded a mop and pail, with which she was ready to do battle against friend or foe.

The first of these visits frightened the god of dreams from his throne, and silenced poor Maid Marion's voice effectually. And now that our gossip was over, you might suppose that I felt some surprise when I thought of the conversation, which I, a mortal man, had been holding with an inanimate log: but no—I was conscious of no such impression: on the contrary, as I lighted my cigar and kept my place at the helm, I could not help feeling a degree of pique and mortification, because Maid Marion would not now take the slightest notice of me, or in any way acknowledge the many little attentions which I tried to show her—

a degree of reserve which I could not but impute to caprice or affectation. Once especially, when they were putting her in stays, and the wind came scant and puffy, I displayed as I thought the most delicate consideration for her feelings, but in vain—not a word or a smile could I win from her, so feeling a little cold and out of humour, I gave her a rank sheer to windward and handed over the helm to the skipper; whereupon, Maid Marion shook the head of her main-sail in a melancholy and reproachful manner, which grieved me to the heart, and I mentally resolved that in all my future dealings with her or with others of her sex, I would keep them full and treat them kindly, however capricious they might be.

Two or three hours sailing brought us to Cowes Roads, where we hoisted a signal for a boat, and I bade adieu for awhile to Maid Marion and her sorrows: nor did I fully appreciate the strangeness of my nocturnal conversation, till I was fairly landed and lodged in the Penates of Mr. Jonathan Corke, where as I sat at breakfast I pondered over these things, and while the whole story was fresh in my memory, proceeded to write down all that hath hitherto been divulged of the "Tale of a Tub."

CHAPTER IV.

Some weeks passed before I had an opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with Maid Marion, for I was fitting out a new craft at Cowes which required constant attention. At last everything was ready except my sails; but the Cowes and Portsmouth people were too busy to get them ready so soon as I wished, so hearing that there was a first-rate fore-and-aft sailmaker at Weymouth, I took my passage by Maid Marion, who traded regularly to some west country port, and away we went.

I had hitherto only seen that respectable matron's powers displayed in a calm, but now I had an opportunity of admiring her in a breeze, for it blew hard from the westward and there was a good deal of sea on, as we rattled through the Needles with the evening ebb.

Well did the unhappy passengers know what was in store for them, and many were the petitions to Captain Stumps that he would consent to return; I myself, I confess, could not help looking wistfully to leeward, and making a casual remark about Hurst Roads.

"Roads be blowed!" said the worthy man, and so they were I have no doubt, and so were we for that matter, for a precious dusting we got threshing through a heavy lump of a sea up to the old Harry. But the Polyanthus steamer, a crazy old tub, Captain Stumps's rival

and mortal foe, was ahead, and Captain Stumps was determined to dust her jacket for her.

Maid Marion certainly did knock it about our ears in fine style driving all manner of piles and exhibiting all sorts of fancy water-works for our diversion; but she went ahead and to windward, and there was a sort of "pull Devil, pull Baker," strength and power about the old craft, which made me think with some misgivings of the fine, delicate, lady-like little clipper which I had left at Cowes.

Below all was terror and dismay; three children were in convulsions, a stout lady had got turned over in the confusion, and lay like a turtle on her back, unable to rise, and apparently resigned to her fate, while a corpulent oilman in his berth, kept issuing unceasing bulletins, announcing his approaching dissolution.

Still the obdurate Stumps held on, till at last the miserable Polyanthus, who about this time had burst her boiler, was seen bearing up under her square-sail and jib for the Needles. Then the gallant Stumps called for his pipe, ran into Studland Bay, let go his anchor, and turned in chuckling with delight; and then it was that Maid Marion and I, renewed our discourse.

It was a wild blowing night and the night winds came trooping down from the bleak hills of Dorset under which we rode in safety: sometimes they shouted aloud in boisterous mirth as they hurried away to sea: sometimes they paused awhile to dance amongst our rigging and to sing their wild and mournful melodies to Maid Marion and to me. For a long time they raised such a hurly-burly that conversation was impossible and I paced the deck in silence; but a little before midnight the storm ceased, the winds having assembled by special invitation to take part in the dismasting and general destruction of a large emigrant ship, which I suppose is much the same to them as a whist party, with broiled bones and devilled lobster to ourselves.

Then it was that the roaring of the blast was succeeded by a gentle plaintive murmuring through the shrouds, in which I failed not to recognize the voice of my buxom friend, Maid Marion, who bade me welcome and invited me in the kindest manner to make myself entirely at home.

"Thank you very much," I replied, "you are very kind, but the fact is you seem rather wet just at present, and if you please I think I will stay where I am."

"Pray do just as you wish" she answered, in a tone which betrayed a little pique. "Indeed I scarcely expected to see you again, at all."

Here followed a little scene of reproaches and reconciliation, which

being quite a matter of course and of no consequence whatever, I shall beg leave to omit.

"But how much your voice has improved!" I remarked after a time.

"Yes, said she, I had a little uneasiness in my throat halliards that evening and the jaws of my gaff were a little swelled, I think from the damp weather: but I am much better now—but was'nt it fun seeing old Polyanthus come to grief? I heard them tinkering at her boiler as she passed."

"Yes," said I, "it is not every yacht that could weather on a steamer as you did to-night, and now I hope you will tell me the rest of your story. How did you like Mr. Murdoch?"

"Oh," she said, with a sigh, "it was a long time before I saw him at all, for you must know I was laid up at Cowes in September, and did not see any one for a long time. It was rather premature," she continued with a little embarrassment, "but I think I will say no more about that winter for it was a sad time for me, and I never left my bed for seven months."

Good gracious! thought I, what is the old craft driving at now? but I managed to abstain from asking impertinent questions and she proceeded.

"In the month of April I emerged from this long and miserable confinement, and after receiving a smarter outfit than ever, and with the same master, Captain Bolt, the same mate, and a crew of four hands and a steward, I took up my mooring off the Hospital at Greenwich, and prepared for an early visit from my new owner and his friends."

"But, good heavens! what a droll set I thought them when they came alongside the next Sunday, to admire and take possession."

"Such a display of gold lace, bright buttons, telescopes, and nautical equipments! I hardly knew whether to laugh or to cry, when I looked at the oddities with whom I was doomed to associate."

"At last having taken a pull round me in the gig, they came alongside, or rather came stem on into my unhappy side, while John Bolt handed them clean man-ropes and they came on board."

"One was a little red faced fat man, with a complete bloom of club buttons all over him; a regular field of buttercups, and he like a little fat cow, blowing and puffing in the midst of it."

"This gentleman having established himself on the deck, immediately d——d his own eyes: having done that, he gave his trousers a hitch, and then proceeded to remark that I was very much the *cheese*."

"Then another who who also suffering from a yellow fever of buttons, and had a little brandy keg with brass hoops slung under one arm, and a

telescope under the other, requested some one to 'shiver his timbers;' then he took up his parable and said, 'Blowed if she ain't a stunner,' to which my owner rejoined, 'I believe you my b-hoy-oy-oy,' at which they all laughed."

"Soon afterwards they went down *stairs* to inspect the accommodations: the first thing that struck them was a little mahogany binnacle that belonged by rights to the earl's state cabin, this the little fat man took for a coffee mill, and the tall gentleman with the portable spirit shop, pronounced it to be a chronometer.

"The best of them was my owner, he was as handsome as a frigate, and didn't make a fool of himself, though to tell the truth he didn't know a jib-sheet from a gun-tackle, but he had a nasty sly look about him which didn't please me a bit.

"By this time they were high busy 'making the sun over the foreyard' as they called it, which as far as I could make out seemed to mean drinking more brandy than was good for them, and kicking up a row in the cabin. While this was going on an order was given to get the sails up. It was now a first quarter ebb, and a fresh easterly breeze blowing, so you may fancy the kettle of fish we should have had if we had hoisted canvas.

"But John Bolt was a man of few words, so he got all ready and then slipped off under jib and fore-sail, getting his main-sail up as he went.

"But we soon saw the stuff our owner was made of, for he came on deck the moment he felt we were jogging, very quietly discharged Captain Bolt for disobeying orders, and made McPherson, the Scotchman, skipper. John Bolt was offered the Scotchman's berth, which he accepted without remark, doubtless congratulating himself on the establishment of a new topic of dispute with his old friend, for they had exhausted heaven and earth, and were getting quite hard up for something to quarrel about.

"I shall have more to say about my owner by-and-by, but as for his friends, I hope I am not hard upon them, but I never saw anything like them before, and I am afraid they were sad vulgar dogs.

"Yachting, with them, seemed only an excuse for eating, drinking, smoking, and dressing up. Their discourse was not of storm and calm, rock and danger, land and sea, but it was all about clubs and buttons, burgees and bets, club house suppers, after dinner squabbles, and apocryphal amours.

"A certain Dolly Bowlegs and Dicky Gambouge, figured perpetually in their anecdotes, and it was a long time before I discovered that these personages were in reality Lord Adolphus Beaulieux, and

Earl of Saffron, with whom I do not believe one of these fellows had ever exchanged a greeting or a word.

"But hang them, they couldn't even laugh heartily without sticking their hands against their waistcoats, I beg their pardon *vests*, and exclaiming, 'Oh! my sides!' and the winks, the protruding of tongues into their cheeks, and out of their mouths, which served to illustrate their conversation, were wonderful to behold, while the old fag ends of Marryat, Cooper, and Dana, with which they sprinkled their remarks, were not the least part of their absurdity.

"The fact is they were a set of vulgar fellows, all affection and empty pretension. As for their graver vices I really feel ashamed to mention such things to a gentleman, but imagine what my feelings were when I, who had been accustomed to the society of my noble master and his beautiful daughters and their friends, was now compelled to receive and entertain——but I will say no more, to tell the truth I made the best of a bad business and endeavoured on these occasions to acquire that knowledge of the vernacular idiom of the French language, which has been of the greatest service to me in after life."

Here Maid Marion ceased, and no effort of mine could get another word out of her, and she left me in amazement at her description of the manners and customs of City yachting men in by-gone times, a description so entirely at variance with what we all know of their present habits and proceedings, that I suppose the acutest observer would fail to detect the faintest resemblance.

(To be continued.)

PROPOSALS FOR A NATIONAL SUBSCRIPTION CHALLENGE CUP, OPEN TO ALL NATIONS.

It is a notorious fact, that for many years the greatest encouragement has been given to the breed of race horses, and to every one who is fortunate enough to possess a fast one, every facility is afforded of entering for a race in which oft times he wins by a *walk over*.

Now yacht racing has made a rapid stride within these last thirty years, but has not been so fortunate as to meet with the same encouragement as horse racing. Though great and many are the prizes given of late years both by her Majesty and individual clubs of different denominations, yet no man can say "I will build a yacht, and if she proves the fastest which has been built, I shall win and carry off a cup every year."

If a person could do this it would be a great encouragement to ship

building, as many would be built to endeavour to beat her, or at least might reckon on the certainty of being able to sail. But such is not the case, a person possessed of the fastest vessel, as soon as she is found to be so, is excluded from contending for any Club Prize, because all such are given by and are under the control of individual clubs, who make their own rules to endeavour to please every one, and equalize the sailing of all the contending yachts as much as possible, therefore time races are resorted to; or unless there are two or three to start *no race*: now if two out of the three withdraw, because they think they have no chance of beating,—the "*fastest*" vessel is prevented becoming the winner of the prize because it would be too mortifying to permit her to carry off the prize year after year by *sailing over the course alone*.

It is frequently the case, that after a celebrated winning yacht has entered others have withdrawn, and many prizes in consequence have been held in abeyance from year to year.

Now to obviate this injustice, and to give an additional incentive to all yacht owners and yacht builders, it is proposed by a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron :—

1.—" That a cup should be raised by subscription, (of not less or more than one sovereign each,) to be sailed for every year by yachts of *all* nations, and of every rig and tonnage.

2.—" That each subscriber send the amount of his subscription, and address, to the secretary of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and the subscription list to remain open till the 1st of July next. If there are a sufficient number of names subscribed by that time, a cup will be ordered by the proposer and other subscribers who may be willing to assist.

3.—" That the yachts start from Cowes Roads some day during the regatta week, which may be agreed on by the sailing committee of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and the course to be round a vessel moored in the Channel about twelve miles off the Nab Light, bearing S.S.W. of it, and to leave the vessel on the starboard hand, and back again to Cowes Roads between a station vessel and Cowes Castle, keeping both ways the outside of Noman's Buoy and the Nab Light; and to start and sail according to the rules of the Royal Yacht Squadron. One Pound entrance fee to be paid by each yacht before starting, towards the expenses.

4.—" That the owner of the yacht who wins the Cup retains possession of it until the 1st of July in the following year, when he must deliver it up to the secretary of the R.Y.S., to be again sailed for, if challenged prior to that time. Each yacht so challenging must pay to the secretary, before the said 1st of July, the sum of £5, which sum or sums is to be given to the winner of the Cup in that year."

WAR AND YACHTING.

"Resolv'd we mingle in the tide,
Where charging squadrons furious ride,
To conquer, or to die."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

MOST of our readers will remember that in June 1852 the capital of Russia was visited by several members of the Royal Yacht Squadron and other English clubs, in some of the swiftest and most exquisite yachts in the world; on which occasion two prizes were offered by the Imperial Yacht Club of St. Petersburgh, to be sailed for by yachts of all nations. The regatta took place at Cronstadt, and the course sailed over was a long one: both those prizes were gallantly won by English yachts! the War-hawk, cutter, sixty-six tons, Vice-Commodore Bartlett, R.L.Y.C. and the Claymore, schooner, 139 tons, A. Campbell, Esq., R.Y.S. In those days the flags of England and Russia waved joyfully together.

Two years have since passed, and behold the change. The British flag is now no longer welcomed in those once friendly ports. Instead of our noble yachts which once furrowed the intricate waters of the Baltic, are huge vessels of war, bearing some of the bravest and boldest tars that ever left our shores, the flag of terror waving in the fleet. Instead of the welcome sound of the regatta-gun, the deadly roar of warlike cannon echoes o'er the troubled sea, peace is broken, yachting is no more.

"While kindling nations buckle on their mail,
And Fame, with clarion blast and wings unfurl'd,
To freedom and revenge awakes an injured world."

The Czar amongst other spoliations, has pounced upon the yachts belonging to the members of the St. Petersburgh Yacht Club, and dragged them into his navy *nolens volens*. All the yachts that can be of the least service are converted into "gun-boats," and in all probability the beautiful "War-hawk" (which won the prize at the regatta, and was afterwards sold to one of the members of the St. Petersburgh Club,) will be used for the like purpose; but such vessels will be of mean assistance; their draught of water being equal to many of our small steamers; any one of which, by steaming right on, would crush them like egg shells. There is not a steam boat in our navy of half a dozen guns but could run completely over any yacht of fifty or 100 tons, and sink her instantly, without the least shock or damage to herself.

It may be all very well to talk of yachts lending assistance to the navy, and they might be of service in some respects; but it cannot be disputed that a *single* cannon shot fired within a reasonable distance

from a 36-pounder, would sink almost any yacht in our fleet. Such vessels being required for fast sailing, are constructed as lightly as consistently can be, in proportion to the use for which they are intended. Gun-boats to be of any material service, require to be built much stronger and with flat floors, so as to be able to move in shallow water; and upon a totally different plan to a pleasure yacht.

And now that we are upon this subject, it may be interesting to some of our readers to give a description of the power and effect of *steam gun-boats.*

Those to which we particularly allude are a class of boat, designed and built by an eminent engineer and naval architect, (Mr. J. Scott Russell, or by his firm.) It is much to be regretted that the English Government has been so lukewarm in noticing these boats, its attention having on more than one occasion been drawn to the subject; and their extraordinary power and fearful effect having been much and openly discussed among many of the principal officers in the navy, as peculiarly well suited to the exigencies of our steam marine.

They are built entirely of iron up to the load water line, above which nearly all is wood, and the bulwarks behind which the crews are placed in time of action are entirely of wood. They carry eight guns; four of which are 68-pounders, and four are 32-pounders: these long eight inch guns are mounted on traversing slides, and can be stowed without inconvenience when out of use, or in action; and all four of the eight inch guns can be brought over to either side for a broadside. Two of these eight inch guns can also be fired parallel to the keel, either fore or aft. Their light draught of water, when fully armed and equipped, is only five feet, and their load draught with coals for 2,000 miles is less than seven feet.

About three years ago, two of these boats, the Nix and Salamander, (now in possession of certain Foreign Governments,) were tested in the North Sea: when, notwithstanding the sea was so heavy that the water was continually rolling over the weather bow, the long guns were worked with perfect ease, in the presence of two experienced captains in the navy, who then stated their opinion that in case of war, it would be most important that our Admiralty should be prepared with a sufficient number of such vessels. They were also surveyed at the time by certain other officers of the navy, who reported favorably on their extraordinary armament, light draught of water, and unparalleled speed.

One of such boats could in a few minutes completely destroy a dozen or twenty rowing or sailing launches, such as are used in our navy, by running them down, and if wooden boats, would fairly cut them in two;

or by firing into them with her heavy guns would smash them to atoms: the best speed of the launches being about five miles an hour, whilst that of the steam boats is fifteen, they would be easily be overtaken and could be followed up into shallow water, there being but little, if any, difference in draught of water.

Perhaps it may not be generally known (although our Government is aware of the fact) that there is in the Danube, a boat of this kind named the "Pruth," nearly as heavily armed as those we have just mentioned. Should Admiral Dundas fall in with her, he will do well to use every effort to destroy her, but he will find her a desperate foe.

It is hoped that our Government will see the necessity of the immediate construction of a few of these boats, experience having sufficiently proved their terrible powers and extraordinary effect in any sea, and for all the purposes required. True it is that active preparations are now being made in the naval department for the construction of steam screw gun-boats of light draught of water and extra speed, for service in the Baltic; but it cannot be supposed they will be equal to those we have alluded to.

MR. BERTHON'S LIFE-BOAT.

A NEW form of life-boat on the collapsing principle is now before the public, the invention of the Rev. E. L. Berthon, the originator of the new Patent Marine Log.

The boat in question is creating a great sensation and bids fair to create complete revolution in ship's boat's: but even this is for the moment surpassed in importance by a vast scheme under the consideration of the Admiralty, for an enormous gun-boat force on this collapsing principle.

Mr. Berthon has proved that this build is absolutely stronger as well as vastly lighter than wood, and is far less liable to dangerous injury from the enemy's shot.

The elements of the boat are these:—

Length—thirty feet.

Breadth—sixteen or eighteen feet, perfectly flat.

Draught of water with 200 men in her—one foot six inches.

Draught of water with a 68-pounder, and a crew of twenty men—about nine inches.

They collapse instantaneously when desired into a space of one foot six inches, they are then frapped-to against the waist-nettings out-board,

project very little, require no davits, but are launched down the ship's side. When near the water they are boomed out, a frapping line is cast off, and the boat falls open by its own weight upon its spans, breathing into its compartments more than 500 cubic feet of air,

With the gunwales lowered and the sideboards down, men, horses, field-pieces, &c., all go off together on any beach however flat.

The design of them is manifold.

1st.—To enable troop-ships, &c., to land and embark infantry, cavalry, and artillery, in the shortest time, thus forming an independent floating army to be transported from point to point in any sea-board campaign landing, and re-embarking with equal facility.

2nd.—As gun-boats of light draught.

Conceive each ship in the Baltic supplied with four, which would not in the least interfere with any thing or any boat they now carry. Each boat would carry a long thirty-two or sixty-eight. Suppose such a force of 200 boats thus armed with an unprecedented weight of metal: what is to hinder their punting, under cover of the night, over the shallows on either side of Cronstadt, and with the first dawn of day, opening on the rear of those batteries while the ships engaged them in front?

It is needless to say how useful such boats would be in case of a ship getting ashore; from their great buoyancy and capacity, and the little risk of injury from rocks, &c.

Such a boat as that described, with an immersion of two feet, would carry according to Mr. Berthon's calculation, no less than twenty-six tons, and might act as a lighter and relieve the ship of guns or other heavy things till she could be floated off.

Such is the account we have received, and it is attested by letters from high authority which we also annex. The arguments in its favour appear to be reasonable, and the calculations are correct.

The difficulty of procuring a material cf sufficient toughness, and pliability has been most satisfactorily discovered and abundantly tested. It is absolutely much stronger than wood, resists any extremes of temperature, and soaks no water. The joists are also perfect and are models of simplicity and strength, being proof against accidental strains, and fractures.

For yachting purposes this invention possesses many advantages. We are all unwilling to cumber up our decks with large unsightly boats, and there is not one yacht in a hundred that has boats capable of carrying her crew and passengers in a sea-way, and for landing in a surf they are for the most part entirely unfit.

Mr. Berthon has a beautiful boat of very fine proportions and great

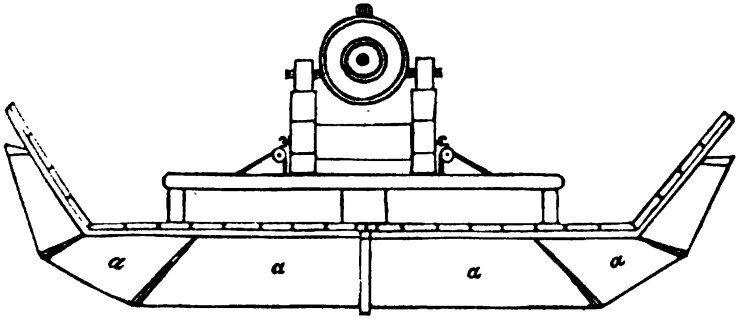
speed, admirably adapted to small yachts, it is only eight inches wide when stowed, and four feet six inches when open, and will carry twelve or sixteen persons, it is a perfect life-boat seventeen feet long, and weighs about two cwt.

What a comfort it will be to be able to stow away in a locker, a boat capable of bearing the whole ship's company with provisions for three months through fine or foul weather, over sands or other shallows, and that will row or sail as occasion may require.

Mr. Berthon's life-boat will arrive in London in a few days, and we shall then be able to form a better judgment of her qualities.

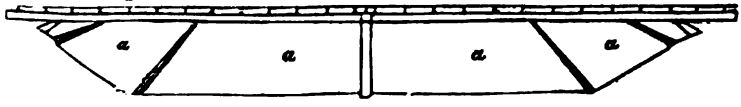
She carries two working lugs and is reported to sail and row as well as can be desired.

Mid-ship section of collapsing gun-boat with a 95-cwt. 68-pounder.



a—Air.

The same with gunwales lowered and side-boards or landing stages laid down. For military purposes, boats thus united form the best of pontoon bridges.



a—Air.

Copy of a Letter from Commander J. R. Ward, R.N., Inspector of the boats to the National Institution for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck.

20, *John Street, Adelphi, 15th April,* 1854.

SIR.—In reply to your request that I would furnish you with my opinion on the merits of your Collapsing Life-Boat. After an examination of its model and of the material it is constructed with, I beg to state, that I feel no hesitation in expressing my belief in its very great value, and my admiration not

only of its originality and the great mechanical skill displayed in its construction, but also of its complete adaptation to the different uses, to which in your explanatory pamphlet you suggest that it might be applied. As a ship's life-boat, the advantage it possesses of collapsing and being stowed in a small compass, yet, without thereby losing any of the qualities of an ordinary boat, is, I believe, unique.

There are other inflated life-boats and rafts which possess some one or more advantages, such as portability, stability, capability of carrying a large number of persons, &c., but which are deficient in other points of equal importance,—either they possess inadequate power of locomotion, or afford no protection to those within them, from the effects of a sea or surf breaking over them, or the process of inflating them is a long one.

The peculiar advantage of your boat appears to me to be, that it is deficient in none of the above respects, whilst it will excel in most of them. Its strength will probably be greater than that of a wooden boat, and its liability to injury less. Its extra buoyancy very great; its capacity for stowage of passengers equally so; it will quickly discharge any water which may be shipped; and lastly it will sail or row as well as an ordinary boat; a point of much importance, since the lives of persons having to desert their vessel at sea may often depend on that quality.

Taking all the points into consideration, I know of no other description of life-boat which I think it would be so desirable to place on board emigrant and other passenger ships:

Referring to one of the uses to which you suggest that it might be applied I consider that much advantage would be gained if each of our ships of war now in the Baltic and Black Seas, were supplied with one or more of them, which by being stowed in their holds, below the reach of the enemy's shot, would be available when the other boats were injured or destroyed, and which on landing or embarking troops—especially in a heavy surf, (if necessary)—would be invaluable.

I am &c.,

J. R. WARD.

Rev. E. L. Berthon, Fareham.

Copy of a Letter from Rear-Admiral Saumarez, K. L.

Bath, May 10th, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR.—I have read with pleasure the letter addressed to you by Capt. Ward upon the merits of your Life-boat.

I believe there was but one opinion entertained by the Nautical Members present, when your Life-boat was submitted to the consideration of the Committee of the National Institution, for the preservation of life from Shipwreck. I had previously brought it under the notice of several naval Officers of my own standing in the service, all of whom were unanimous in its favour. That distinguished officer Captain L. T. Jones, of H. M. S. Sampson, who took it to sea with him, wrote to me in the strongest terms of its utility.

I have no hesitation in staking my professional reputation that it may advan-

tageously supersede all the wooden boats at present suspended on the quarters of steam-boats or emigrant ships. Its cost is less—a matter too much regarded by the mercantile interests. It is not liable to be affected in warm climates by the rays of the sun, and consequently must always be ready for service, which wooden quarter-boats, in southern climates, seldom are. It is comparatively of no weight when suspended on the quarter; it is not liable to be washed away, or injured in a gale of wind—casualties to which wooden boats are unceasingly subject. A boat made upon the principle of your life-boat, of dimensions exceeding that of the largest boat usually carried, may be safely suspended to the side of a ship without in the slightest degree affecting its speed—an incalculable advantage when required at a moment's warning, and which, from the liability of sudden collisions of ships must prove of the highest importance.

The advantages of having on board a ship-of-war, a boat occupying a very small space, and yet capable of holding a large body of men, or landing at one time a considerable quantity of stores, &c., require no comment. I can only say I sincerely congratulate you upon the service you have, by this invention, rendered to the cause of humanity.

I am, &c.,

R. Saumarez.

To the Rev. E. L. Berthon.

P.S.—Since writing the above I perceive in the *Morning Herald*, of the 9th of May, 1854, that the General Screw Company's Steam Vessel, Lady Jocelyn, during her homeward voyage, experienced a hurricane off the Isle of France, in which, among other damage, she lost her boats; had this steamer been fitted with your boats they would not have been injured; and I cannot but think that they only require to be known, when they will be adopted by the Steam Navigation Companies of the country.—R.S.

[We shall again notice this Life-boat in a subsequent number.—Ed.]

CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACES.

Those of our readers who have not with Punch's hero resided at Oxford or Cambridge "when they were boys," and whose knowledge of University rowing is consequently confined to witnessing periodical struggles between light and dark blue on the waters of Henley or Putney, or hearing marvellous histories of "our coxswain," or "our bow," or "when we were head of the river," from some brother or cousin, Cantab or Oxonian, may feel interested in some slight account of the system of which the light blue champions aforesaid are the representatives in public.

The Cambridge University May term races commenced on Monday, May 8th, and occupied the succeeding week. We may premise shortly for the information of non-University readers, and those who remembering former years of Cambridge races, in which they themselves possibly participated, have found the metamorphosis of "Cannibals" into "second division," and the occurrence of two races on the same day somewhat

unintelligible, that one of the first acts of the Rowing Committee (a body exercising the functions formerly vested in the captain of the University,) was to amalgamate the boats "on the river," (so called par-excellence as being the legitimate aquatic representatives of each college,) with the inferior order rejoicing in the anthropophagous *nom-de-guerre*, constituting two divisions with an equal number of boats in each. And finding that in this particular term, the time was too short to allow of each division having a day to itself, they further determined that on each day two races should take place, one of the second division in the afternoon at two o'clock, and another of the first division in the evening at seven. This, though possibly an arrangement which the shortness of the time allowed for the races rendered necessary, was one productive of a great degree of confusion; for the question arose, when is the boat which rows head of the second division, to obtain a chance of distinguishing itself by rowing last in the first division? If on the evening of the same day (on which in the afternoon it has been rowing in the second division,) its crew has a double share of work;—if on the contrary it rows the first division only on alternate days, it loses by this means an opportunity (on the evening missed,) of rising on the river by making its bump. The very notion of such an entanglement is suggestive rather of the Senate-house, and the mathematical problem paper than of the banks of the Cam, and the edict of a Rowing Committee. What theoretical explanation was arrived at appears uncertain, as practically the crews most concerned, viz. those for the nonce, head of the second, and last of the first division seem to have followed no general rule in the days of their racing.

We subjoin the racing of the first morning, denoting the bumps made by brackets, and adding a word of commiseration for the crews who had to do their work, under the combined influence of a figurative "damper" in the diminished interest, (caused by the recent changes,) in the proceedings of the "second division," and a painfully real one in the very heavy showers of rain and hail stones, which might fairly have done duty, for "being the size of pullet's-eggs," in any provincial newspaper in the kingdom.

Monday, May 8th, Second Division. First Race.

1	Second Trinity Hall 2nd		9	Emmanuel 3rd	}
2	Magdalene 1st		10	Third Trinity 2nd	}
3	St. John's 3rd	}	11	Jesus 2nd	}
4	Clare Hall	}	12	Second Trinity 2nd	}
5	First Trinity 3rd	}	13	Christ's 2nd	
6	Second Trinity 1st	}	14	Magdalene 2nd	
7	Caius 2nd				
8	Catharine Hall				

And now the excitement of the University non-rowing, as well as rowing, men, begins to manifest itself as to the boat which is to be in the coveted position "the head of the river." Ever since the Lent term races of 1851, vain have been the attempts of their Johnian rivals to dislodge the 1st Trinity crew from their pre-eminence. Even now, though warned by some good racing for the place of honour last term, we hear the Trinity men are calculating on their powers of rising superior to the difficulty with which their weakness seems to threaten them, and are "backing their luck;" but Monday evening comes, the "pullet's eggs" seem to have all come down in the morning, or in difference to the interests involved to have put off a second visitation, and the evening is tolerably fine. The two head boats start at a splendid pace, but the probable issue of the race may very soon be seen, round the first post corner the Johnians are drawing up to their opponents; at Grassy Corner they are tolerably near, and soon after overlap them. As they near the Plough, they are so close as to give the impression of having made their bump, still the indomitable pluck of Trinity does not fail them.—Past the Plough they go, the Johnians apparently making what we may call a "*sostenuto*" bump of it, and round Ditton, where Trinity seem rather inclined to get away, but Johnians have no idaa of such a thing, at the Willows they run (this time nnmistakeably,) into them, and terminate a magnificent race by hoisting the red flag, (the sign of their victory,) amidst the tremendous cheering of their backers and wellwishers on the bank.

Trinity Hall leave off, out of their distance: and farther down the river we hear of Emmanuel bumping Christ's with its first boat, and King's (who laboured under the disadvantage of rowing with only seven oars,) with its second. We hear too of an accident as distressing as it is happily rare, that as Queen's were bumping Jesus towards the end of the course, No. 5 in the latter boat "caught a crab," and upset himself and his crew into the water. Queen's unable to check their pace, came right into the midst of the capsized, and the bow of their boat inflicted a very serious wound in the throat on the Jesus' coxswain, so serious as at first to cause doubts of his recovery, which are now, we are happy to understand, removed.

Monday, May 8th, First Division. First Race.

1	Trinity 1st	10	Sidney
2	St. John's 1st	11	St. John's 2nd
3	Trinity Hall	12	Kings
4	Third Trinity	13	Emmanuel 2nd
5	Christ's	14	Jesus 1st
6	Emmanuel 1st	15	Queen's
7	Caius 1st	16	Peterhouse
8	First Trinity 2nd		
9	Corpus		

Tuesday, May 9th, Second Division. Second Race.

1	Trinity Hall 2nd	8	Caius 2nd
2	Magdalene	9	Third Trinity 2nd
3	Second Trinity 1st	10	Emmanel 3rd
4	First Trinity 3rd	11	Second Trinity 2nd
5	Clare Hall	12	Jesus 2nd
6	St. John's 3rd	13	Christ's 2nd
7	Catharine Hall	14	First Trinity 4th

Tuesday, First Division. Second Race.

1	St. John's 1st	9	First Trinity 2nd
2	First Trinity 1st	10	Sidney
3	Trinity Hall 1st	11	St. John's 2nd
4	Third Trinity 1st	12	Emmanuel 2nd
5	Emmanuel 1st	13	King's
6	Christ's 1st	14	Queen's
7	Caius 1st	15	Jesus 1st
8	Corpus		

In vain do Trinity try this evening to recover their lost laurels, the only sympton they show of making a race for them is at First Post Corner, round which they are too closely steered. Shortly after, Trinity Hall (almost the best crew on the river in point of neat and "well-together" rowing,) seem disposed to take them down another peg and come unpleasantly near, but do not make their bump. This evening too the sons of Eton and Westminster, the 3rd Trinity, succumb to Emmanuel, both whose boats for a second time come up with hoisted flags.

Wednesday, May 10th, Second Division. Third Race.

1	Peterhouse	8	Caius 2nd
2	Second Trinity 1st	9	Trinity 2nd
3	Magdalene	10	Emmanuel 3rd
4	First Trinity 3rd	11	Second Trinity 2nd
5	Clare Hall	12	Christ's 2nd
6	Catharine's Hall	13	First Trinity 4th
7	St. John's 3rd		

Wednesday, First Division. Third Race.

1	St. John's 1st	9	First Trinity 2nd
2	First Trinity 1st	10	Sidney
3	Trinity Hall	11	Emmanuel 2nd
4	Emmanuel 1st	12	St. John's 2nd
5	Third Trinity 1st	13	Queen's
6	Caius 1st	14	King's
7	Christ's 1st	*15	Jesus
8	Corpus	16	Trinity Hall 2nd

No improvement with regard to Trinity's position, their steering perhaps is somewhat faulty, and Grassy Corner might have been "taken" better by an older hand.—Trinity Hall gain slightly on them, although their stroke was "shut up;" his oar, however, is wielded by a most efficient substitute. Emmanuel, 1st and 2nd, seem to have found their

* Did not row.

level, though the former seem at one time disposed to dispute the honor of third place with Trinity Hall. The star of Eton and Westminster is in the descendant, and First Post Corner would have witnessed their defeat by Caius, had not No. 4 in the latter boat lost his hold of his oar and checking his boat's progress prevented the catastrophe.

As far as our own opinion goes, 3rd Trinity are decidedly the "prettiest" boat on the river: thanks to the able coaching they have been under for the last six months, their time, especially on the stroke side, is most excellent, and their form of rowing very good, but they want strength, or weight, or some essential element of progress, and from the deficiency have met with sad reverses during the races of this term.

Thursday, May 11th, Second Division. Fourth Race.

1	Trinity Hall 2nd	9	St. John's 3rd
2	Second Trinity 1st	10	Third Trinity 2nd
3	Peterhouse	*11	Caius 2nd
4	Magdalene	12	Second Trinity 2nd
5	First Trinity 3rd	13	Emmanuel 3rd
6	Catharine Hall	14	Jesus 2nd
7	Clare Hall	15	Christ's 2nd
		16	First Trinity 4th

Thursday, First Division. Fourth Race.

1	St. John's 1st	8	Christ's 1st
2	First Trinity 1st	9	First Trinity 2nd
3	Trinity Hall 1st	10	Sidney
4	Emmanuel 1st	11	Emmanuel 2nd
5	Third Trinity 1st	12	Queen's
6	Caius 1st	13	John's 2nd
7	Corpus	14	King's
		15	Jesus

The Johnians, in conseqnence of the loss of one of their men, rowed to-day with an altered crew; whether from this cause, or an extra amount of exertion on the part of their rivals, Trinity drew something on them in the Long Reach, but not sufficient to cause them or those who "had money on" them, any apprehension.

Emmanuel 2nd was to-day to keep up the rising reputation of their college aquatics, they made their bump at Grassy;—Grassy, the dreaded of young coxswains, and the positively abhorred of "bow" and "three," and Queen's being near them at the time, managed clearly to foul their oars and capsize. Now can any Cambridge man explain the unaccountable propensity the boats in this term have had for upsetting? and that on the most ridiculous grounds, (not to say *in* the far from ridiculous water.) Jesus catch a crab on Monday, and upsets. Peterhouse, in the second division, turned the turtle, and was bumped by Magdalene, who had broken an oar; and on the same day as this latter, Queen's fouled their oars and followed suit.

* Missed the Race.

Friday, May 12th, Second Division. Fifth Race.

1	Trinity Hall 2nd	8	St. John's 3rd
2	Magdalene	9	Emmanuel 3rd
3	Peterhouse	*10	Caius 2nd
4	Catharine Hall	11	Second Trinity 2nd
5	First Trinity 3rd	12	Jesus 2nd
6	Clare Hall	13	Christ's 2nd
7	Third Trinity 2nd	14	First Trinity 4th

Friday, First Division. Fifth Race.

1	St. John's 1st	9	Christ's 1st
2	First Trinity 1st	10	Emmanuel 2nd
3	Trinity Hall 1st	11	Sidney
4	Emmanuel 1st	12	Queen's
5	Third Trinity 1st	13	St. John's 2nd
6	Corpus	14	Kings
7	Caius 1st	15	Jesus 1st
8	First Trinity 2nd	16	Second Trinity 1st

To-day sees a change in the 1st Trinity; an old hand, a relic of the late flourishing Trinity eight, a Henley winner, and University oar, rows stroke to them. Ineffectually, as far as recovering their place goes, for the Johnians take the lead and keep it well. Corpus, a crew that has risen more than any other during the term's races, composed of strong men, and rowing to a slashing, though somewhat "short" stroke, effect the further downfall of 3rd Trinity, immediately under the quarter of "the barge," drawn up for the benefit of the indolently-disposed, opposite Ditton Corner; and 2nd Trinity shew symptons of returning animation.

Saturday, May 13th, Second Division. Sixth Race.

1	Jesus	9	Emmanuel 3rd
2	Trinity Hall 2nd	10	St. John's 3rd
3	Magdalene	11	Second Trinity 2nd
4	Catharine Hall	12	Caius 2nd
5	Peterhouse	13	Christ's 2nd
6	Clare Hall	14	First Trinity 4th
7	First Trinity 3rd	This bump was disputed, the race rowed again,	
8	Third Trinity 2nd	and no bump made.	

Saturday, First Division. Sixth Race.

1	St. John's 1st.	9	Emmanuel 2nd
2	First Trinity 1st	10	Christ's 1st
3	Trinity Hall	11	Queen's
4	Emmanuel	12	Sidney
5	Corpus	13	John's 2nd
6	Third Trinity 1st	14	King's
7	First Trinity 2nd	15	Second Trinity 2nd
8	Caius 1st		

All the boats from the fact of only one bump being made, seemed to

* Missed the race.

have found their respective levels most accurately, and, this day being the last day of the Term's Races, St. John's remains head of the river, at the close of the University aquatic year, for the first time since the year 1838. Want of space compels us to dismiss briefly the annual procession on Monday, the 15th; we must in a measure leave to the imagination the naturally beautiful "backs," enlivened by the gaudy uniforms of the several crews; the crowds that throng the banks of the river to admire at once the rowing of the gownsmen and their capacities of drinking cider cup; the fair friends to whom the procession forms a grand incident in their "doing Cambridge," and who are on the *qui vive* to recognise Tom, Dick, or Harry, in their disguise of the "blue" or the "blazer," and suggest one hint in as few words as possible to the rowing authorities of the University. The confusion of two races a day is in a great degree, we admit, the accidental effect of circumstances, to which "the best laid schemes of mice and men" (not excepting rowing committees) are subject; but we would urge the doubt we ourselves strongly feel, namely, whether the quarter-of-a-mile of extra racing ground gained by lessening the number of boats rowing at one time on the river, is not more than counter-balanced by the little interest the clubs of the University (and more particularly those of the small colleges) will take in racing at all, when they are restricted to what are even now "the cannibals" in all save the name, a diminished interest which will evince itself, we fear, in seriously impairing the energies of Cambridge rowing generally, at the very moment when they seem most to require a stimulus. We subjoin the names and weight of the Lady Margaret's (St. John's) crew.

		st.	lbs.			st.	lbs.
1	T. F. Agg	10	0	5	J. Stock	11	10
2	C. H. Leathes	9	11	6	H. Snow	11	6
3	P. P. Pearson	10	11	7	E. Cayley	10	1
4	R. Roy	11	2	8	J. Wright	10	8
					R. Cayley (cox)	10	0

On Thursday No. 7 was obliged to leave Cambridge, and his place was taken for the last races by Mr. Leathes, while Mr. Millard (10st. 3lbs.) rowed at No. 2.

THE IRON YACHT PROBLEM.

In the first number of this Magazine we inserted an engraving of Mr. Dempster's experimental yacht "Problem," with a full account of the vessel, and instructions how to work her sails. For the sake of references the illustration is a broadside view, showing the triangular keel beneath the water, and the yards braced fore and aft, so as to show all the different

points of the sails. That view however makes the vessel look somewhat stiff, and it is difficult to conjecture which way she is going, did not the bearings of the trawl net, seen dredging over the ground, indicate the vessel was sailing on the larboard tack. Our present illustration—drawn by Weedon, and engraved by Smythe,—will convey the idea, how the vessel appeared under full canvas.

When Mr. Dempster showed the experiment at Newcastle, that the Problem would go over a rock where there was 1½ feet less water than she drew in the centre or apex of her keel; (the leap made, having been compared by some, like a horse going over a five barred gate,) the Problem was then under full canvas, going seven knots with the wind a little free, and appeared exactly as is shown in our accompanying illustration.

Mr. Dempster informs us that his chief object for prosecuting this idea is, because he believes it to be well adapted for training youth to an active notion of the action of the vessel in the fluid and the wind on sails. The description in No. 1 explains this idea.

In time of war Mr. Dempster says, "the vessel can be kept turning round and round, as if on a pivot, without even touching a rope or sail, the shifting of the helm being all that is necessary, to make her perform the revolving manœuvre, so that broadside after broadside, bow and stern guns can be discharged, without even having occasion to call a man from his gun to attend the braces." The plan of course would never do for vessels exceeding 40 tons, in consequence of the extra draught of water in midships. The model from which the Problem was built, and the swivel which goes over the fore and mizen mast-heads, an important part of the invention, may be seen at our office, 6, New Church Street, Edgware Road.

THAMES NATIONAL REGATTA.

We gladly respond to the request of the Secretary, and give insertion to the following prospectus which has been extensively circulated, and we shall be most happy to promote this truly noble and national sport. The Committee have exerted themselves and are so confident of success, that they have ventured on publishing a programme of the races, which no doubt will be highly patronized, judging from the names that already grace the circular.

Vice-Patrons,—His Grace the Duke of Devonshire; *President,*—The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor; *Vice-President,*—T. Chamberlayne, Esq.

R.T.Y.C., W.S. Hooper, R.T.Y.C., Richard Prim, Esq., Thomas Bartlett, Esq., P.W.Y.C.; *Treasurer*,—Josias Nottidge, Esq., *Committee*,—M. Shearman, Esq., F. Potter, Esq., J. Nottidge. Esq., E. Prior, Esq., C. Clifford, Esq., L. F. Chapman, Esq.; *Hon. Secretary*,—Charles Clifford, Esq.; *Bankers*,—Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, Tritton, and Co., 54, Lombard Street, City; *Secretary*,—C. H. Tidbury.

It is a source of regret, not unmingled with surprise, that the London river with all its vast appliances at command, presents no annual aquatic festival. In the provincial towns wherever the slightest facilities exist, local regattas abound; not a tributary stream is there but has its boating amusements. But the metropolis of this vast empire, containing the palaces of royalty and the representatives of the nation, the seat of commerce and wealth, of industry and art, with means superior to all others, alone denies its inhabitants the gratification of an aquatic gathering—an enjoyment of all others most in accordance with their taste and national predilections.

It must be obvious to those who look upon the advantages to be conferred on a maritime country like England by this stimulus to physical exertion,—apart from every other incentive; that, at the present moment especially, the subject is entitled to the deepest consideration, and that a sport at once so congenial and advantageous to our "sea-girt isle," should be cherished as one of the proudest institutions of our country. In a national point of view the supremacy of our navy is maintained by the impetus and encouragement given to our nautical sports, whilst a feeling of integrity and manliness is engendered by honourable competition.

It has been the anxious desire of all liberal-minded men and the public generally, that an Annual Aquatic Meeting should take place in the immediate neighbourhood of London, and for this object a Committee of some of the leading men on the river has been formed to organise a system for carrying out so desirable an end.

They propose to establish a Regatta, to take place between Putney Bridge and Chiswick Eyot, in the month of July next. The easy access by railway, steam, or road, to this locality, points it out at once as the spot best adapted for such a purpose, while the ample area on the banks affords convenience for viewing it to the thousands whom its proximity to London will thus enable them to reach.

To effect this end a large sum of money will be required; but the assurances of support which the promoters of this undertaking have received, and the unanimity of feeling existing, not only in the metropolis, but throughout the kingdom, induces them to be most sanguine of success.

The present condition of the watermen of London has a powerful claim upon the sympathy and consideration of the public in general. Affected and impaired as their means of living have been by steam navigation and other causes, it is contemplated that while a great amount of amusement will be afforded to the public generally, the hand of patronage and support will be beneficially extended to them.

To avoid which has been occasioned by the cessation of the once grand

Thames Regatta is now sought to be supplied. Its discontinuance has been severely felt by all classes of men connected with river sports, and has deprived the public of the gratification they had experienced for years past, while the advantages to be gained by the stimulus thus given to watermen and trade, will be ample compensation for a liberal subscription.

To carry out this object a public meeting was held at the Ship Hotel, Charing Cross, on Monday, the 6th of March, 1854, when the necessary resolutions were passed, and a preliminary committee appointed.

Subscriptions will be received by Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, Tritton, and Co., Bankers, 54, Lombard Street; by Messrs. Searle and Sons, Boat-builders to Her Majesty, Lambeth; by the Treasurer; the Committee; the Hon. Secretary; or by

CHARLES H. TIDBURY, *Secretary.*

Committee Rooms, Ship Hotel, Charing Cross.

WOOD *versus* IRON.

Discussed at the Prince of Wales Yacht Club Conversazione, May 19th, 1854.

A SHORT paper was read by Mr Bain, on the question of Wood and Iron for ship-building, and especially for yachts, and claiming the superiority of Iron in almost every respect. He commenced by describing the way in which vessels of wood are ordinarily constructed for the Navy, and the Merchant Service, for the difference is great between them. In vessels for the Navy, all the floor timbers are fastened on the keel, whereas in the merchant vessel every second floor timber only is connected to it, while the others are entirely unconnected with it, except secondarily by being bolted to the neighbouring timbers. Thus the frame work of commercial vessels, which one would imagine ought to combine strength with capacity and speed, is highly defective; and this defect, great and serious as it is, is actually insisted on and made a *sine quâ non* as a necessary part of classification, by an institution which instead of retarding, should encourage every proper system of ship-building. Lloyd's insists upon this weakness and defect for the purpose of allowing bilge water to pass into the spaces thus formed between the keel and these timbers, and an opening is also cut in the timbers themselves, which are fastened to the keel in order to allow this water to pass through, thereby materially weakening them also. Merchant vessels of wood will be allowed, it is hoped, shortly to be put together as securely as those for war purposes.

Then the timbers are jointed together in a most unscientific manner, being butted end to end on each other and depending for their strength of cohesion in a great measure on the neighbouring ones. The outside

planking is butted also, whereas were it dove-tailed, it might form almost a continuous line of strength round the vessel.

These are all decided defects of construction, and the size of the timbers are also a great drawback to the capacity of a wooden vessel as usually constructed; the weight of the material is also greater to ensure strength than iron, and there is consequently less buoyancy and therefore less carrying power. On the question of durabilility also, a wooden vessel is inferior to iron, requiring more repairs, and therefore more expensive. It is true that another system of building vessels of wood has arisen within the last thirty years; that of doing away entirely with timbers, and building a vessel of planking only. This certainly approximates the advantages of iron, but it is more expensive and less durable, for in this as well as the timber-built vessel decay goes on, not only on the external and internal walls of the vessel, but the substance of the wood itself suffers a gradual change by the strains it undergoes, and natural decay of the fibre itself; whereas in iron it is only on the two surfaces that oxidation takes place, and that in a very small proportion as the plate increases in thickness, so that in large iron vessels the actual wear and tear is comparatively very slight.

In yachts, capacity and speed are paramount qualities, and these can be obtained in a high degree by the use of iron, which ensures a fine surface and lines, without the use of the expensive material—copper.

When properly covered with red lead and lined, an iron vessel is as comfortable as a wooden one, she is more buoyant and is more roomy. The Mosquito was adduced as a model of yacht building, she, an iron vessel, being confessedly the queen of yachts of her size, and likely to be well and hearty when the present wooden craft are decrepit and gone to that "bourne whence no traveller returns."

The author illustrated his subject by examples of vessels built upon these various systems, and spoke in a very clear and persuasive manner, apologizing for his apparent boldness when so many were more competent, by stating that his endeavour had been to provoke discussion, and elicit the truth.

Several gentlemen addressed the meeting afterwards, and we are sorry our space does not allow us to say more than that Commodore Berncastle said, the subject would be again brought forward, as it was too important to be finished in one evening.

LAUNCH OF THE ROYAL ALBERT.

The banks of our shabby old Father Thames were thronged with holiday folk, decked out in Sunday vest. Long lines of carriages crept slowly along the crowded roads,—dusty pedestrians, young and old, gentle and simple, man and woman, hurried along the thoroughfares that lead to Woolwich dockyard; for it was the 13th of May, and the Queen was coming to launch the Royal Albert.

The river was scarcely less crowded and far more gay. Steamers deeply laden with human freight buzzed about; smacks and traders, and watermen's wherries shuffled about, fouled each other and wrangled, and escaped annihilation, as the newspapers say, by a miracle.

Yachts lay comfortably at anchor, smartly decked with flags, while bright bonnets emerge from the companion, or muslin flitting across the deck made them look gayer still.

The ship herself, imprisoned in the nest where during fourteen years she had been undergoing the tardy process of incubation, was no less replete with life than the objects which surrounded her, for from every port was seen a complete bouquet of bonnets, ribbons, and smiles.

One of the most amusing features in the whole display was the steamer of the Lord Mayor and Corporation: the boat was prettily tricked out with little gaudy flags, and a distinguished party of fashionables (I believe that is the civic expression,) adorned the deck; amongst these his Lordship in the chaste and classic robes of his office, shone conspicuous; and in the bows a whole *posse* of cooks, (we suppose his Lordship's body-guard,) were drawn up in white caps and aprons, the uniform of their corps.

We cannot too highly express our sense of the chief magistrate's kindness and good-nature, in condescending to furnish the innocent and unalloyed amusement which thousands derived from the sight of his Lordship and his Epicurean herd.

A little before 2h. P.M. the hoisting of the Royal Standard, and the roar of artillery, announced the arrival of her Majesty, whose peculiar fortune it seems to be to bring sunshine and happiness wherever she appears.

The crowd was now growing thicker every moment: the course that the ship must take was beset with small craft, and late arriving steamers thrust their unsightly paddle-boxes between their neigbhours and the ship, giving rise to those neatly turned hints and recriminations for which our metropolitan countrymen are so famous.

At length a voice was heard—"She moves!"—"She is coming!" hats were raised, handkerchiefs were waved, wherries scuffled away, and a mass of timber, sufficient to form a forest, slipped slowly and easily into the stream.

The ceremony of baptism was performed by her Majesty; the bottle was neatly dressed in flowers and petticoats of Honiton lace,—the whole affair was eminently successful, and unlike most great events it caused no tears to flow, save those which the unhappy bottle, the only sufferer of the day, was unable to restrain.

As regards the ship herself the first impression was doubtless that she was vast,—the second that she was ugly. Without ballast, stores, or guns, she floated of course enormously high and by the stem, drawing about seventeen feet forward, and twenty-three aft, and she is much disfigured by a handsome, but a most enormous figure-head, representing the Prince. On the whole she looked like a cliff adrift, or an island dismasted. On the other hand her lines below are sharp, and look like speed; her battery is awful, and doubtless, when she comes down, and gets her masts in her, her appearance will improve. She is constructed on the principle which may be considered the triumph of the present day,—the combination of steam and wind. She will be in all respects a complete sailing line-of-battle ship, and her speed under canvas, will, probably, be sufficient to out-run many a steam frigate of the old school in a breeze. At the same time, if her performances are equal to those of the Agamemnon, the St. Jean d'Acre, or the Duke, she will make something like ten knots under steam alone.

Her tonnage is 3,726:—A little more length, and lines somewhat finer, both fore and aft, would doubtless make a faster and handsomer ship. Still as she is, we have every reason to be proud of her, and we heartily wish her "God speed."

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB.—Opening Trip.

This distinguished Club agreed on the day of the launch of the Prince Albert, (Saturday, 13th of May,) to pay due honor to Her Most Gracious Majesty, the patroness of the club, who had expressed her intention of being present at the launch. The yachts assembled at Woolwich, and the Vice-Commodore (R. Green, Esq.) was the commanding officer of the day. His splendid yacht the Phœnix having took up her position in front of the pavilion of her Majesty and *suite*, was the means of gratifying a numerous party which the Vice-Commodore entertained on board; there were also many yachts, belonging to the club, arranged in the rear, but in close proximity to their leader. After the launch the yachts proceeded on their voyage, and made the port of Gravesend (with the assistance of towing-boats, owing to the calm,) where a splendid repast awaited them at Wates'.

The chair was taken by Vice-Commodore Green, in the absence of Lord Alfred Paget, in consequence of the recent death of his esteemed father, the brave Marquis of Angelsey. What past recollections the name of Paget brings to the mind of us veterans. The deeds of "Paget's Glory Boys" as *his* soldiers were called, caused Old England's bells to ring forth many a joyous peal.—"Avast there mate, you are afloat, so belay that yarn, and let us hear of the deeds of the R.T.Y.C." Enough!

But like the old hunter when he hears the merry horn, he raises his head, pricks up his ears, and he thinks himself again a colt, so it is with us—the days of our boyhood seem to return with vividness, when names and places meet our view.

However to return to our duty, the cloth being removed, the chairman proposed the "Health of our patroness, Her Majesty Queen Victoria," which was enthusiastically responded to. After which the chairman again rose, and stated that the members must regret the cause of the absence of their excellent Commodore, and deeply sympathise with him in his loss, and after paying a just tribute of praise to the Marquis, he concluded by proposing the "Health of Lord Alfred Paget," whose zeal in the cause of yachting was unbounded.

"The Health of the Vice-commodore," was proposed by Mr. Wilkinson, who in an excellent speech of some length delighted the meeting by explaining the services rendered to the club by this gentleman, and loud were the cheers which followed the toast.

Other toasts and vocal strains occupied the hours of those convivial souls around that festive board. May ye one and all continue to meet year after year until Old Time's "three warnings" summon you to the final *Grave's-end.*

First Sailing Match of the Season.

Monday, the 22nd of May, was the day appointed for the first match of the season 1854, and although no new vessel appeared to challenge the champions of the last year, still the vessels that came to the scratch acquitted themselves so well as to give us ample cause for congratulation.

In the first class there was nothing but the Margaret, and consequently no race took place; for the second the Thought and the Phantom alone started; for the third, the Vampire, Vesper, and Kitten were at their stations.

The Maud was entered for the second class, but was unable to complete her preparations in time, and although we have no wish to depreciate provincial productions, especially those who hail from a port that has made such spirited exertions to promote the noble sports of the sea as Lowestoft, still we cannot pretend to say that we think her absence materially affected her chances of success; however she will have other opportunities, and we should be heartily glad to find that we are mistaken.

The Kitten was disqualified, having no member of the club on board, and the beautiful little Sea Nymph, the prettiest thing afloat was withdrawn. We saw the sweet little craft underway with old sails and her ensign flying, and in spite of her dark canvas we cannot but assign her the award of beauty over everything, small or great, that floated on the Thames.

With regard to the management of the day which on the part of this club is always good, there were two things which we think might have been better.

In the first place there was no occasion to start so soon.—Members of the club come from Southampton, Cowes and other distant stations to witness the match, and to our knowledge, more than one who had travelled a great distance was prevented from seeing the start.

Two special steamers freighted with passengers, the Gemini, and the Merry Andrew, must have consoled themselves with the reflection that distance lends enchantment to the view, and above all the yachts had to meet the tide on their return the whole way to Gravesend.

There was a strong and steady breeze, and if they had started half an hour later, little time would have been lost at the finish.

Our second and only remaining objection is. that the third class was held too cheap. The mark boat round which the latter sailed was too far from the Nore; the consequence of this was that those who saw the match between the Thought and Phantom, saw nothing of the Vampire and the Vesper, and those who were within sight of these missed the close and well contested struggle that was maintained by the Phantom and the Thought. The start took place at 11h. 37m. 30s.

Second Class.

Yachts' Name.	Owners.	Tons.	Rounded Nore Light.			Arrived at Erith.		
			h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Thought	G. Coope, Esq.	25	1	58	0	5	38	5
Phantom	S. Lane, Esq.	25	2	0	30	5	38	0

Third Class.

Yachts' Name.	Owners.	Tons.	Rounded Mark Boat Southend.			Arrived at Erith.		
			h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Vampire	C. Wheeler, Esq.	15	1	48	0	5	15	15
Vesper	P. Roberts, Esq.	15	1	47	30	5	21	30

The day was cloudy and cool, the wind strong from S.S.W. squalls passed over from time to time, but on the whole the wind was steady and dependable. They got well away together, Vesper and Thought in advance; the Vampire whose buoy-rope hung on the bowsprit shroud bringing up the rear. Vesper and Phantom showed their second gaff-top-sails. Thought and Vampire contenting themselves with a jib-headed sail. The Thought quickly fore reached on her opponents, and threatened to make a runaway match of it; she stood up uncommonly well, and in the run down could have carried a larger top-sail with advantage.

Off Gravesend the Vampire overhauled her adversary, and a tough battle took place between these old enemies: at one time they nearly jammed each other into the Gravesend canal, and they were hard at it all the way down till the Vampire who had started the starboard seizing of her rigging, and been hampered for some time, repaired her damage, weathered her opponent, and walked away an easy winner to the end. Meanwhile the Thought kept her lead, and seemed to have it all her own way, walking along at a speed

which puzzled the steam-boats to keep up with her, and gybed round the Nore Light a little before Two, 2m. 30s., ahead of her competitor.

Now for the tug of war, the course was about five points off the wind; the wind strong and steady, the Thought kept her top-sail and jib, clearly showing either that hitherto she had too little, or that now she kept too much. The Phantom more prudent doused her top-sail and shifted jibs. Till they reached the Hope no great harm was done, still the Phantom had crept up. Thought had lost much time in sending down her topsail, (when too late), and shifting her jib; but when they entered the Hope the Phantom's superior quickness in stays was apparent. The people in the Thought scarcely helped her so much as she required with the fore-sheet, she was in jeopardy more than once, still she kept the lead till off Gravesend, a favourable puff out of a patty shop or something caught the Phantom, and away she went to windward of the Thought just as if she were ashore; the beautiful little clipper walked away as if she were bewitched, and soon left an *hiatus valde deflendus* between herself and her rival.

"Top-sail! Thought, top-sail!" cried her well wishers, but in vain the topmast was sent up, pointed and stayed, but some demon was doubled up in the sail, two men hung kicking about in it on the weather side, but it was long before they cleared it, and meanwhile victory hung upon the top-sail sheet, the breeze freshened. Thought came up hand over hand, but Phantom was up and stirring, and her top-sail took little time before it was up and sheeted home, and with a cap full of wind and her rival rapidly coming up, the beautiful and hitherto unrivalled little Phantom raced in at express speed a winner fifteen seconds ahead.

Vampire and Vesper had settled their differences long before this, the Vampire winning by 6m. 15s., with her mast we should suppose in jeopardy, from the strained and crippled condition of her rigging.

The Phantom, Vesper, and Vampire are sufficiently known. The Thought built by Harvey sailed in several regattas last year, but was not very successful being entirely overmatched by the Phantom. She has now been completely remodelled by Hatcher of Southampton, the builder of the Vampire, and is much improved. In reaching she showed herself decidedly the faster vessel, and she was also stiffer under her canvas; but in stays the Phantom was quicker and gathered away more readily: it is possible the Thought may not have found her trim at present, at all events these two little clippers will give us a quick and well contested race whenever they meet.

One of the wonders of the day was the Margaret, 266 tons: this strange looking craft started twenty minutes after the racing vessels, sailed the course and came in close astern. The speed which she showed in Sea Reach, was marvellous both going free and on a wind: when nearly close-hauled she luffed athwart the stem of the Petrel steamer then at full power, and walked past her with ease. She was however very slack in stays, and however well suited her rig may be for ocean purposes, we doubt whether it will ever do her justice as a yacht: her sails are very faulty. Properly rigged and well handled we know of nothing afloat that could afford to trifle with her.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB.—Opening Trip.

On the 29th of April this club assembled off Blackwall, on a cruize to Erith, there to celebrate the commencement of the season, which we hope will be a pleasant and satisfactory one to all its members. Under the guidance of the esteemed Commodore, J. Goodson, Esq., we opine they cannot fail.

The Avalon (the Commodore's) was accompanied by several yachts, among which we observed the Romp, Petrel, Cormorant, Triton, Amazon, and many others. They arrived at Erith about six p.m., and the owners immediately adjourned to the banquetting room of the club-house, the Crown Inn, where a splendid repast invited their gastronomic powers to the contest. After the removal of the cloth, and the toasts dearest to an Englishman's heart had been given, hilarity, seasoned by some excellent speeches chased away the hours until nearly morn.

One circumstance occurred during the evening, which reflects great credit on the Commodore, who hearing that the members of the London Model Yacht Club, were also celebrating under the same roof, their (we believe) *first* opening trip on the Thames, proposed that they should be invited to join the festive board of the Royal Club, which met with universal approbation, and accordingly Commodore Tuckwell and his members and friends, joined company, and received a most cordial greeting.

This is as it should be, yachtsmen of the higher class ought to give their countenance and support to those minors who are striving to further the principles of yachting.

The First Match of the Season.

On Saturday, the 20th of May, a most agreeable day for an aquatic amateur rowing party, but one ill adapted to show the racing qualities of the "little beauties" that had entered for the honor of being hailed the winners of the prizes, viz., a purse of sovereigns for the first, and £5 for the second. The undermentioned started at 11h. 32m. 30s. The distance was from Erith to Gravesend, and back to North Woolwich.

Yachts' Names.	Tons.	Owners.	Gravesend.			North Woolwich		
			h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Mischief	13	J. R. Kirby, Esq.	3	0	33	5	39	40
Kitten	13	T. Harvey, jun. Esq.	3	54	23	5	55	40
Cormorant	12	J. Fancourt, Esq.	3	56	12	6	1	10
Romp	9	S. P. Mumford, Esq.	4	5	12	6	16	30

The Kitten was the favourite, but there was a bar put to speculation by its being understood that she would sail under protest, in consequence of its being asserted that she exceeded the stipulated measurement of the third class. The subject of measuring yachts has always been one of considerable difference in the clubs, and the Royal London have recently adopted a new

rule, and the question in the Kitten's case is whether, owing to a false stern which she had on, but which has been removed, she is entitled to the benefit of an allowance made to vessels belonging to royal clubs previous to the new rule of measurement coming into operation. By the old measurement we understand she would not rate at more than twelve and a half, but we are assured that by the new, from the provisions of which, owing to some circumstances, it is declared she is not exempt, she is thirteen and two ninety-fourths. Whether she may fairly claim to be rated under thirteen is a matter which must be determined by the sailing committee.

The wind was falling and shifty, mainly, however, from the southward, and when the signal was given for the start, the club colours hung sluggishly down the side of the mast. They all canted well. The Cormorant exhibited the greatest alacrity of the whole in setting her sails, but could not get her head well round. The Kitten showed a good example to the others by setting her top-sail first. The Romp had a slight start at the moment, but although Avalon, one of the accompanying yachts, which was near the steamer, had a nice little breeze, the contending yachts were not so favoured. The Kitten, which was in the best of the tide, caught a little air, and took a decided lead, but the others were almost becalmed. The Kitten was followed by the Romp, and next the Mischief. In Long Reach the Kitten and Cormorant took the Essex shore, and the Romp and Mischief more towards Greenhithe. The Cormorant and Mischief passed the Romp, the former of these two in the second place, making right up to the Kitten, which, from over ballasting or some other reason did not seem so lively as usual. The Jason, troop-ship, crowded with Royal Artillerymen, about to start for the East, was at this time an especial object of notice, and were greeted with three cheers by the company on board the Mars, and the air "Cheer boys, cheer," from their band, which was engaged on board the steamer. The greeting was acknowledged by the soldiery with a truly hearty response, and at a subsequent period of the day, when repeated, by their guns. Between driving and "cat's-paws," the yachts got to Northfleet Hope, where, favoured by a slight breeze, the Mischief passed the Kitten, then the Cormorant and Romp. On reaching Gravesend the tide had spent itself, and the worthy Commodore ordered the steamer to be anchored opposite the lower end of the town, and fired a signal for the yachts to round her, and a most tardy proceeding it was; but it was at length achieved by three of the boats, and by the fourth, after the anchor had been weighed.

Of the match, after rounding, little can be said. The Mischief had got such an advantage in every way, that, barring accident, she was safe to come in first, as she ultimately did.

A protest was entered against Mischief and Kitten, respecting wrong measurement. A committee was therefore held on Thursday, the 25th ult., and decided that the protest was invalid in both cases, and understanding that the Kitten's moveable addition to her stern had been replaced and made her the same as last year, they thought she could not be deemed an altered vessel, and was entitled to be measured as the rule directed, and was there-

fore within her class. The Mischief was awarded the first prize, and the Kitten the second.

MEMORANDA OF CLUB MEETINGS.

ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON.

The Annual Meeting of this affluent and distinguished club, was held at the Thatched House Tavern, St. James's, on Friday, the 12th of May. The noble Commodore (the Earl of Wilton) occupied the chair, and was supported by Edward W. H. Schenley, Esq., R. B. Sheridan, Esq , M.P., Joseph Reynolds, Esq., G. Holland Ackers, Esq., Richard C. Naylor, Esq., Thomas Thornhill, Esq., E. N. Harvey, Esq., John E. W. Rolls, Esq., Captain R. H. Smith-Barry, the Earl of Desart, J. H. Smith-Barry, Esq., Sir Alexander Bannerman, Bart., Spencer de Horsey, Esq., Earl of Mount-Charles, Archibald Campbell, Esq., Viscount Exmouth, W. B. Ponsonby, Esq., William Lyon, Esq., Marquis of Bath, Le Merchant Thomas, Esq., Viscount Somerton, Lord Godolphin, Marquis of Ormonde, Sir Henry Oglander, Bart., Lieut-Colonel Joshua Smith, William Moore, Esq., Joseph Weld, Esq., H. B. Baring, Esq., M.P., James Maxse, Esq., Lawrence Palk, Esq., M.P., Lieut-Colonel R. W. Huey, William Delafield, Esq., J. L. Symonds, Esq., Andrew Fountaine, Esq., George Bentinck, Esq., M.P., F. P. Delme Radcliffe, Esq., Sir B. R. Graham, Bart., Lord Otho Fitzgerald, Albert J. Hambrough, Esq., Rear-Admiral Sir G. B. Pechell, Bart., M.P., the Rev. R. P. Hartopp, Sir J. Rivett Carnac, Bart., M.P., Rowland Mitchell, Esq., Sir W. P. Gallwey. Bart., M.P.

A ballot was taken for the following noblemen and gentlemen who were elected members :—Lord Macdonald, Plover, cutter, 35 tons; Lord Colville, Sultana, cutter, 140 tons; Viscount Hill, Skylark, cutter, 45 tons; Matthew Edward Hoare, Esq., Derwent, schooner, 117 tons; Lord Dufferin, Foam, schooner, 85 tons; Sir Percy F. Shelley, Bart., Genevra, Schooner, 142 tons, As *Honorary Members*:—Commander Algernon De Horsey, R.N., and Captain Hon. Henry Murray, R.N.

Captain Browne, (the Secretary,) to whose kindness we are indebted for the list, &c., read the financial report which gave great satisfaction, a large balance being in the hands of the bankers to the credit of the club.

Many excellent resolutions were carried, among which it was resolved "that no vessels built with sliding keels, centre boards, or any other unfair machinery, should be allowed to compete for prizes given by the Squadron."

It was also resolved, "that when any prizes are given by the Squadron to be sailed for, a time shall be named by the Sailing Committee for completing the required distance, and, should the leading yacht not reach the goal within the time specified, the race shall be considered null and void, and the prize sailed for again on the following day under the same restrictions."

The Regatta was appointed to take place in August, as follows:—

On Tuesday, the 15th,—His Royal Highness Prince Albert's Cup to be sailed for. Fireworks in the evening.

On Wednesday, the 16th,—The Royal Yacht Squadron Dinner.

On Thursday, the 17th,—Her Majesty's Cup to be sailed for by large class schooners, 140 tons and upwards.

On Friday, the 18th,—The Royal Yacht Squadron Ball.

On Saturday, the 19th,—The Royal Yacht Squadron Cup of £100 value, to be sailed for.

ROYAL CORK YACHT CLUB.

The new and splendid Club-house of this oldest of the Royal Yacht Clubs is fast approaching completion, and so far advanced in its present details, as to enable the members to hold their general annual meeting therein, which took place on Thursday, the 4th day of May, 1854.

It was with sincere regret that the committee submitted to the meeting the resignation of Horace T. N. Meade, Esq., as honorary secretary: whose name has been long and intimately associated with the most successful and prosperous periods of the club's existence, and few yachtsmen, who have visited the noble harbour of Queenstown, will forget the courtesy and attention of a gentleman, whose kind qualities have endeared him to all. It is satisfactory, however, to learn that the club will not be entirely deprived of Dr. Meade's valuable services, he having consented to fill the office of honorary treasurer. The office of secretary will in future be held solely by Charles King Macan, Esq., a worthy and excellent officer, and one whom we feel assured will prove himself fully equal to the important duties of that post.

The accounts for the past year were laid before the meeting, and declared to be most satisfactory, a considerable balance appearing to the credit of the club. A large sum was at once voted and placed at the disposal of the committee for the purpose of furnishing the club-house, &c, with as little delay as possible, and in order that every department might be speedily completed, the services of a first-rate house steward and cook were engaged.

The revised general rules of the club were read and approved of, and were ordered for publication immediately.

It was reolved that the summer promenades on the club quay, which have during past seasons proved so agreeable, should be continued as usual, and the secretary was directed to put himself in communication with the proper authorities, in order to secure the services of military bands.

It was also resolved that the usual regatta should be held this season,—the committee to decide upon the days, prizes, &c.

The following committee were balloted for and declared duly elected:—

President:—James Hugh Smith Barry, Esq., Admiral R.C.Y.C.

Vice President:—Richard Frankland, Esq., Vice-Admiral, R.C.Y.C.

General Committee:—Thomas George French, Esq; Bartholomew Verling,

Esq; Samuel Hodder, Esq; Richard Pennefather, Esq; Thomas Hewitt, Esq; Godfrey Baker, Esq: Captain Warren; John Daunt, Esq; James Ronayne, Esq; Rev. Edward Newenham, Daniel Connor, Esq; Sampson T. W. French, Esq; John Bagwell, Esq; Hon. Robert Hare; Horace T. N. Meade, Esq.

Sailing Committee:—Daniel Connor, Esq; Sampson T. W. French, Esq; Pasco S. French, Esq; Samuel Hodder, Esq; John Daunt, Esq; Henry H. O'Bryen, Esq; Robert Heard, Esq; and W. B. Hoare, Esq.

The following gentlemen were ballotted for and admitted members of the club:—

Walter Berwick, Esq; M. O'Reilly Dease, Esq., Julia, 44 tons; Nicholas P. Leader, Esq, Hedges, Chatterton, Esq., Flesk yacht; John Smith, Esq., Falcon yacht; William M. Reeves, Esq; Thomas Exham, Esq; Thomas Leahy, Esq; Samuel Coventry, Esq; Massy Shaw, Esq; Barcroft, H. Carroll, Esq; William H. Townsend, Esq; Alexander Fleming, Esq; John Halloran, Esq; Mountiford Longfield, Esq; Colonel Hodder; M. Loane, Esq; W. M. Hickson, Esq; Captain Connor; and Jonas Morris, Esq.

The regatta of this spirited yacht club will, we feel assured, prove equal to and even more attractive than former years, as no means are being spared by the committee to render every facility to yachtsmen visiting their beautiful station; chain moorings have been laid down, solely for yachts, opposite the new club-house; and royal burgees will find the same cordial Irish welcome from the hospitable yachtsmen of the fine old harbour of Cork.

ROYAL VICTORIA YACHT CLUB.

The annual general meeting of this club was held on the 24th of May, at the Thatched House Tavern, St. James's, at which were present—

Commodore,—(G. H. Ackers, Esq.) in the chair.—*Vice-Commodore*:—T. Chamberlayne Esq.; Lieut-Gen. Sir James Caldwell, G.C.B.; George Young, Esq; Sir Charles Ibbetson, Bart.; Col. Freestun, M.P.; C. G. du Pre, Esq., M.P., Sir John Lees, Bart.; Lord Newborough; A. Fowler, Esq; Edward Fitzroy Talbot Esq; N. J. Kentish, Esq; Rev. Thomas Bacon; George Colin Oliver, Esq; Heathfield Smith, Esq; Thomas Broadwood, Esq; Joseph Arder, Esq; L. Hansard, Esq; John E. W. Rolls, Esq; Albert Gladstanes, Esq; John Wardlaw, Esq; H. J. Baxter, Esq; Rev. S. W. Cobb; William Phelps, Esq; Thomas Rutherfoord, Esq; Col. Frend; Montague Burgoyne, Esq.

The following gentlemen were elected on the committee:—Dr. Lind; Admiral Anderley; Captain Fathall, and J. W. Fossee, Esq;—*Auditors*, C Payne, and W. H. Hamilton, Esqs.

Report of the committee and annual accounts were submitted by the secretary, the report congratulated the members on the improved and improving condition of the club, passed an encomium on the secretary, and recommended his salary to be increased. The report and accounts were received, adopted, and ordered to be printed for distribution to the members.

Several resolutions were passed respecting special meetings, &c., among which were the following :—

It was resolved, that after every general meeting in which any motion shall be passed requiring to be confirmed, a confirmative general meeting shall be held at the club-house, Ryde, as soon after seven clear days as may be convenient. The day to be named at the said general meeting.

It was unanimously resolved to augment the salary of the present secretary to £150 per annum.

It was resolved, that the regatta shall take place on the 9th of August, and following days, subject to the convenience of Her Most Gracious Majesty, and His Royal Highness Prince Albert, and £150 be appropriated for that purpose.

A confirmative general meeting was announced to be held at Ryde on the 3rd of June next, at 1h. P.M.

The thanks of the meeting were awarded to the Commodore for his obliging conduct in the chair.

ROYAL WESTERN YACHT CLUB OF IRELAND.

THE Annual General Meeting of this spirited and rapidly increasing yacht club, took place at their town club-house, 113, Grafton Street, Dublin, on Saturday, May the 6th, 1854. At four o'clock the chair was taken by James Edward Stopford, Esq., L.L.D., Vice-Commodore;—who although suffering from severe indisposition, was, as always, at his post. The secretaries commenced by reading a report of the proceedings of the committee for the past year, which together with a statement of the accounts, was declared to be most satisfactory. The meeting then proceeded to the election of the officers and committee for the ensuing year, when by unanimous voice the out-going gentlemen were re-elected, viz.,—Robert Batt, Esq., Commodore; James Edward Stopford, Esq., L.L.D., M.P., Vice-Commodore ; John O'Connell, Esq., M.P., D.L., Rear-Commodore ; William Lewis, Esq., Cup-bearer; Edward Fox, Esq., Honorary Treasurer; and William Cooper, Robert Barklie, and Thomas O'Connell, Esqs., Secretaries. With nine other gentlemen as General Committee.

It was resolved that in consequence of the war in which the United Kingdom is now involved, that there should not be any regatta held on the Western Coast this year; but that in lieu thereof, Fleet Days, Sailing Matches, &c., should be organized in the Channel, so as to ensure the attendance of yachtsmen, many of whom had signified to the officers of the club that they would not go round to the Western Coast of Ireland.

It was further determined upon, with a view to carry out practical yachtsmanship, that two Corinthian cups should be given by the club, to be sailed for in Dublin Bay, at such time and under such further regulations as the Sailing Committee may consider to be advisable:—one cup of the value of 100 guineas, for yachts of twenty-five tons and upwards, carrying royal warrants; to be manned and steered by gentlemen, members of royal yacht clubs: the sailing-master and a pilot to be allowed to each vessel;—and one cup of the value of fifty guineas, for yachts under twenty-five tons, carrying royal warrants,—to be manned and steered by gentlemen, members of royal yacht clubs.

It is at present contemplated to hold this meeting late in the season, of which it will make an excellent conclusion; thus bringing yachtsmen to the post with their season's drilling; and it is probable will occupy three days,—the first day to be a Fleet Day, when all yachts upon the station signifying their intention of joining, will be formed into a squadron of evolution; when the capabilities of the Corinthian crews can be tested. The second, the first-class Corinthian cup to be sailed for, and the third day the second-class Corinthian cup; the evening to conclude with a ball. Thus the crews of both classes of vessels will be made available.

After the cup had been decided upon, a ballot took place, when a number of gentlemen were admitted to membership, which we shall give next month.

After the business had been concluded the members adjourned at 6h. 30m., to the Dining Saloon, where a sumptuous repast awaited them; there were several guests present, amongst whom were the Commander and officers of H.M.S. Advice. Mr. Dane's, (the house steward) ample fare having been done full justice to, the cloth was withdrawn and the usual loyal and appropriate toasts were rendered honour to; the members and their guests passed a most delightful evening, the enjoyment of which was much enhanced by some excellent singing. They separated shortly before eleven o'clock.

We are informed that the following vessels have already declared for the Corinthian cups:—The Water-Wyvern, 42 tons, J. E. Stopford, Esq, Vice-Commodore; the Julia, 44 tons, M. O'Reilly Deane, Esq.; the Nimrod, 40 tons, Harry Bridson, Esq.; the Cymba, 53 tons, J. M. Rowan, Esq.; the Jessica, 8 tons, J. A. Clarke, Esq.; all carrying warrants from the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland.

The Commodore Robert Batt, Esq.; being at present cruizing in the vicinity of Constantinople in his fine yacht the Magician, and Rear-Commodore O'Connell being in London attending his duties in the House of Commons, were prevented from being present at the Annual Meeting.

Our Editor's Locker.

YACHTING STATISTICS.

Anderton's Hotel, May 20th, 1854.

SIR.—If any of your readers will refer to your number for March last, page 115, they will find a letter headed "Yachting Statistics" in which Secretaries of Model Yacht Clubs, are requested to give whatever information they may possess, upon several points connected with yacht building, &c., In the following number they will find my reply (at p. 221) as one of the unfortunate "scribes" appealed to, in which reluctantly and with a deep though unexpressed conviction of my insufficiency, I gave so far as I was able the information sought, regretting that I could give no more, and hoping that some more able hand would supply the rest, so far apparently, at least, a proper spirit had been the guiding star upon the subject. In your last number

however some *one*, or it *may be two* persons, have "rushed into print" with a strange forgetfulness of the desired object, of the fact that the Secretaries of Model Yacht Clubs were the only parties especially appealed to; and more than all, of the *courtesy* and *kindness* which should ever be exhibited by us towards others, however much we may happen to differ upon particular topics. I could not have supposed that my letter would subject me and the club also to which I have the honor to belong, to unfair and abusive sneers, to wilful distortion of facts, and false assertions. I thought, perhaps foolishly, that the object stated in March last was the true one, to promote yachting and harmony throughout the thousands who pursue it. I did not suspect that the writer or writers (like Dickens's Quilp,) would seize with eagerness and joy the slightest opportunity for scattering ridicule, enmity, and discord, upon a band of men who do feel proud in being yachtsmen, and who strive continually to display some of the generous qualities of that useful and valuable class.

I have no respect or sympathy for the man who behind an anonymous subscription, chuckles in his hiding place, and evidently feels a delight in thus wantonly attacking a body of nearly 200 men, of whom it can be truly said that they have neither dealt so, or even interfered with, others; who in their first published book of rules in 1846, humble as their pretensions then were, nailed this motto to the mast. "We have no relish for envy, nor hope for rivalry." Your correspondent, therefore, could not have been at that time a member of ours, or he must have suffered severely in his disposition since.

The London Model Yacht Club for five years was content with one class of models, about six feet in length. The Serpentine was sea enough for its yachts, and there they were the "admired of school boys and nursery maids," (a very natural consequence of sailing in such a locality,) but they were also the "admired" of many men, whom these detractors (if there be two,) would gladly rank in their list of admirers: since then, and here is the great offence, the London Model Yacht Club has raised two other classes, one of five tons, the second of twelve feet from stem to stern. The Commodore of the club, with his yacht of barely four tons, has practised "dodges and jockeying" of the worst description: (what *stable* expressions for a yachtsman!—is your correspondent a groom?) simply by carrying his keel a few inches abaft the stern-post to preserve her rudder from being unshipped or other injury; he has also *received* the *whip* of your stable correspondent for obtaining cabin accommodation, sufficient for six persons, in his four ton yacht, though you, in the fifth line of the very same number, *and I think very justly*, have made cabin accommodation in the Jessica of eight tons, a very considerable point in the list of her good qualities. But the greatest and most unpardonable atrocity he has committed is, that of allowing his "toy yacht" to beat another, *a new yacht*, a short time since, of nearly double her tonnage, belonging to the Prince of Wales Yacht Club, in a run of forty or fifty miles, in six hours and a half, without casualty or unfairness. This grave offence has called forth the "vanity and selfish purposes" denounced by your cor-

respondent—"Sailor." I beg to question the legitimacy of his claim to that title: I think he is here sailing under false colors,—he can be no "Sailor" who would aim a blow in the dark at a *yacht club*, especially under such circumstances.

Under the initial "P," your correspondent triumphantly asks "What then has been the purpose for which this Model Club has met so many times, and now boast of their seniority?" My humble answer to my haughty interrogator is, that our object has been very similar to that of all other yacht clubs, in a word—intellectual and physical recreation combined, and that that purpose has been for years fully realized. Certainly the London Model Yacht Club did not contemplate his question, when they met for the first time in 1846, and he can have very little knowledge of the world or of human charity who can imagine that a few individuals, proposing a club for six feet model yachts, deluded themselves into a belief that they were about to confer some important benefit upon "ships of war or commerce," even after the lapse of eight years. The boast of seniority too (a very tender point with him evidently,) has been left for him *exclusively* to call into notice. I only wish that he would entertain as little *envy* as we do *pride* upon that point, had he done so before those letters were written, he would have saved himself and me too from feelings and trouble, which will never benefit either of us.

I have no doubt that the writer "P," (and this allusion to seniority strengthens my suspicion,) belongs to a young and sickly scion of the large family of yacht clubs, an overgrown, delicate, and declining child, with something altogether wrong internally, and the sympathy of your correspondent, as a member, is, no doubt, excited. Now instead of shewing publicly the ill will he cherished so unnaturally for his little brother club, who ought rather to share his love, (the poor little Model Club,) let me beg of him to try the other tack, to make himself known to me at our next meeting June 6th, and (if he is not an erased member, or a rejected candidate of ours,) I shall feel great pleasure in introducing him to men who can be useful to him, indeed of *essential service* in many particulars besides nautical matters. We will leave "naval architecture for war or commerce" to the Royal Clubs of Great Britain as he has kindly suggested, (which will be no difficulty to us, seeing that we have never yet attempted to meddle with it,) and betake ourselves to our legitimate task, that of preparing the *infantile* minds, (minus the "nursery maids,") which constantly flock around us, in the art of sailing. Model Clubs at the best are only preparatory schools, I can therefore with increased confidence invite your correspondent; our terms are very moderate and no extras, there is one condition however so indispensable and so unlike other establishments for tuition that I must name it. Each pupil is particularly requested not to bring a spoon with him. If this requirement will not prove a difficulty to him or *them* (if there be two really,) in my name bid them welcome.

Now a truce to all these cavillings and sarcasms, apart from the subject started in March last. A vessel of 160 tons *drawing only the usual depth of water* can be built with such an amount of ballast *in the shape of keel and*

ribs, as a vessel of that tonnage usually carries in pig iron withinside her, which is the extent of my former assertion; and it may be so disposed on the keel and ribs that she shall not "roll her masts out," and she shall derive a large amount of additional speed and accommodation by the arrangement. I stand by my assertion notwithstanding your correspondent's uncalled for ridicule and allusions to the L. M. Y. C. No yacht club has anything to do with my private opinions upon this or any other subject, and such an ungentlemanly attack upon that club, is quite gratuitous and irrelevant.

What a pity it is that men who profess to delight in yachting, should coolly follow the impulse of ill feelings, and write with gall to the prejudice of those who are also striving in the same National sport! and look with an evil eye upon the prosperity of any other club, than the one to which they belong!

The *genuine yachtsman* witholds not his hand nor his heart from his countryman; as an enemy he is an open, frank and generous one; it is worse than useless for any clubs, particularly those of little tonnage, to strain till they burst for prosperity and unanimity, if parade with lots of gold lace and star chamber authority are the only elements! while the true unerring marks of identity above named are wanting, and the endeavour to root up all other societies of its class only remains!——a rope of sand is the most expressive type of such clubs, it requires no prophet to foretel their fate.

The words of Laurence Sterne in one of his fragments seem so appropriate to the close of this letter that I cannot resist the inclination for using them:—"Shame on the world!—said I to myself—did we but love each other as this poor fellow loved his ass!—'twould be something."

THE UNFORTUNATE HON. SEC. OF THE L.M.Y.C.

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

[We have given the L.M.Y.C. Secretary an opportunity to answer the letters of "Sailor" and "P." and shall decline inserting any other letters on the subject, unless written with a desire to promote yachting, as sarcasm only engenders ill feeling, and ruins the cause it professes to support.—ED.]

CHANNEL NOTES.

MR. EDITOR.—As a few Channel notes may not prove disagreeable to your readers, I shall from time to time drop you a few. The coming season promises well for Channel cruisers, notwithstanding the gloomy predictions we have heard to the contrary. The Royal Mersey Yacht Club have been up and doing, early, and a goodly fleet are now at and about their station, consisting of the Ariel, 118, Commodore Littledale,—the Rosalind, 100, T. Birchall. Esq.,—the Vandal, 105, Dawson, Esq.,—the Coralie, 33, A. E. Byrne, Esq.,—the Maria, 80, Rathbone, Esq.

The Liverpool Yacht Club show the Jessica, 8, Commodore Clarke,—the

Priestess, 13, W. Brown, Esq., Hon. Secretary,—the Sirocco, 9 belonging to the same gentleman; and sundry other craft are building and fitting out.

The Birkenhead Model Yacht Club are also bestirring, and we had the pleasure of seeing their burgeee worthily carried upon that beautiful screw steam yacht the Pleiad, upon the day of her trial trip in the Mersey;—this fine vessel is about proceeding on a scientific expedition up the Niger.

In the north we have the Cymba, 53, J. M. Rowan, Esq, preparing for the fray, and eagerly is her *debut* awaited in Liverpool for the Mersey match in June,—The Hilda, 27, Bourne, Esq., is fitting out at Whitehaven, and the Nimrod, 40, Harry Bridson, Esq. is undergoing a thorough overhaul at Douglas, Isle of Man, after her opening cruize.

At Kingstown there is a numerous fleet and daily accessions may be expected.

The Royal St. George's Yacht Club have the following burgees already displayed, viz:—Cynthia, 50, H. Roe, Esq., Gitana, 63, J. Hone Esq., Coquette. 44, Nathaniel Hone, Esq., Julia, 44, M. O'Reilly Dease, Esq., Phantasy, 20, Captain Morant, Wizard, 18, J. E. V. Vernon, Esq. We are informed that the Atalanta, 20, H. Scovell, Esq., will not fit out this year.

The gallant Royal Westerns of Ireland are as usual at their posts, and display the Julia, 44, M. O'Reilly Dease, Esq., Petrel, 24, J. H. Townsend, Esq., Nimrod, 40, Harry Bridson, Esq., has just left the station. The Jilt, 18, H. Smith, jun. Esq., has sailed for the western coast of Ireland. The Gitana, schooner 168 tons, Ralph Ward Jackson, Esq., about to proceed to the Baltic. The Shark, schooner, 150, W. Curling, Esq., sailed with the French fleet for the Baltic. Czarina, 210, T. Farmer Baily, Esq., is about to sail for Malta, Cadiz and Constantinople,—the Magician, yawl 63, Commodore Batt, cruizing in the Mediterranean, Ariel, 118, Commodore Littledale, and the Coralie, 33 tons, A. E. Byrne, Esq., upon the opening cruise from Liverpool to Kingstown, accompanied by the Rosalind, 100, Thomas Birchall, Esq. and the Maria, 80, G. C. Rathbone, Esq., the Water Wyvern, 42, Vice-commodore Stopford, is nearly ready for sea, and will hoist her broad pendant early in the ensuing week,—and the Owen Glendower, 123, the club vessel, will be immediately upon her station.

The Royal Westerns of Ireland are making a spirited move in the yachting world, being I am given to understand about to offer two splendid cups to be sailed for in Dublin Bay, by yachts over and under 25 tons to be manned and steered by gentlemen, members of Royal Yacht Clubs. Mr. Editor, this is something like work, now ye Royal yachtsmen be up and doing, or the corn will soon be separated from the chaff.

In Cork Mr. Editor the Ancient Club is going on in first-rate style, their new Club House is nearly completed, and they are to hold their Annual Regatta as usual, but upon a different day. The Meteor cutter has been sold out of Cork, to James Kennedy, Esq., of the Royal Irish Yacht Club. The Champion, 29 tons, is much improved in appearance by her additional length, and if eye-sight can be depended upon ought to go; she comes to the

post under the superintendance of as sharp a hand as ever handled a tiller, Mr. Plunkett late sailing-master of the Atalanta.

There are flying rumours of a regatta at the Isle of Man, also one in Morcambe Bay; and at Belfast, the Royal Mersey meeting in June, opens the ball, and we shall be there to see, plenty of work is cut out for the Channel yachtsmen this season, and if they can only fall foul of a Russian or two in the Irish seas, why that will complete the fun.

Yours, &c., from the ROCK OF AILSA.

HIGH WATER TIDE TABLE FOR JUNE.

D of M	High Water Lon. Bridge morn		after.		The time of high water at the following places may be ascertained, by adding to, or subtracting from, the time at London Bridge.						
	h.	m.	h.	m			h.	m.		h.	m.
1	5	12	5	31	Aberystwith.....	add	5	23	Aberdeen .....sub	0	56
2	5	53	6	15	Alderney.....		4	38	Aldborough	3	23
3	6	39	7	4	Bantry Bay		1	39	Belfast.....	4	2
4	7	33	8	5	Bridlington		2	23	Brighton	2	29
5	8	41	9	17	Carmarthan		4	3	Carnarvon..... ..	4	47
6	9	49	10	18	Cark Harbour		2	28	Cowes	3	22
7	10	48	11	17	Dartmouth		3	53	Dublin Bar.....	2	55
8	11	45	—	—	Dudgeon Light		5	23	Dungeness.....	3	17
9	0	10	0	34	Eddystone.....		3	8	Folkestone.....	3	37
10	0	58	1	23	Edinburgh.....		2	23	Foreland, North	2	22
11	1	46	2	9	Exmouth Bar.....		4	18	Foreland, South.....	2	47
12	2	35	3	0	Falmouth		3	8	Gravesend	0	37
13	3	25	3	50	Flamboro' Head		2	28	Greenwich.....	0	23
14	4	14	4	49	Guernsey Pier.....		4	23	Harwich.....	2	37
15	5	6	5	34	Hartlepool		1	38	Howth Harbour.....	2	59
16	5	59	6	27	Humber Mouth.....		3	23	Ipswich.....	2	7
17	6	57	7	26	Kinsale Harbour.....		2	28	Kentish Knock.....	2	37
18	7	59	8	30	Land End		2	23	Lowestoft	3	37
19	9	4	9	35	Leith Pier.....		0	15	Margate	2	2
20	10	6	10	35	Lynn Regis.....		4	38	Nore Light.....	0	58
21	11	6	11	36	Plymouth.....		3	26	Portsmouth	2	27
22	—	—	0	4	Swansea.....		3	48	Sheerness.....	1	28
23	0	29	0	52	Torbay.....		3	58	Southampton.....	2	27
24	1	15	1	36	Waterford...		3	43	Spithead.....	4	37
25	1	56	2	17	Weymouth		4	28	Yarmouth Roads....	5	27
26	2	34	2	54	Whitby		1	38	Calais.....	2	19
27	3	10	3	30	Amsterdam		0	53	Dieppe..... ..	3	2
28	3	46	4	3	Antwerp		2	18	Havre de Grace.....	4	15
29	4	22	4	40	Bourdeux		4	46	Ostende	1	12
30	4	56	5	16	Cherbourg.....		5	23	Honfleur.....	4	37
					Hamburgh.....		3	53	New York.....	5	7

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Reviews of Books and Music received stand over until next month, space being too limited to do justice to their merits. The Magazine will be permanently enlarged by additional pages.

PILOT.—Jack Nicholls is now Captain of the Alarm, schooner.

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HUNT'S

YACHTING MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1854.

PRACTICAL NOTES ON YACHTS AND YACHTING.

(Continued from page 312.)

BY A MEMBER OF A ROYAL YACHT CLUB.

CHAPTER VII.

SHROUDS, STAYS, HALLIARDS, SHEETS, TACKS, LIFTS, PURCHASES, AND BLOCKS

THE standing rigging of a cutter consists of the bobstay, forestay, backstays, topmast-stays, main shrouds, topmast shrouds, and bowsprit shrouds; the running rigging of the throat, peak, fore jib, and top-sail halliards, and sheets, top and main-sail tacks, lifts for topping main boom, bobstay fall, jib and peak purchase, and some other small ropes of no great importance, such as tack tricing line, peak down haul, &c. It will not be necessary to go through all these in detail, I will only shortly allude to the most important.

The shrouds are the main supports of the mast, they are generally made of wormed rope, and in small yachts usually without ratlins, as all extra ropes serve to catch wind, and it is easy work going aloft without their aid, either by the shrouds alone or by the mast. It is of the utmost importance to keep these shrouds well set up and taut, as the safety of

the mast chiefly depends upon them. The bowsprit shrouds have been already described as gaining additional strength from the whiskers. The same end is gained in the topmast shrouds from the cross-trees, which keep these ropes at a sufficient angle from the mast to enable them to give efficient support to it.

The bobstay which runs from the stem to the bowsprit end is commonly galvanized chain, made fast to the stem by a long copper shackle which keeps the chain out of the water, except when the cutter carries a bone in her teeth, which the new fashioned sharp bowed ones rarely do. The chain is much less troublesome than rope, which is constantly giving way from thefrightful strain put upon it from setting it down, by winch or windlass, and setting up the jib halliards with the usual heavy purchases. It is indeed the most legitimate use of chain in a cutter's rigging, but it should never be combined with chain jib halliards, else the rigidity and want of play before alluded to will be the consequence.

The forestay is a very important rope, it is generally formed into a loop or eye, which goes over the mast, resting on the cap, which again rests on the hounds (blocks of hard wood nailed on each side of the mast just above where the jaws of the gaff work.) The hounds in reality carry the whole strain of the forestay aloft, and also that of the shrouds, they ought therefore to be made extremely secure, as I have known them, especially when fastened with composition bolts or nails, forced off after a vessel has been carrying on hard for some hours.

This is a most serious catastrophe, as cap, cross-trees and rigging will all come down if both hounds give way. The other end of the forestay goes through a sheave in the stem head, and is set down to the bits. It should always be kept extremely taut, both for the safety of the mast and for the standing of the fore-sail which sets upon it, running up and down by means of small wooden hoops commonly called hanks. Lord Robert Montagu proposes (Naval Architecture, 2nd Edition p. 169,) to substitute two forestays for the single one now in use, and to make them fast to catheads, projecting from the bows instead of to the stem head.

The object of this alteration would be to enable a vessel to dispense with a fore-sail, which he pronounces to be a very pressing sail, and carry only a large jib.

Independently of the extreme ugliness of this arrangement, and the additional wind the double stays would catch when the cutter was close hauled, it seems to me open to this very serious objection, that when running off the wind, you could not pay your sail away, because if you attempted to do so, it would come in contact with the lee forestay, which

would prevent it filling. This would be the case even with a beam wind, much more so when the wind should be aft the beam. In fact it would be much easier to work this single head sail if thought any advantage, which for reasons already explained in a former chapter, I do not think it is, with one forestay as at present than with two. It is always possible to shift the sheet and after leach of the sail over the forestay, as is always done in working a balloon jib, which in truth is just the sail recommended by Lord Robert. Any one who has watched a craft trying to get to windward with one of these monster jibs, "like two stout gentlemen rolled into one," will know what they are good for. Off the wind they are invaluable, but that is precisely the time when if the plan proposed by Lord Robert were adopted they would be perfectly useless.

While on the subject of Lord Robert's peculiar views on the rig of yachts, (though sorry to be obliged to differ so often from him,) there is another of his suggestions to be found in the same page, I would strongly recommend a young yachtsman to avoid, and which is, that his cutter "should have no topmast, but that her gaff-top-sail should be run up with a yard." This is what is familiarly known as a Torbay top-sail, and I have often seen it tried, but never with success. Any display of canvas the most inartificial that can be imagined will do before a following breeze; a taut bowline tries the practical use of a sail, and here the Torbay top-sail becomes singularly inefficient. Whenever you begin to flatten in your main-sail then this precious top-sail begins to shake, so that your only resource is to lower it. A certain length of topmast you must have, to secure a well standing top-sail, and having got this, peak your sail as much as you will. But this is a digression :—

Before dismissing the subject of the forestay, I would earnestly recommend yachtsmen to prevent their crews setting so taut on their jib-purchase as to take the strain of the mast off the forestay, which I have often seen done, especially in small yachts. It is very severe on the luff of the jibs, alters the set of the mast and prevents the fore-sail standing flat, as the luff of it will be all in a shake, until the strain is again put on the stay as it is meant to be. I once for all, would advise young yachtsmen to be very chary of giving their men the command of heavy purchases, especially if they have been accustomed to large vessels; they never know when to have done with pulling and hauling, and often do incalculable mischief by carrying away the most useful and necessary ropes when most wanted.

Of the topmast stay little need be said, it runs from the topmast head to the bowsprit end, leads through a small block or dead eye, returns

along the upper side of the bowsprit, and is made fast somewhere about the head. It is generally set upon very taut so as to give the topmast a great bend forward, which is supposed to give the craft a smart look. It is rarely used for carrying sail, jib top-sails being little used in yachts, although they are sometimes seen. It is a sail of no great use, and very troublesome to set.

The backstays, consisting of the after pennants and runners are very useful and important ropes, they keep the mast from being slewed for'ard by the strain of the head sails, and aid the shrouds as lateral supports. As they interfere with the boom when the main-sheet is much paid away, they are fitted with tackles which can be slacked alternately on either side, as it may be requisite to shift the boom. In jibing it is most important to attend to hauling one tackle taut before the other is slacked, else the chances are you will carry away your mast when the boom comes over. Jibing or wearing a cutter is always ticklish work, and should never be resorted to, but in light weather, except in cases of necessity; and then the peak of your sail ought always to be lowered. The back stays are sometimes made to run on a traveller made fast to a horse on each side of the deck; when taut they are hauled aft by a tackle, which is slacked when the boom is paid away, in a small vessel with a cockpit this has great advantages, as it saves the necessity of moving about on deck. With regard to the halliards, the only advice that need be given is that they should be kept rather small than otherwise for your blocks, as this facilitates the hoisting and lowering of the sails wonderfully.

Rather renew your ropes often than by getting them a little too stout run the risk of jambing when you wish them to run easily. The throat and peak halliards especially ought to be frequently examined and shifted as they are extremely apt to chafe. Many a race has been lost for want of a little attention to this. The same recommendation may be given as to the sheets, but as these are more in the way of observation, any defect in them is more likely to be observed, than aloft where the halliards generally complain first. After the main-sheet has been some time used, it should be turned end for end, as this changes the strain. It is generally made of white rope, of which that formed of Manila hemp is the best.

The fore-sail is sometimes worked with what is called a horse, an iron bar across the deck to which the after leach of the sail is made fast by means of a traveller, so that it requires little or no sheet. In yachts frequenting rivers or other narrow waters this is doubtless a handy plan; but it very much restricts the size of the fore-sail, which must be kept

for'ard of the mast, while if it be worked with double sheets and blocks it may come as far aft as you choose. The horse is besides a clumsy ugly appendage to a yacht, and is very apt to trip the crew in running about the decks. The jib sheet has no purchase upon it like the others, as it is always flattened in while the craft is in stays, and the sail in consequence empty of wind.

The jib tack is made fast to a traveller on the bowsprit, which by means of an outhaul is brought to the bowsprit end, the fore-sail tack works in a sheave in the stem head, and is generally hauled down by a tackle fast to the bits. The main-sail should have two tack tackles, so that in going about the one may be hauled taut before the other is slacked. These tackles are set down to ring bolts on deck clinched into the beams below. The top-sail tack is generally set down by means of the winch, a watch tackle, or an occasional purchase, which can be applied anywhere when required.

Most yachts of any size have double lifts for topping the boom, that is relieving the main-sail of the weight of the spar, when the craft is under sail. They should always be made (at least the standing part) of white Manila rope, to save the sail from the chance of being marked by a tarred rope. In this country we always top from the masthead. The America has only one lift, and she tops from the boom end.

The jib halliards are attached to the sail by means of a block with clip or a twisted iron hook. The two ends of the rope passing through this block are carried to the masthead, and pass through shears to blocks on each side of it, one end is led to the deck, while the other only comes a little way, and is then attached to a strong tackle called the jib purchase. The sail is first hoisted by means of the halliard on one side of the mast, and is then sweated up by means of the purchase. It is undoubtedly of immense importance to have your jib taut, else your craft will not go to the wind; but as before hinted it may be over done: whenever the strain seems to be taken off the forestay it is time to slacken your purchase. In moderate sized cutters purchases are rarely applied to the other halliards, they are generally taken to the winch on the mast if there be one, or else set up with watch tackles if required.

It is needless to enter into any detail regarding the blocks required in a cutter, they become more numerous as the vessel increases in size, and needs more artificial aid in working. They ought to be generally metal sheaved, and the halliard blocks should be furnished with anti-friction steel rollers, which assist greatly in setting and taking in sail.

CHAPTER VIII.

SAILS; CANVAS, HEMP, AND COTTON—MAIN-SAIL—LACING TO BOOM—BONNETS TO MAIN-SAIL AND FORE-SAIL—JIBS—TOP-SAILS.

The sails ordinarily used in modern cutter sailing are but four:—main-sail, fore-sail, jib, and gaff-top-sail. In wager sailing by the rules of the Yacht clubs, cutters are now restricted to these. Formerly there was no limitation, and jib top-sails, square-sails, and ringtails were crowded with little regard to symmetry or safety, on the unfortunate craft that entered for a prize. It seems however by no means certain that more sail is not now actually carried by racing craft than in those *tempora acta* when regatta sailing was in its infancy. The long deep heavily ballasted vessels of the present day, carry spars and sails, the very look of which would have frightened our ancestors from their propriety, and certainly made them hesitate before they ventured afloat in such portentously rigged craft. So many improvements in ballasting and model, to say nothing of the numerous mechanical contrivances for assisting the crew in handling the canvas, have of late years been introduced, that undoubtedly much larger sails may now be carried with impunity than of yore. Still the present tendency is in the other extreme, and the sooner some of our clippers cut a foot or two off their masts, and take a cloth or two out of their main-sails the better both for speed and comfort. In this country our yachts' sails have hitherto been almost entirely made of hemp canvas, except in the case of small boats, which are sometimes fitted with sails of cotton duck. In America again cotton canvas is all the rage, and it has undoubtedly advantages. It is closer and thicker than the same quality of hemp canvas, and consequently holds more wind and stands better; on the other hand, when it gets wet it becomes like a board, and is almost unmanageable, and it is much more subject to mildew than that made of hemp. This last is a most serious objection, in so damp a climate as ours, to all yachtsmen who do not like putting their hands in their pockets every two years. For racing yachts it might be very well to have a cruizing suit of hemp, and a racing one of cotton canvas.

The main-sail has hitherto been generally made with the cloths parallel to the mast, and of late horizontal cloths have been introduced; but such as I have seen made in this way do not answer well, because the two extremities of the sail attached to the peak and boom end having a much greater strain on them, than the intermediate space, the whole after leach becomes hollow, while in a handsome sail it should curve outwards. Without due care this is a mischance to which sails made with perpendicular cloths are also in some measure liable, but in a less degree than

in those made with horizontal ones. If a new sail be hauled out very taut, when first bent to the boom end, the first time it gets wet it will shrink, and unless the fastening be let go, it will be drawn out to a very acute angle at the lower end, a shape it will ever afterwards retain. To obviate the risk of the sail assuming an appearance so offensive to the eye of the accurate yachtsman, the clue of the main-sail should always be made fast to a traveller on the boom, which by means of an outhaul can be eased or hauled taut as occasion requires. This traveller of course cannot be employed when the sail is reefed, because the sail must be brought to the boom by means of a tackle made fast to the reef-earing, which is always rove through an upper cringle. But as it is not when the sail is reefed that there is any danger of distortion, this is of no consequence, and it is surprising that such travellers are not universally adopted.

Since the arrival of the America, it has become the fashion to lace the main-sail to the boom, but it has not been found to answer well, and the reason is obvious. In this country fore and aft sails instead of being cut straight along the edges, are all made with more or less of a round on every side except that along the mast or stay on which they are set. There is a slight convexity along the gaff greater in the after leech, and greater still along the sole of the sail. The sails of the America were all cut flat along the edges and the tacks bolted down to the goose-neck on the boom, while the clue was hauled out with a traveller as above described. In this way the sole of the sail formed a perfectly parallel line with the boom, and could be attached to it without causing lurks and bags as in our sails. No doubt after a little practice our sail-makers would get into the way of cutting sails as straight as the Americans; but I question how far it would be desirable to do so, from the tendency of our canvas to stretch laterally: the sails if cut without round at first would very soon become hollow both on the after leach and the sole. Any yachtsman will be able to judge how soon a belly-reef, (as it is sometimes called,) which almost drags overboard when the sail is first set, flattens on after a little wear and tear. Flat cut sails may do excellently for sailing a few matches, but a season's use would pull them entirely out of shape. But the advantage, indeed the practicability of lacing the main-sail in a cruizing yacht seems very questionable. When a squall strikes a cutter, what is the first thing done to ease her? Why to haul up the tack of the main-sail! If the weather be at all threatening, the tack tackle will be slacked, and nothing can be simpler or handier than to seize the tricing-line and hoist the tack three-fourths up the mast. But if the sail is laced this could not be done, and the only remedy for

shortening sail, which the exigency of the moment will admit of, is lowering the peak. Even supposing this to be a safe and efficient remedy when carried into execution, how much more serious a matter is it to start a heavy rope like the peak halliards carefully set down with the winch, than to handle a line so slight and so easily laid hold of as the tack tricing-line. It often happens that the increase of the breeze is but temporary, and that hauling up the tack for a few minutes saves the necessity of reefing; but what a laborious business it would be to lower your peak and set it up again every ten minutes, as may very easily happen in a squally day, if unable to hoist your tack. Besides what an unmanageable condition your craft would be in with your peak and upper half of your sail flying away to leeward, while with the tack only raised you could dodge her easily to windward till the wind took off. And then again how often is it desirable to be able still more to reduce your sail without lowering it? How could you scandalize your main-sail without the power of raising the tack as well as lowering the gaff? Lacing may do well enough in wager sailing but it wont do for ordinary cruizing.

Small cutters have generally three reefs in their main-sails, to which a balance reef is sometimes added. In a balance reef the throat is hardly hoisted, and only a small portion of the after leach of the sail is set. This reef is practically of little use and very much disfigures the sail: a try-sail would be much more handy. Every sea-going cutter should carry this sail. The America's fore-try-sail and fore-stay-sail were as before mentioned made with bonnets, which could be taken off instead of reefing when sail had to be shortened, but these are not applicable to cutters, and are indeed little, if at all, used in our schooners. A sail reduced by means of the withdrawal of the bonnet will certainly stand better on a wind than a reefed sail; but on the other hand a sail fully set looks better without a bonnet than with one; that is to say, the lacing which attaches the bonnet to the sail is an awkward and clumsy addition. Sails are made with doubling or strengthening pieces at the corners, and the leech rope is generally thicker at the clue and earings.

A cutter's main-sail generally works on wooden hoops which are rivetted round the mast, and are fitted on before the rigging is put over the mast head: these should be made very easy for the mast, so that they may traverse freely. Lacing is sometimes used in small cutters, but though lighter and catching less wind it does not allow the sail to lower or hoist so easily as hoops. Iron hoop leathered are sometimes used, they look snug, and catch little wind.

Never less than three, frequently, as many as six, jibs, are carried on

board a cutter. As these sails are not made to reef they are of necessity shifted on any change in the weather, it is in consequence requisite to have them of various sizes from the little spit-fire to the huge balloon. A very frequent mistake is made in carrying too large a jib in a yacht when close-hauled. It seems very doubtful if the jib has much effect in sending the vessel ahead, when set so flat as it must be to stand with the main-sail and fore-sail, its chief object is to balance the effect of the main-sail, which is to force the head of the craft into the wind, and the moment you find you have head-sail more than enough to prevent your boat carrying weather helm, it is time you were selecting your next smaller jib: a heavier one lays her over to no purpose. Jibs are frequently made angulated, that is with the cloths converging to an angle in the clue of the sail. They are supposed to stand better when made in this fashion, than with perpendicular cloths, but I have seen them stand so well and so ill both ways, that there seems but little choice between them. A jib is like a coat if it does not fit well at first it never will. This sail if large should always be made several feet too short in the hoist, as it is amazing how the jib purchase elongates, and continues to do so after it has been many times set. Indeed all sails should be made considerably too small for the spars and stays on which they are to be set, else the great lateral stretching of the canvas will soon make either spars or sails useless, without material alterations, which are always to be deprecated.

Top-sails are also made of various sizes and shapes to suit different purposes and different states of the weather. In racing a top-sail broad on the head and with a yard far longer than the gaff is used for running, while a small jib-headed sail is preferred when close-hauled. Top-sails although more rarely, are sometimes made angulated in a similar way to that on which jibs are constructed, but with less benefit to the stand of the sail than in the latter. In a cruising cutter a jib-headed top-sail will be found practically the best and most useful sail.

(To be continued.)

THE SPIRIT OF YACHTING.

"The ocean's my home, and my bark is my bride,
Up, up with my flag, let it wave o'er the sea,
I'm afloat, I'm afloat, and the Rover is free."

ELIZA COOK.

THERE are hundreds of gentlemen belonging to the Royal Yacht Clubs, who have vessels of beautiful proportions, fitted with every improvement

in sails, rigging, knife-like bows, and splendid bottoms :—vessels well manned, and well found with numbers of spare jibs and gaff-top-sails of all sizes, suitable for the lightest summer zephyr or the heaviest gale; and yet a great deal of this costly canvas is never during the whole year hauled out of the sail-room, or set upon these fairy phantoms of the sea; nor does a gentle summer breeze or stormy dashing wave, seldom or ever fill those sails, which lie in dusty mildew beneath the decks of many a splendid yacht. The chief delight of the owners of such vessels is, to spread the most costly extent of bunting on a regatta day, and to din the ears of fair and lovely spectators with the vociferous roar of brass yachting cannon. And then they laugh and load again, tossing off an occasional glass of sparkling champagne, or puffing an havanna. But this is not all: there is much strutting and lolling about on deck, in blue pilot-cloth jackets, with gilt buttons; whilst delicate looking hands, covered with glittering rings, are occasionally thrust into the pockets of the said blue-pilot-cloth-jackets, or used to raise a telescope to the eye, apparently peering at some distant object on the sea; but in reality penetrating the throng of spectators: ever and anon resting on the face of some fair animating beauty, whose only reply to the yachtsmen's *telescopic signal*, is a careless waving of a white cambric burgee, or a more pleasing response of kissing a delicate white hand, covered with a still whiter material of velvet-like kid, all which may create very delightful sensations,—a kind of delicious feeling, and is very, yes, *very* excusable on a regatta day, if on that same regatta day there be a dead calm, and sailing cannot be performed. But couple not with the name of a *yachtsman* such trifles as delicate white hands, and glittering rings, and all such foppish appendages. Give us the brawny sailor's hand, that can grasp a tiller in a raging sea, haul down a reef-earing in a gale, or lay aloft in a tumbling sea, without endangering his life, or chafing the skin off his hardy *flipper spikes*, or blistering his iron-like clutches with a bit of well spun hemp.

There are yet a few remaining of these stout-hearted yachtsmen, although one by one the veterans leave us for the port of eternity, where their last anchor is dropped for ever :—Peace to their bones. Of some such we will say (not forgetting our noble and lamented friend the Marquis of Anglesey,) we shall never see their like again.

A yachtsman ought to be able to perform every act and duty required of a sailor on board a ship, and should be a thorough master of navigation: his highest ambition should be to take the helm in a sailing match, and to make a gallant struggle for the cup; and yet how few do this,—how few are capable, particularly owners of large yachts. We are glad

to see that our neighbours of the Emerald Isle have taken a step in the right direction, with a view to the qualification of yachtsmen in that respect. The Committee of the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland having announced their intention of offering two Corinthian cups, of the value of 100 guineas, and 50 guineas; to be sailed for in Dublin Bay by yachts manned entirely by yatchmen, with the exception of the sailing-master and one pilot. These matches are likely to be interesting: and we shall be much out of our reckoning if there is not a goodly muster of yachts on the occasion, and a numerous entry for both matches.

What is the true spirit and enjoyment of yachting but a spanking breeze, and an exciting and closely run race? Who has been aboard a racing yacht when the match has been well contested, and not felt the glowing excitement of the race. The gallant vessels careening on their sides in furrows of foaming surf. The sharper the bows, and the smoother the bottom, so much the finer is the spray, which in some perfect specimens of the present day, dashes from the bows in a manner more resembling smoke than foam. Have any of our readers observed such a peculiarity? if not, let them notice it the first opportunity. In our own opinion it is an index to a beautiful bow, if not to a real clipper.

Who, on calling to remembrance the excitement of a well contested race, has not vivid recollection of hair-breadth escapes, when masts and bowsprits were bending like fiddler's elbows. Shrouds and running tackle strained as if threatening to snap like threads. The creaking of closely joined bulkheads, proclaimed a desperate pressure of canvas, whilst occasional squalls threatened to tear the mast from the iron-bound hull. Every man on board cringed beneath the weather bulwarks, and awaited with ready hand the instant command of the sailing-master. The struggle got more and more exciting as the wind increased, and nearer and nearer they approached the winning goal. The sails were bellying as if to burst into ribbons, when "down gaff-top-sail" was the order, as the last squall fearfully threatened destruction to the top-mast. In an instant another squall struck the brave little vessel, and spared her crew the trouble of lowering top-sail, for crash went the top-mast, and down came the top-sail, amidst the groans and disappointments of her daring crew. All was over with them, the other yacht's top-mast had weathered the squall, and she reached in a winner by five or ten seconds. Not one jot of difference was there a few moments previous between the struggling competitors, nor was there apparently the least inferiority of seamanship in the crews of either vessel, not one nautical error was committed; all as far as seamanship was concerned was

perfection, victory hanging to that vessel which could bear the greatest pressure on her spars. Such are our reflections on a well contested race, which we remember to have had the pleasure of taking part in some few years ago.

How often we have seen sailing matches (or rather drifting matches,) when there appeared scarcely a breath of air to fill the sails: on such occasions it is seldom that the fastest and best vessel wins, so much more depends on good luck and favored *cat's paws*, that the veriest *tub*, if she has but a huge balloon top-sail, is as likely to win as the most exquisite specimen afloat; this is of all sailing the most tantalizing to a spirited yachtsman. Some vessels, with their crowds of fluttering canvas, appear to rake all the wind into one light sweeping current, and actually move ahead at a smart pace, apparently leaning over to leeward from the pressure of the wind; but ofttimes the secret of lying over in light airs, is from the shifting ballast being placed *vice versa* in the *lee* bilge, instead of the windward, as in a strong breeze; and whether this really makes a vessel sail faster in light airs or not, has often been a subject of much discussion amongst yachtsmen, some of whom say, how is it possible a vessel can sail faster in such a position, when in a breeze the very reverse is studiously persevered in? But strange and incredible as it may appear to many, it has been borne out by frequent proofs that some vessels will, in very light airs, sail faster with the shifting ballast in the lee bilge than with it amidships, or in the windward bilge.

We have before expressed our entire disapproval of the nefarious system of shifting ballast, and cordially agree with the author of the "Sailing Boat," who, at page 221, of that excellent little volume, says, "This surely is a practice that ought to be condemned as utterly improper, although there is scarcely a racing cutter afloat that could carry the crowd of canvas pressed upon her when reaching on a wind, unless the ballast was trimmed in the bilge. But to the manly yachtsman I would say, let every atom of a yacht's ballast be secured beneath her platform: then give the yacht as much canvas as she can safely carry but no more, should she then win the race cup, it will redound much more to her credit, and also to the credit of the gallant yachtsman who sails her, than if won by the artificial means before alluded to."

Let us hope that in course of a few years such an inconsistent practice will be disallowed by every yacht club in England: if so, better, safer, and far more useful vessels would be constructed. The racing cutter would then be as good a sea-boat as the coasting and pleasure cutter. Yachting would be more like what it ought to be. Sailing matches would not be less exciting, nor would there be fewer competitors for

prizes. On the contrary, an improvement in yacht building would be obvious to all, and there would be a larger field of entries for prizes than ever. The sails and spars of yachts would no longer be in such ridiculous disproportion, nor would there be half the risk incurred there now is, by reckless pressure of canvas in sailing matches.

It is yachts from five, to twenty-five tons that are the greatest aggressors to the crime of shifting ballast: above that tonnage they seldom make a practice of trimming ballast to windward; in fact it could not be done to any great advantage, unless a great many *trimmers* were employed in the cabin. But call it not a cabin, it is more like a workshop, or machine or lumber room, when used for such purposes.

Yachting is, and might always be the most delightful recreation a gentleman can possibly enjoy, when carried out with a proper spirit. There is something so lordly, and exceedingly independent, so exciting, jolly, and withal so healthy and invigorating; that gentlemen with yachts of fifty tons and upwards, might be the happiest and most enviable fellows in the world, if their yachts be manned by sailors, not by *ballast trimmers*; the cabin well arranged and supplied with useful books, charts, and every requisite for a voyage to any part of the world. The comforts of the yachtsmen and crew, an all important feature; as sofas, beds, washing-stands, and other requisites testify; besides sundry good stores of hams, eggs, beef, biscuits, pale ale, champagne, tobacco, grog, and numerous other eatables and drinkables, all tending to add to the comforts of the yachtsmen and crew. Not a luxury is wanting, nor a comfort deficient. Who then would not desire such a yacht, and who possessing such, would not cross the seas, and visit foreign lands, where more of the pleasures of this life and the wonders of the world are seen and enjoyed in a few months than by twenty years cruizing in our homely seas. And when the yachtsmen return to their native land after long foreign voyages; that land though dear to them before they left it, is dearer still, and when old age creeps on the hoary yachtsman, he looks back with pleasing reflections on his voyages abroad, on happy days he never can recall; for infirmity forbids his wandering from his native home. Others have talked all their lifetime of undertaking some long voyage abroad, but year after year passes by, and they grow lukewarm about it; and still remain at home.

There are many yachtsmen who have vessels suitable in every respect for voyages to any part of the world, but continue hovering around the Isle of Wight during the whole season; with their schooners of 100 tons and upwards. These gentlemen know nothing of the real spirit and enjoyment of yachting; they have never seen the gorgeous sunsets

at sea in the tropics; nor can any one who has never witnessed the scene imagine the delightful sensation it causes to one's feelings; fancy rich and dazzling crimson colours, spotless as the rainbow, drawn in brilliant folds, and forming an imaginary pathway of polished ruby pavement across the tranquil sea. Whose eye would not love to dwell on such a picture, and who could gaze in silent admiration without one thought of heaven and the Maker of such glorious scenes.

Were those yachtsmen, who have really serviceable sea-going vessels, to make but one voyage across the Atlantic, they would soon be eager for another, and yet so few have paid a visit to the West Indies; perhaps they have heard of the fearful hurricanes that prevail along that coast, and have been intimidated by such tales. Those who may not be aware of the fact, we wish to inform, that hurricanes are only prevalent in the West Indies during the months of July, August, September, October and November. But no yachtsman should cross the Atlantic for the West Indies without an experienced navigator, on account of the dangerous coral reefs which abound in those waters; particularly amongst the Bahamas, causing rapid and variable eddies, currents, and counter-currents; in which none but very experienced men, or native pilots, can steer with confidence. The most dreaded reefs in the locality of the Bahamas are known by the names of "Great Isaac," "Little Isaac," "Bimini," and "Hen and Chickens;" the latter consists of one large reef surrounded by numerous small ones, whence its name "Hen and Chickens."

The West Indians are the most wonderful swimmers and divers in the world, they appear really amphibious, from their constant occupations at the bottom of the sea, and on the coral reefs, diving for conch pearls,* coral, sponge, &c.

There are many remarkable adventures to be met with during a voyage to the tropical climates; we will endeavour to afford space for one other illustration. Imagine shoals of beautiful silvery winged flying-fish, darting through the air at a heighth of ten or fifteen feet, above the surface of the water; and often dropping on the decks of passing vessels. There also the dolphin is seen in all his glittering colours, plunging as if in frantic merriment after the flying-fish, and causing them to leap into the air to escape his voracious jaws.

But the spirit and enjoyment of yachting may be indulged in other parts of the world besides the West Indies. Of the charming scenes of the Mediterranean, and other equally delightful seas, we shall in some future number speak; we can now only afford space to add; that much

* These pearls are only to be found in perfection on the Bahama reef.

as we admire the tapering masts and lily canvas of our squadron schooners, much as we love to see them in our waters; we nevertheless urge all yachtsmen possessing vessels suitable for the purpose, to go abroad more frequently: but one relish of the sports and pleasures of distant shores will create an appetite for further explorations, and the more frequently they go, the more they enjoy it, and the better sailors they will be. Smooth and rough seas, calms and strong winds, will all come in their turn; and in time yachtsmen will have as little dread of one as the other: for such all must expect to encounter, who cruise in distant seas, and who range the shores of foreign lands.

THE CHANNEL CRUISERS.

(Continued from p. 185.)

BY VANDERDECKEN.

CHAPTER XVI.

"As thistles wear the softest down,
To hide their prickles till they're grown,
And then declare themselves, and tear
Whatever ventures to come near.
So a smooth knave does greater feats
Than one that idly rails and threats,
And all the mischief that he meant,
Does, like the rattlesnake, prevent."

BUTLER.

GENTLE reader have you ever been in Dublin? If a genuine Patlander asked you, probably his query would run thus. "Och thin was ye iver in Dublin, ids the bewtifullest city iver ye seen, bud by the powers ther's a hape o' schamin vagabonds about id!"

Well it is a beautiful city no doubt; and we will take a promenade, an imaginary one you will remember, along its principal streets; the hour is four, and the crowds are increasing, carriages whirl rapidly by, and fair equestrians with their attendent cavaliers dash fearlessly along through the maze of wheels, away, away, plying whip and lifting rein, a merry glance here, a sweet smile there, a pouting lip to some, and the tender dangerous gaze, which a woman alone knows how to use, to others: here gallops some wealthy baker or perchance a brewer, turned out to perfection, and dressed in a style threatening a consumptive termination to his mortal existence; mark the haughty toss of his head, his

crust is beginning to rise for he perceives some of those cavalry idlers are gazing at him attentively, he fancies in admiration, gives his head a more conceited toss, blows himself out a bit, doubles his arms until they resemble a pair of boomerangs, in goes the heels and out goes the knees, and he is jerked from the saddle in a semi-military trot, whilst his fancied victims to trowser, boot, and hat, with a drawling accent and lazy puff of the cigar, register their man in the highest regions of the kingdom of snobbery. Ah! whom have we here, yes, it is the gay and popular viceroy the Earl of ———; see how gracefully he sits his horse, ever and anon returning the respectful salutations which greet him from every side and from all parties; ay, and now those sweet girls in yonder open phæton, with the slashing blood horses and gaily caparisoned postillion, they smile too, and the gallant Earl smiles as his hat floats lightly to the sparkling belles, and his manly form bends nearly to the saddle bow, whilst his aid-de-camps shake again with merry laughter. Oh! Earl, Earl, you are a sad fellow.

So, so, whom have we here, by hay and oats a splendid equipage, such gorgeous colours, such a hammer-cloth, and the coats of arms emblazoned upon panel and door, to say nothing of the little brazen heraldic devices which seem to hold the roof on: a powdered coachee too—by "cock and pie," as somebody says—I forget now who,—and the footmen—two; no less:—eh! it must be, it is,—who?—the Lord Mayor, bless the mark!—get out of his way I tell you for the Lady Mayoress is in a hurry to get past the Lord Lieutenant, in order that she may get the most profound salutation of the lot, and poor lady she will leave no skin upon her face, for she is rubbing imaginary smuts off with astonishing vigour, and the little Miss Mayoresses are pestering her with questions, "Mamma, how do I look?" for both have danced with aide-de-camps, and received such softly whispered protestations, as an individual of that hard-worked class, and of unmistakeable hirstuteness alone can make. Then next we have a quiet unpretending carriage, a dusky half iron-moulded sort of livery, carefully brushed 'tis true, and the hats jauntily set. Lady-like in demeanour are its occupants, and there is an easy dignity in the white haired old gentleman who reclines feebly within it,—hark, the noisily clattering hoof galloping hastily to its side,—and the gentle girls smile sweetly but half reprovingly at their dashing-looking moustached brother. The golden trappings of his handsome uniform glaring gaudily in the sunlight, and his light hussar jacket flaunting gaily about,—poor fellow it will not be long so, the last broad acre shall have soon passed away,—and the old gentleman covering his eyes with his hands, groans heavily as he thinks of the morrow: 'tis

the last struggle of old Irish blood,—he has brought his daughters to be presented at the Castle, his son too, the dashing cornet of the gallant ——— Hussars,—and his wife, the silent partner of his hidden woes: they have spent one evening, and perchance the very last,—as of yore; in the good old olden time, when hounds and horses, balls and *fetes*, racing and rural sports, made Hammersly Hall the pleasantest spot in the whole world to run down to for a month.

Well, reader, we must get on,—there you will read in the broad streets,—if you exercise your eyes sharply, and let your brain keep rolling at the same time,—there you will read I say, in the broad streets, an abridged history of Dublin. Get we amongst the pedestrians, there we shall meet with gentle and simple, high blood and low blood, the purse proud and the poverty stricken, all engaged in the same Dublin occupation, viz., putting the best side out. Eh, verily take as a specimen this young gentleman approaching, mark the air of aristocratic independence with which he stalks amongst the vulgar herd, observe the hat, the polished silk hat, scarcely resting on his perfumed curly shock of any-coloured hair; see the spotless purity of that collar, the perfection in the arrangement of that tie, the massiveness of that golden poker with its head of turquoise, resembling much—pardon the bull—"a blue blackberry." Look at the careful cut of that waistcoat, with its sparkling golden appendages in the shape of chains and charms which the dear "gals" will send him and he can't refuse them;—reflect upon that wrinkle-less coat, upon those trousers with their broad military stripe, and then the boots—oh, ye books of fashions, of what inestimable benefit ye have been to human nature in Dublin. Well, reader, there he is, puffing his cigar with the gusto of a man who could draw on Cox, Biddulph, and Co.,—a better dressed man you might see, and better taste you might perceive in its arrangement, and a quieter or more appropriately gentlemanlike demeanour might characterise your imaginary model,—but a more expensively dressed, or a more conceited looking atom, I defy you to produce in any other city in the world. And now, what is he?—he is either a bank clerk, a briefless barrister, a student of medicine, an attorney's amanuensis, an insurance office young man, or else he is in town looking out for a situation which his father has been positively promised by a cousin of his, who knows a man whose uncle is butler to a member of parliament.

Mothers and fathers who innocently visit Dublin upon a tour, take care of your daughters, for the aforesaid young men are very agreeable, and some of them devilish good looking too, and would run away with your daughter with as little compunction as they would with a pound of

sausages. Then there are a higher class of these same gentlemen about town, who ape the exclusive and belong to clubs, who boast of their wine merchants and the man who supplies them with cigars, they are even more dangerous than the first mentioned, for they would not scruple to do a friend if they got his name upon the back or front of a bill: observe them please, they dress quieter, in fact *the* thing,—have a friend or two in Portabello or the Royal barracks, or perhaps at Newbridge, who patronizes them because it is convenient when a Jew presses and a renewal with a fresh name upon it is required. And they are frequently invited out, with a postcript to say that any friend of theirs—"a nice young man," would be acceptable also; for *nice*, read *military*, and you have the exact meaning. These bipeds belong to several musical societies, which secures for them unlimited privileges, for what father could frown, or what mother could "ahem!" or what daughter could withstand a highly perfumed envelope, containing such beautifully glazed pink, green or yellow passports, to such charming *soirees-musicale* as the "Philharmonic," the "Antient," and the "College Choral," are renowned for. And then their affairs of the heart—pooh!—Adonis must have been an uncommonly plain personage contrasted with these paragons of manly beauty,—nay, the smallest of them all, who may perhaps have his letter addressed to the "Civil Service Department in Dublin Castle," to say a clerk in that department would ensure you a squint along a pair of hair triggers;—but as I said, the smallest of them all, could load one of the Holyhead steamers with *billet-doux*, locks of hair, and notes commencing with "Thou ungrateful, yet still fondly loved one!"

Hoorah! no matter,—on we go again to China!—It might have been about four upon such a day, and with such a scene before him, that a most fashionably dressed personage lounged along Sackville Street, in the good City of Dublin. To the casual observer he might have appeared to be an exceedingly well dressed and distinguished foreigner; his sunburnt features betokened much battling with the elements, and still there was an easy grace about the movements of his elastic figure which spoke a life of luxury and ease, and his careless yet earnest gaze at the passers by, might be characterized as the well-bred stare of a favourite of fortune surprised at the enquiring looks bestowed upon him by the great unwashed.

Dublin has for time immemorial been renowned for possessing dealers of singular acuteness in the preparation and sale of that fragrant nuisance, tobacco. Amongst the most celebrated of these, ranked Azrael Broule, vulgarly stigmatized as Azzy the Jew. Amongst the seductive attractions which made Azzy Broule's "divan," as he denominated it, the haunt of

every fast man about town, were those of his wife, Beatrix Broule, who was indeed a woman of wondrous beauty, for darker orbs, more brilliant teeth, more ruby lips, or more entrancing features, never were possessed by a daughter of the house of Israel. Beatrix had a sister too, a second of herself, and Azrael Broule's repulsive countenance never was so shadowed forth in all its hideous proportions as when standing between his beautiful wife and sister-in-law: he dealt forth his noxious weeds in the little divan in D——— Street. Azrael had made a sudden rise in the good city of Dublin, for from being a perambulating pen merchant, he suddenly brought home his beautiful wife and her, if possible, more beautiful sister, and commenced his business as a cigar merchant with a vigour and display of capital that astonished not a few of the Jewish fraternity. But Azzy kept never minding, and went on working his way until between the attractive charms of his wife upon the one hand, the richness of his highly flavoured Cabanas on the other, or it might be, the cautious intimation of any money that was required to be lent at a very trifling rate of interest;—but at all events Azrael, the Jew, was a person of importance at the time we speak of, and many an erring son of a doating parent, had through his instumentality been urged onwards upon the broad path of destruction, had careered gaily along the path of ruin; and the jewelled fingers and costly attired personages of the Jewess and her sister, were but mere items upon the road to the gaol and to the grave.

Surrounded by a crowd of thoughtless moths, who little knew the dangerous flame which burned but to consume them,—the beautiful Beatrix reclined behind the counter, bestowing glances unutterable, and saying soft things innumerable according to the value of the last present made: a ruby ring of rare brilliancy had just been placed upon her finger, and its donor been rewarded with a soft and yielding pressure of that velvet hand, when lo! the doorway was darkened, and the crouching form of Azrael entered, hurriedly he approached Beatrix and whispered in her ear, whilst she recoiled from him as from some noxious viper; he ground his teeth with rage at her unconcealed aversion, and almost hissed in her ear—

"He is come!—he is here!"

She started convulsively, and grasping him by the arm exclaimed,—

"Old fool, that thou art, you know it is a lie, he could not be now here and at the other side of the world a day or two ago: away with you—if it is the case, we are in luck, the Earl is to be here to-night to conclude that loan, and if he is here all will be right!"

She had scarcely concluded her muttered communications when she

was aroused by a slight tap from a cane upon the shoulder, in fierce anger she turned to resent the daring liberty; but no one was near, the crowd of fops had withdrawn at the commencement of the confidential converse between Azzy and his darling "devil," as he called her, and she was about to wreak her pettish rage upon the parchment visage of her ancient partner, when following the motion of his hand towards the narrow passage which communicated from the shop with their private apartments she beheld a dark form standing with arms folded as if regarding her fixedly; in the uncertain light the features and the dress were alike indistinguishable; but the eyes,—she felt those eyes,—they were there—two living balls of fire, scorching her very soul, and Beatrix Broule trembled in every nerve as she felt that gaze upon her.

"It is, it is!" she cried hoarsely, and dashing the Jew against the glass cases which contained rare meerschaums and other ingenious humbugs, she bounded hastily through the passage in pursuit of the retreating figure:—entering a gorgeously furnished apartment she was confronted by the well-dressed stranger; stooping tenderly over her he kissed her forehead, while she murmered in low and faltering accents,—

"El Loco del lago Grande!"

(To be continued.)

THE COLLAPSIBLE LIFE-BOAT.

INVENTED BY THE REV. E. L. BERTHON.

THE inventor has been lecturing at the United Service Institution on the advantages which this boat possesses, and we being impressed with its great utility among yachtsmen, as it is desirable they should have a serviceable and convenient boat always ready, and this combining one quality in particular necessary on board a yacht, namely, "small space for stowage," we have a second time noticed it. There is no doubt of its being adopted by the Navy and the Mercantile Marine, more especially in emigrant and transport vessels. We have received from the Rev. Mr. Berthon a pamphlet, and as the valuable properties of the boat are so efficiently set forth therein, we shall present a portion to our readers:—

Doubtless the first impression produced by the mention of a *collapsible* boat, is, that it must be fragile and unfit to contend with winds and

waves; and the second, that it must be a shapeless thing, like a punt or raft; but an examination of this principle, and the boats already built—their enormous strength and buoyancy, as well as the beautiful form in which they may be constructed—must satisfy the most fastidious person that a collapsible thing is not necessarily weak, nor joints inconsistent with security, provided they be properly constructed, and of fit materials; and, moreover, that the Fareham Life-boat will yield to none in the beauty of her water-lines, and her powers of sailing on a wind, or free.

To enumerate advantages, the first is—

1.—Stowage. It is stowed in one-sixth of its width. When collapsed it is frapped to against the ship's side, or in a recess in the bulwarks, from which it projects a few inches, being firmly secured there, and covered by a strong flap of doubled canvas. Thus being always outboard, the largest boat (say the size of a first-rate's barge or launch) is ready at a moment's notice.

And its second advantage is—

2.—Facility and quickness of lowering. One hand is enough to expand and lower the largest boat; he can expand it in three seconds, and lower it as rapidly or slowly as he pleases, and it is sure to take the water on an even keel.

The next advantage is—

3.—Perfect insubmergibility. This it may be said to possess in common with other life-boats, but it has it in a greater degree; and this excellent quality is obtained in a new way, essentially belonging to this principle. It is made in eight longitudinal compartments, into which, when expanding by its own weight, a vast volume of air is inhaled: a boat thirty feet long inhales about 320 cubic feet in the moment of expansion.

4.—Another advantage is that of discharging all water. It has a delivery channel nearly the whole length, fore-and-aft, so that if filled by a sea it empties itself almost immediately.

5.—Security from being washed away or stove. Being stowed so snugly against the bulwarks; not rising above nor projecting far from them, there is almost nothing for wind and sea to act upon: immense boats may thus be stowed nearly out of sight, and yet be more easily and quickly lowered than a gig. Again, in case of fire, they are out of the way of harm, as the ship's top sides must be burnt before they can be injured.

6.—Prevention of a rush to the boats in case of accident. These boats being collapsed, offer no resource for terrified passengers, whose crowding to the boats on the davits, and their consequent difficulty to

lower has been so often fatal: here, one man stationed at a break has the entire control over the boat, both to expand and lower.

7.—No plugs. When shut up this boat holds no water, and wants no plugs, the absence of which after launching has been very fatal.

8.—No caulking. These boats will never be leaky.

9.—No davits. Falling derricks take their place, and are out of the way of everything.

The framework is composed of wood, in a new and peculiar arrangement. There are no tranverse timbers, nothing corresponding to ribs in the usual acceptation of the term, but all the timbers are fore-and-aft, extending the whole length of the boat. These timbers are eight in number, *i.e.* four on each side of the stem and keel piece. They are thin, flat, and deep, something like a thin slice of melon. In a thirty foot boat they are one inch and a half thick, and vary in depth from eight to eighteen inches. They are made without scarfing, by bending plank over plank till the required thickness is obtained, connected with bolts and marine glue. The strength of these segmental timbers is enormous, involving all the force of the plank-on-edge principle. They are all jointed together, and to the tops of the stem and stern posts at their ends, by a kind of chain hinge, which in a very simple and effectual manner, binds them all together, and as the angle through which each moves is only about sixteen degrees, there is neither strain nor wear upon the links. Now these timbers, stand side by side in vertical planes, like the leaves of a closed book on its edge, when the boat is collapsed, but when expanded they stand apart in radial planes, somewhat like the segments of an orange, and, being properly shaved, assume the form of a boat.

There are two distinct skins or coverings made of a very strong durable waterproof material; they are firmly secured to the edges of all the timbers, the outer skin to the outer edges, and the inner one to the inner edges. By this means the whole body of the boat is divided into eight separate longitudinal cells or compartments, each cell being bounded on two sides by two adjacent timbers, and on the other two by the inner and outer skins. The cavities of these cells are spontaneously filled with air, through proper apertures at the extreme ends, at the moment of expansion; as the weight of the boat falling on to certain gunwale-spans, separates the timbers, the air rushes in, as it does into a pair of bellows upon separating the handles.

The extension of the boat is effected and maintained by the bottom-boards and thwarts, which, jointed along the middle line, are made to stand up at an acute angle when the boat is collapsed, and fall down to

straight lines when open. The weight of these causes them to act as most powerful extenders, for, as they approach the straight line, they necessarily gain a great accession of force.

It is difficult to convey a clear idea of these boats; but some notion may be formed of the principle of extension by observing a carriage-head, the frame of which may be compared to the boat's timbers, and the joints to the thwarts and stretchers of the bottom-boards. Moreover, much in the same way as the leather covering of the carriage shuts *in* when the head is down, the coverings of the boat shut in between the timbers.

She has a rather deep keel, besides two bilge pieces on each side, and in every other salient point the cloth over the edges of the timbers is well protected by wood or copper outside all. By this precaution no injury to the skins is produced by running on shore; indeed, in all respects, it may be treated as a strong solid boat. As a proof of this, it should be mentioned that one of this construction has been exposed for several months on a beach—floating and taking the ground every tide, without sustaining the slightest injury.

Something must be premised of the facility of lowering these boats; a part of the contrivance is applicable to all, and being simple, cheap and convenient, claims general attention. If adopted, it will effectually obviate the dreadful results which have so often followed lowering boats in the usual way, especially in case of fire and wreck.

There is inside the bulwarks a large flat deeply grooved sheave, about two feet six inches in diameter. It has two deep narrow grooves cut nearly to its axis, and in these are wound separately the ends of the two falls. There is a projection from this sheave, upon which a friction strap, with a powerful lever, is made to work like those of cranes. This being placed flat against the bulwarks, the falls are brought to it fore-and-aft by small sheaves set in the top-rail; thus the friction of the strap when the boat is up is enough to prevent motion, but slacking the lanyard by which the lever is secured, it may be allowed to descend fast or slowly at will, according to the pressure applied to the break. So far this useful contrivance is applicable to all boats lowered by davits, but a beautiful modification of it is employed for the collapsible boat.

There are no davits, but rising and falling derricks are substituted for them. When the boat is stowed, these derricks stand in a vertical position against the bulwarks, and scarcely projecting above them, are no impediment to sheets or sails, their efficiency in lowering is much greater than that of regular davits.

The Fareham Life-boat of an average size, thirty-two feet by ten,

has eight thwarts, besides seats round the stern, and will pull if required twelve-oars bouble-banked. In respect of speed and sea-going qualities it is inferior to none, being very buoyant it rides over the seas, and its great width makes it very stiff under sail.

Various rigs have been tried, without as yet proving the superiority of any; both sprit-sail and sliding-gunter answer extremely well. But with any kind of fore-and-aft sail, the weatherly qualities of this build exceed those of all others, the explanation of which fact is to be found in the character of bottom, which has this peculiarity—the flexible cloth between the timbers is pressed into large longitudinal furrows, greatly increasing the lateral resistance, without impairing headway, so that the boat makes no lee-way, even when close-hauled. But as it is presumed, that in escaping from a wreck, boats would generally be put before the wind, the lug-sail seems best and simplest. A rudder shipped in the usual way steers the boat.

REGATTAS AND SAILING MATCHES.

The season for the full enjoyment of yachting as regards racing matters has arrived, and as we look forward with hope that this year will prove more prosperous than those gone by, we think that out of so many patrons and well wishers to *Hunt*, that the pages of the "*Yachting Magazine*" will at least receive reports when it is impossible we can attend. To the secretaries of every club he has been known for some years, and he has been ever ready to record their favors, the Editor hopes, the old original will be retained in their memories, and be favored with their caligraphy. Should any club match be omitted in the records of the Magazine, the members may be assured the fault will not rest with the Editor.

Rather than let the last match of the Birkenhead * be unnoticed in the Magazine, we have extracted the account which appeared in the *Field*. And whenever we do hoist the "black flag," our piracy shall always be acknowledged.

LONDON YACHT CLUB.

The spirit and liberality of the Metropolitan clubs, in offering handsome prizes for competition is most distinguished, and the interest which a sailing

* In *Hunt's Universal Yacht List* in 1852, the list of officers, etc., was inserted, since which no communication has been received.

match on the river excites is remarkable, crowded steamers accompanying the yachts; and at Gravesend, at Erith, and at Blackwall, the match is ever the topic of the day.

Nevertheless, match after match takes place, and we find two or three, or perhaps four yachts, at their stations; and if we inquire about these we hear of the Phantom built at Poole, and altered at Cowes; of the Thought constructed at Ipswich, and reconstructed at Southampton; but with the honourable exception of the Mosquito, a Thames built racing yacht is seldom or never forthcoming.

Among the smaller craft this is still more remarkable, the Vampire and Vesper have come round from Southampton once and again, and finding nothing but themselves willing to enter the list, have engaged in single combat for the prize, and now the Vesper having retired from the contest, the Vampire peacefully and proudly walks over the course, not one of the little London clippers having the spirit to break a lance with her.

On Tuesday, June the 20th, on our arrival at Erith, we found Thought, Phantom, and Vampire, at their stations, the latter to the northward, the Phantom close to her, and the Thought a long way to the southward of both, and three smarter craft it would be hard to find.

The Mars accompanied the match with the officers of the club, and a large number of guests on board, and having very properly sent a boat to each of the yachts to see all right, she fired her guns and off they went: Vampire and Phantom got off very quickly, and close together Thought, partly from her unfavourable position, partly perhaps from other causes, a long way astern. The breeze was light and shifty from the westward, and balloon canvas was the order of the day.

Phantom set an enormous gaff-top-sail, the sheet of which was attached to a yard, which projected some feet beyond the gaff end. This gave her, we should suppose, three additional cloths, and those of course the longest cloths, in the sail a very important advantage in a light following breeze. She also set a square sail and jib-headed top-mast stun'-sail, and throughout the day her canvas was set and handed quickly and well.

Thought also hoisted a square-sail, but not being provided with braces the sail was nearly as often backing as it was drawing; she also appeared very much by the head and overloaded with ballast, and on the whole we cannot be contented to accept her performances on Monday as a fair test of her capabilities. The Vampire, we need not say, was admirably sailed and acquitted herself to admiration,—having however no antagonist, she set no square canvas, and in the run down dropped astern considerably.

The Phantom rounded the Nore 4m. 40s. ahead of the Thought, and 10m. 30s. before the Vampire. The breeze freshened on the flood, and the two leading yachts set their second top-sails and working jibs, Vampire contenting herself with main-sail, fore-sail, and second jib. We were all in expectation of something like a match homeward, for the wind which had been very paltry was now dead on end and blowing fresh, when the Thought ran hard and fast on the top of Shoebury Ness, and there the helpless little

clipper lay some twenty minutes, on a lee shore in a little jump of a sea, and with her sails set in most undeniable grief.

After a time the Mars towed her off, and tugged her up to her rival, but as she was now out of the match we need allude no further to her, than to express our regret that so beautiful, and we believe such a capital little craft, should have been so unfortunate.

Phantom and Vampire rattled merrily away to windward, maintaining about the same distance between them as at the Nore; as they approached the Hope the breeze fell lighter, and top-sails were once more the order of the day. Nothing of note occurred to either vessel, and on their arrival at Erith the Phantom was 11m. 50s. ahead.

Both vessels went alongside the Mars and received their respective prizes, namely—the prize of £40 to the Phantom, and the prize of £30 to the fortunate owner of the Vampire.

ROYAL MERSEY YACHT CLUB.

Here we are as usual, in the middle of the wee barkies, and from the waters of the fine old Mersey we address you. The morning of the 7th of June dawned bright and beautiful, and gay flags fluttered joyously, and merry hearts beat hopefully.

Sport, that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter, holding both his sides,

Were there, and a pleasanter party of yachtsmen could rarely be found, than crowded the decks of the club steamer, as she glided swiftly from the Princes's Pier to the starting buoys off Birkenhead, where lay the stately Ariel, decorated in the best that her flag lockers could produce, as flag-ship of the day.

The prize was a very handsome claret jug of the value of £30; the course to be run was from Birkenhead down Victoria Channel, leaving the black buoys on the starboard and the red buoys on the port hand,—the Bell Beacon buoy on the port hand—the north-west light ship on the port hand to the Bell Beacon buoy, leaving it for the last time on the starboard hand up Channel, and then for the flag-ship off Birkenhead, leaving her on the port hand. The allowance of time for tonnage in all Royal Mersey Yacht Club races is as follows:—three-quarters of a minute per ton is allowed up to twenty-five tons; half-a-minute per ton from twenty-five to fifty tons,—and a quarter-of-a-minute per ton for all above fifty tons. The following little clippers were to their buoys upon our arrival.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.	Colours.
1	Ranger.....	13	Gilbert W. Moss, Esq.	White, blue, diamond
2	Victoria	11	H. Melling, Esq.	Blue and white chequers
3	Challenge..... (new)	8	A. Bower, Esq.	White and red horizontal
4	Mirage..... (new)	18	G. R. Woodward, Esq.	Blue, white & red horizontal

It was much to be regretted, and caused no little disappointment to the yachting men present, that the entries for the first class prize for yachts over thirty-five tons, did not fill: the beautifully-moulded Cymba, 53 tons, J. M. Rowan, Esq., being the only vessel "ready, willing, and eager for the fray." It was also a matter of equal disappointment that neither the Stanley, 17 tons Thomas Wilson, Esq.; nor the Surprise, 15 tons, H. F. Rigge, Esq., were at their stations, for the claret jug, as the presence of these well known little clippers would have invested the match with greater interest, and rendered it a closer struggle at the end.

At 10h. 55m. the gun was fired, and the struggle began, if it could be called a struggle, which was a hollow race from beginning to end. All got well and evenly away, with the wind at north-west, and a dead noser. Some very pretty seamanship was displayed by the crews of the gallant little vessels, as they thrashed to windward down the Victoria Channel, the hardy Ranger taking a slashing lead, and dropping her competitors further under her lee every tack she made; the Victoria well sailed and a good second with the Mirage waiting closely upon her,—and the Challenge, though last not least, well in her station.

It was perfectly evident however to every yachtsman, that barring accidents of wind and wave, the Ranger had made up her mind to go in and win Bravo! little barkie,—well and ably were you handled, and it was a pity there was not something smarter nigh hand you, you had it too easily by half. The vessels rounded the north-west light-ship as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.
Ranger	1	52	0
Victoria	2	4	0
Challenge	2	9	0
Mirage	not timed		

During the run up Channel the little Challenge overhauled and passed the Victoria, and the Mirage shortly after passed the latter and took third place, in which order, without any accident worthy of notice, they reached the flag-ship:—

	h.	m.	s.
Ranger	4	34	30
Challenge	4	50	30
Mirage	5	7	0
Victoria	5	10	0

Of the Ranger I need say little, Mr. Editor, she is too well known amongst yachtsmen to need description.—She was ably sailed by her former owner, Wilkinson Tetley, Esq., the honorary treasurer of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club.

The Challenge proved herself a fast little craft in this her first match, and I have little doubt more sailing will be got out of her. She was built by Kelly, of Liverpool, who also built Presto, &c.

The Mirage is a handsome vessel, and does much credit to her builder,

Mr. J. C. Hicks of Birkenhead, and I certainly must say, no yachtsman ever deserved more credit for the persevering and gallant manner in which the vessel was sailed, than her owner Mr. Woodward.—She was only turned out upon the morning of the race, and without a trial, with new rigging, stretching as Paddy would say, "Like a piper's face at a mournful berrin!"—new canvas, and even her main cabin hatch not sheeted in. I leave you to judge what chance she had; however her owner may congratulate himself when he gets her in proper order and trim, if she does not belie her looks, there ought to be plenty of sailing in her, and he appears to be just the man fit to take it out of her.

The Victoria was entered in the most spirited manner by the honorary secretary, Mr. Melling, to make up the race; she was the first of the Yankee centre board sloops that made her appearance in Liverpool, where she was built.

The club steamer, having Commodore Littledale, and the other officers and members of the club, together with a number of their friends on board, having come-to off the flag-ship, Mr. Gilbert Moss proceeded on board, when Commodore Littledale, in his usual happy style, presented him with his handsome prize, which was speedily filled, and a brimming cup quaffed to the success of yachting and yachtsmen. All on board adjourned to a very elegant *dejeuner*, during which Mr. Gibbins's fine band performed some exquisite pieces of music.

During the run up the Channel, Mr. D. Sibbold, of Liverpool, exhibited a most ingenious invention as a means of communication between vessels at sea, when a boat could not live. It is a collapsible globe of varnished duck, strained upon hoops, air and water tight, and is designed to be used by the vessel to windward; being thrown overboard it rolls away merrily before the wind, uncoiling as it goes an oiled fishing line from around its equatorial diameter, where provision is made to receive it; upon reaching the vessel to leeward it is hauled on board, and the letter bag opened,—upon the letter case is the label, "Please open the letter bag." And the communication being read is answered, and again the canvas globe is committed to the deep to be hauled back by means of the fishing line to the vessel to windward. An experiment was made with the Rosalind schooner, Thomas Birchall, Esq., when an application for a supply of sea biscuits was made from the steamer, which accordingly arrived per the canvas messenger, perfectly safe and uninjured in the letter bag.

In the afternoon Commodore Littledale entertained a large party of yachtsmen to dinner on board his fine schooner the Ariel, where all who where privileged to be his guests, experienced that frank courtesy and sumptuous hospitality for which he is so distinguished.

LIVERPOOL YACHT CLUB.

The first match of this increasing and promising young yacht club, took

place on Thursday the 8th June. The Satellite steamer having on board the Commodore and other officers of the club; the members and a numerous and fashionable assemblage of ladies, left the Seacombe Pier at an early hour and proceeded to Birkenhead, where the following little clippers were found at their buoys ready for the start.

Names of Yachts.	Ton	Rig.	Owners.
Kelpie	3½	sloop	Vice-Commodore Horley
Electric	8	sloop	J. Wilkinson, Esq.
Jessica	9	cutter	Commodore Clarke
Sirocco	8	cutter	Rear-Commodore Dunn

At 12h. 30m. the signal gun was fired, when a beautiful start was accomplished, the Jessica and Kelpie were first at it, but a second had scarcely elapsed when the graceful Electric drew rapidly out and going boldly up to the Jessica shook a defiance to the little favourite. The wind was at north-west, and consequently it was a dead beat down the Victoria Channel; the course was from the flag-ship "the Priestess," moored off Birkenhead down the "Victoria Channel" round the Formby Light-ship, leaving it upon the port hand, and back to Birkenhead, leaving flag on port hand and so winning.

Before three boards had been made the Jessica's crew saw that the Electric was a much more dangerous rival than they had anticipated; in fact she had the heels of them, and that nothing short of out-carrying her could be successful, and many a hearty aspiration was tittered for "wind, more wind!" 'Twas very easy to say "blow" however, but where was the wind to come from? The elements appeared to have made up their minds for a nice quiet little whole-sail breeze, with no bother about it, and not even a murky patch, darkening the windward horizon gave promise to the eye or hope to the heart. At it however go the merry little barkies, the Electric still leading, Jessica a good second, Sirroco third and Kelpie fourth. Any money on the Electric, tho' stay, vast there a-bit, see you not the broken water between the banks close on to the Formby Light-ship, ay, and there the Kelpie appears to have seen it and not liked it either, for up goes her helm, and she is away for her moorings again. There, observe those nice little white fellows, angry looking chaps, the Jessica being a more powerful looking craft than the Electric, may catch her in the roll of the sea, not a bit of it, into the broken water gallantly dashed the fearless little sloop, and away she is through it as steady and as swiftly as a steam ship. Hard and fast in her wake came the Jessica dashing the white foam in sheets around her, good little barkie, the winner is round, for the Formby Light-ship decided that point, and away stagger the little fleet under a pressure of balloon canvas that verily did astonish many. Faster and faster seemed the Electric to go, and the Jessica nothing daunted held on to her desperate game, for spars or no spars, nothing but the spread of canvas could give her a chance with her fleet rival when running, the Sirocco began to shew well up astern, but there was little chance

of any alteration in their positions and the sequel was at hand. The club steamer now glided swiftly a-head, and took her position by the flag-ship, where arrived the contending vessels in the following order and times:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Electric	4 21 0	Sirocco	4 32 2
Jessica	4 30 0	Kelpie bore up	

The winner was greeted with loud and hearty cheers, and certainly most deservedly, for his vessel was beautifully brought out, and handled to perfection.

Mr. Wilkinson proceeding on board the Satellite, the Commodore Clarke, in appropriate and effective terms, presented him with an elegant and classically designed silver claret jug of the value of £25, having returned thanks in suitable terms, Mr. Wilkinson filled the cup, when youth and beauty, sparkling eyes and brilliant lips did honor to

"The bowl, the fruitful bowl,
Whence wit and mirth and music spring,
And amber drops elysian roll,
To bathe, young Loves delighted wing."

The assembled company adjourned to the saloon, where a sumptuous *dejeune* invited to refreshmont, after which dancing was resumed, and the steamer proceed to Eastham, in order to give all on board an opportunity of viewing the pretty scenery of the river Mersey: returning at an early hour in the evening the numerous company broke up, delighted with the hospitality courtesy, and attention of the officers and members of the Liverpool Yacht Club.

We must say that as a young club, their arrangements and the harmony and good feeling which was evinced all through the proceedings, speaks well for their future. We were much gratified at the successful issue of this their first appearance on the waters of the Mersey.

PRINCE OF WALES YACHT MATCH.

The seventh of June was ushered in by a cool breeze at N.E.E., and the morn looked louring, yet we anticipated a fine day, for as the haze wore off the signs of pleasant weather appeared, and altho' Sol did not condescend to cheer us, still what with the exciting race between eleven little beauties and the sparkling eyes of the fair *devotees* to yachting, a most agreeable and we may say delightful day was passed, not a word or even a frown marred the hiliarity which reigned on board the Gannet steamer, which was the flag-ship on this occasiom. and her decks were densely thronged by the members and their fair friends.

On arriving at Erith we observed eleven out of the twelve craft that were entered all moored at their stations:—viz.

Names of Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.
Idas	6	Vice-Commodore Knibs
Gnat	4	R. Hewitt, Esq.
Prince of Wales	7	W. Warner, Esq.
Irresistible	7	J. Gardiner, Esq.
Bantam	4	A. Jackson, Esq.
Little Mosquito	7	T. Bartlett, Esq.
Blue eyed Maid	4	W. Tuckwell, Esq.
Britannia	7	G. Legg, Esq.
Albatross	7	A. Berncastle, Esq.
Julia	7	W. Bain, Esq.
Idea	6	J. Ceeley, Esq,

The distance to be sailed was from Erith to the Chapman Head and back, a distance somewhat about 15 miles.

After each yacht had been visited by Commodore Berncastle in a neat four-oared gig, he returned on board the steamer, and the preparatory gun was fired; then was the exciting moment both of yachts' crews and the spectators, with breathless anxiety each stood, waiting the starting gun. To us this is one of the prettiest pictures in the match, each man standing ready at his station, watching for the gunner's match.—at length he appears, and on this occasion at a quarter to one p.m., the gun gave forth the welcome sound—*start.* Now do the lookers-on strain their optics on some favorite craft, to announce she was first away, and on this occasion it certainly would have puzzled many to point out which (with one exception) was the first although we opine the Idas took the lead. The Julia, Albatross and Idea followed. The Gnat (owing to a landsman forming one of her crew) was rather slow in her movements, yet great praise was due to all, and the handling of these *little* craft would have done honour to the smartest of Her Majesty's frigates.

A prettier sight could not be imagined, than the busy scene taking place on board that small fleet, which was covered as if by some magic wand, with a cloud of canvas eager to catch the inviting breeze, which the Julia feeling first led the way, closely followed by Mosquito and Britannia, and these three yachts formed the chief attraction, as they soon left their competitors in the rear. In Long Reach Britannia passed Mosquito to windward, and off Tilbury fort a struggle for premiership took place between Julia, Britannia, and Mosquito, which ended in the latter taking the lead and retaining it to the finish. The wind had now evidently decreased, and as the Julia having a crippled top-mast could not during the race carry a top-sail she had little chance of winning. However to do her justice her crew exerted themselves manfully, and were ever on the alert. It was not a day for the sloop rig, with two sails only, but she was in capital trim for a "dead noser" which was expected by more than one, who had prepared for it in vain. They rounded the steamer as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Mosquito	3	14	0	Irrisistible	3	30	0
Britannia	3	16	0	Gnat	3	30	30
Julia	3	17	30	Prince of Wales	3	35	0
Blue eyed Maid	2	23	0	Albatross	3	42	0
Idea	3	25	0	Bantam	3	45	0
Idas	3	26	0				

The Mosquito rounded in gallant style, distancing her competitors in this particular seamanlike acquirement. The run home (for such it was) offered no opportunity for skilful tacticians to show their abilities. Therefore, when all were fairly timed, "up anchor" was the word on board the steamer, and all hands, at least those who had not done so before, dived to the regions below and partook of the good cheer provided by "mine host" of the Freemason's Tavern. Dancing followed, which was kept up with great spirit to the lively strains of Coulson's band. And in order that this addenda to a yacht match may be more fully enjoyed, several of its votaries expressed a hope that a larger steamer may be engaged on another occasion. This the committee will gladly do if the members aid them to bear the expenses. But to return to the match. The wind fell light as they neared home, and off Greenhithe the Mosquito hoisted an enormous top-sail; she was the subject of general admiration, and does great credit to her builder, Hatcher of Southampton, whose success in the river is well known, by the many victories of the Vampire.

They rounded the flag off Erith in the following official time:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Mosquito	6	17	0	Gnat	6	27	0
Britannia	6	22	0	Idea	6	28	15
Julia	6	23	0	Idas	6	29	0
Blue eyed Maid	6	26	50	Irrisistible	6	39	0

and the others immediately followed. It was a fortunate circumstance that the Mosquito had a few minutes the advance, as she passed at first on the wrong side of the flag buoy, and had to go about and repass it, which she did amidst the deafening cheers of all, for the skill displayed by the worthy owner and his crew, elicited the warmest encomiums on their skill. The Britannia came in second, and Julia third, but the Blue Eyed Maid gained the third prize, Julia having to allow time for tonnage.

Commodore Berncastle presented the prizes to the winners accompanied by appropriate remarks. The Mosquito received the gold cup, value £20, the gift of Mr. Abbott; the Britannia the silver club cup, value £20; and the Blue Eyed Maid a silver cup of £5, the gift of Mr. Lilly. The victors filled the cups again and again with sparkling champagne, and all drank to their next merry meeting. And such we hope will ever be the case, and prosperity will attend them, if the right hand of good fellowship is grasped with sincerity.

THE BIRKENHEAD MODEL YACHT CLUB.

The first match of the season of this club took place on Saturday, the 17th for a silver vase, value £20, and which was sailed for by yachts of the first class having fixed keels. Course—Challenge cup course. Time—1½ minutes under five tons, and one minute above.

The morning was very unfavourable, but towards mid-day a fine breeze from W. to S.W. sprung up, and, excepting a light shower or two, was all that could be desired. The steamer Satellite, lately a Thames boat, was engaged to attend the match, having Gribbins' band on board, and the company included the Commodore, Edwin Haigh, Esq., the officers of the club, and a fair attendance of the members of this club, as well as of the R.M.Y.C. Seven little clippers entered for the struggle; and all, under the excellent management of the Rear-Commodore, came to the start opposite the club-rooms at the Monksferry Hotel, viz:—

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
1	Warlock	sloop	4½	E. C. Hicks, Esq.
2	Kelpie	sloop	3½	E. A. Horley, Esq.
3	Spirit	sloop	4½	J. Wilkinson, Esq.
4	Sirocco	cutter	8	H. Dunn, Esq.
5	Electric	sloop	7	J. Wilkinson, Esq.
6	Challenge	sloop	7½	A. Bower, Esq.
7	Torment	sloop	3½	E. C. Hicks, Esq.

This match had for a long time been looked forward to with great interest, from the excellence of the models, and from the belief that all would start and run well.

At 2h. 29m. p.m., the starting gun was fired, and all got well away; a squall striking one or two of them, the Electric, one of them, seemed about to give a disagreeable shock to those in her; and, doubtless had not a Spirit ahead challenged her to better deeds, it would have been a watery look-out for all hands. Sail was quickly set, and on some rather too much, for the wind drawing gradually more to the south made it impossible to lay up to the first flag-boat; consequently, those with large headed top-sails dropped to leeward, placing two little beauties, Spirit and Kelpie, under snug canvas in the pride of place well to windward.

At 3h. 57m., Electric well ahead with Challenge, as much to windward of her as she was astern, came by with the Jessica, eight tons, J. A. Clarke, Esq., not one of the racing craft; and was troubled with her to windward till the latter tacked, and passing astern of the Challenge, kept clear of the racing vessels for the rest of the day; not so the Victoria, belonging to the secretary of the R.M.Y.C. We hope for his credit's sake, he was not on board. She passing to windward of Warlock, challenged the little Kelpie, and after some time managed to get to windward of her, also, doing her a great deal of injury, to the excessive annoyance of those witnessing *such* seamanship. After standing till 3h. 12m. to the south, Electric tacked to starboard, Chal-

lenge following suit at 3h. 13m. and at 3h. 13½m. the Spirit also. The flag off Eastham was rounded by

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Spirit	3 17 40	Electric	3 19 5
Challenge	3 17 44	Warlock	3 22 0
Kelpie	3 18 5	Sirocco	3 22 1
Torment	3 28 0		

Balloon jibs and large top-sails were hoisted on almost all, and with such canvas set, both Challenge and Electric were enabled to pass Spirit. Kelpie in avoiding the tide in shore, got becalmed, and lost her position; and though well sailed, never was able to regain her lost ground.

The steamer, which was admirably kept in position during the whole of the race, was now stationed off the flag-boat, at the Dingle; which Challenge with a fair lead, looking and going like a winner, was about to round, when in taking in her balloon jib, everything was let go at once; and not being carefully handed in, fell overboard, and the tide catching both it and her, with her rudder across the stern, quickly stopped her, giving her stern way till the foresail was run up and the helm shifted; meanwhile Electric came up and greyhound like, snapped up the narrow vacancy between Challenge and the flag-boat, rounding the latter in beautiful style.

Dingle flag-boat.

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Electric	3 57 30	Sirocco	4 0 15
Challenge	3 58 0	Kelpie	4 16 10
Spirit	4 0 0	Rest not timed	

They having hugged the Cheshire shore too close, lost the strength of the wind, dropping so far astern as to render their continuing the struggle useless. And now came the error of the day. committed by the larger boats, Electric and Challenge, in their continuing to carry a large top-sail to windward; Little Spirit, on the contrary, under snug sail, lay well up for the Eastham flag-boat, the others dropping far down to leeward. Electric tacked at 4h. 25m., Challenge and Sirocco following her example. At 4h. 28m. Spirit also.

Eastham boat—last time.

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Spirit	4 32 45	Electric	4 38 30
Challenge	4 36 45	Sirocco	4 39 40

On rounding the Eastham boat, Spirit whipped up her fine large balloon jib very smartly, and was off with a hearty cheer from all on board the steamer, who were delighted with the way she was handled. The wind after having been light for some time, now steadily increased, bringing up the Challenge and Electric upon the little Spirit, and passing her, the Dingle flag-boat was rounded for the last time as follows:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Challenge	5 11 7	Spirit.	5 12 23
Electric	5 11 35	Sirocco	5 16 0

The breeze now freshened considerably, obliging Challenge to take in h. balloon-jib, which had dipped once or twice. Electric kept her's up, thoug in like manner, it was doing her a great deal of injury; but the eyes of al

were on the little Spirit, hoping such gallant management might be rewarded with success. At 5h. 28m. 45s., the gun from the steamer announced Challenge had passed the flag-boat, at 5h. 30m., the Electric, at 5h. 31m., the Spirit flew past the flag-ship,—a winner, with just one minute to spare, her crew being most enthusiastically cheered. So ended this match, perhaps the very best that has been sailed on the Mersey; and after the cup had been presented by the Commodore, on board the steamer to Mr. J. Wilkinson, a "just reward," he said, "for the brilliant exhibition of good sailing displayed," the company separated, delighted with having witnessed as good a day's sport as the most enthusiastic could desire.

A description of the cup may not be deemed out of place, as it was of extreme beauty, and of far more value than it was stated to be. It was manufactured by Mr. Hansbery, who always supplies prizes for this club, and was in form a cup or small vase, with handles in imitation of oak branches twisted, and from them wreaths of oak leaves are carried under the rim, on the outer side, with a garland of the national emblems, the rose, shamrock, and thistle, extruding round the circular edge. The whole rests on an ebony stand, and the cup weighs 42½ ounces.

LONDON MODEL YACHT CLUB.

The first match of this club on the Thames took place on Monday, the 19th of June, for a splendid silver cup of the value of £10; and we must give great praise to Vice-Commodore Williams, and Secretary Crabb, for the taste they evinced in its selection.

The course to be sailed was from Greenwich Hospital to Gravesend and back. The following were entered:—

Names of Yachts.	Ton.	Owners.
Blue-Eyed Maid	4	Commodore Tuckwell
Gnat	4	Mr. R. Hewett
Quick Step	3	Mr. J. Row
Kate	4	Mr. R. Frost
Serene	4	Mr. J. Gardiner
Adelaide	5	Mr. G. West

The foregoing started with the exception of the Serene.

Whilst they were quietly lying at their moorings, a certain "Traveller," under the command of the renowned "Admiral Coffin," (not Long Tom,) exhibited one of those *rare* feats of seamanship of bearing down on the fleet, when preparing to start; but whether his honor for the moment thought them *Rooshins*, we cannot pretend to say, but at all events had not the little craft slipped their cables, he would have swept the whole from the bosom of Old Father Thames, and perhaps sent them to Davy Jones's Locker. This created

a merry laugh, and no damage being done, the contending yachts soon picked up their moorings again.

At half-past eleven o'clock the signal was given to start, when the Quick Step was first underway, closely followed by Adelaide and Blue-Eyed Maid, and the others. It was what might be justly termed a right away match throughout. At Blackwall Point the Adelaide and Kate set their gaff-top-sails, though the breeze, S.b.W., was strong and equally. In Woolwich Reach the Blue-Eyed Maid hoisted a jib-top-sail, which in Gallions she exchanged for a gaff-top-sail. Shortly after this the Gnat passed her, and kept the lead to the Half-way Reach, where the Blue-Eyed Maid took in the gaff-top-sail, and hoisted again the jib-top-sail, the Gnat still keeping ahead, but closely followed by the Blue-Eyed Maid; and at Gravesend they rounded as follows:—

	h.	m.		h.	m.
Gnat	1	35	Adelaide	1	47
Blue-Eyed Maid	1	39	Kate	1	53
Quick Step	1	40			

The beating home exhibited some smart seamanship, the wind being variable, with sudden squalls; the Gnat however sustained "the pride of place," and gradually widened the distance between her and the others. Off Grays the Quick Step took the lead of the Blue-Eyed Maid, the others being well up. They arrived at the flag buoy in the following order:—

	h.	m.		h.	m.
Gnat	4	50	Adelaide	5	15
Quick Step	4	52	Kate	5	29
Blue-Eyed Maid	5	0			

Thus the Gnat won the prize, which will be presented to her owner on the 4th instant, (July,) at the club-room, Anderton's Hotel, Fleet Street.

The Quick Step, although she sailed in the match, would have been disqualified from receiving the prize had she won, as the law says, "She must belong to the club three months before she is entitled to sail in a match."

We regret to add, that a protest has been entered against the Gnat by the owner of the Blue-Eyed Maid, on the charge of her fore-stay-sail boom having been held out to windward for the space of five minutes, the laws requiring all sails to be trimmed on one side.

This protest is much to be regretted, especially as it emanates from the principal officer of the club, and we shall be happy to hear he has abandoned the charge. Protests at all times do much harm, and it should be the duty of every member of a yacht club to look ahead, and endeavour to steer clear of rocks and shoals. The duty of the chief officer becomes easy, when b precept and example, he points out to his crew the best means of keepi afloat, and preserving the barkie from being stranded.

'Ere concluding the notice of this match, we must inform our readers tha Mr. Bartlett, owner of the Little Mosquito, with the spirit of a true yachtsma placed her at the disposal of the Vice-Commodore, and she bore the Londo

Model Yacht Club flag for the day, and no doubt such kindness will be duly appreciated at the next monthly meeting of the club.

THE THAMES NATIONAL REGATTA.

We behold with great satisfaction the progress which this scheme has met with. It is indeed *now* a "national" affair, and from the response to the call of the committee and secretary on the lovers of aquatics for support, we need no greater proof than the annexed subscription list, that it will meet with succour from all classes, and it will certainly be a great boon to the watermen.

	£	s.	d.
The Committee	50	0	0
The Earl of Kilmorey	20	0	0
Iron and Citizen Steam-boat Companies	21	0	0
Leander Club	10	10	0
also, a Coat, Badge, and Freedom			
Wandle Club	10	10	0
Westminster College Boat Club	10	0	0
Messrs. Searle and Sons	10	10	0
Messrs. Barclay, Perkins, and Co.	10	10	0
Messrs. Hoare and Co.	10	10	0
Ilex Club	10	10	0
Bell's Life in London	10	10	0
T. Bartlett, Esq	5	5	0
The Duke of Devonshire	5	0	0
Captain Armstrong	5	0	0
C. J. Selwyn, Esq.	5	0	0
J. Layton, Esq.	5	5	0
Arrow Club	5	5	0
Messrs. Salter	5	5	0
Tom Cole, (the Champion)	5	0	0
Mr. Wilcox	5	0	0
Mr. Wylde	5	0	0
Messrs. Calvert and Co.	5	0	0
Messrs. Combe, Delafield, and Co.	5	5	0
Messrs. Curling and Co.	5	5	0
Messrs. Holme, Sewell & Co	3	3	0
Mr. Wentzell	3	0	0
Mr. Ralph	3	0	0
F. P.	2	2	0
F. Levein, Esq.	2	2	0
S. Waltord, Esq.	2	2	0
J. Cardinal, Esq	2	2	0
Nemesis Club (Manchester)	2	2	0
W. S. Hooper, Esq	1	1	0
D. Colquhoun, Esq	1	1	0
Captain Wallis	1	1	0
Capel Curwood, Esq	1	1	0
Messrs. Bishop and Sons	1	1	0
Lady St. Aubyn	1	1	0
Master of the Watermen's Company, C. Lucy, Esq	1	1	0
W. Grey, Esq., Senior-Warden of the Watermen's Company	1	1	0
W. P. Bathe, Esq	1	1	0
Messrs. Nicholson and Co.	1	1	0
Messrs. Browning and Co.	1	1	0
W. A. Joyce, Esq.	1	1	0
E. Webb, Esq	1	1	0
L. Penryn, Esq	1	0	0
Messrs. J. Bower and Co.	1	1	0
Messrs. J. J. Adam and Co.	1	1	0
Messrs. C. Lucy and Sons	1	1	0
A. Hale, Esq	0	10	6
C. S. Bagot, Esq	0	10	6
H. H. S.	0	10	6
Lord Londesborough	10	0	0
Messrs. Burnett and Co.	5	5	0
Messrs. Sich and Co. (Chiswick)	5	5	0
Norman, Esq.	2	0	0
W. G. Day, Esq	1	1	0
W. F. Watson, Esq	1	1	0
J. Blake, Esq.	1	1	0
J. C. Ashby, Esq	1	1	0
Messrs. Farnell and Co	1	1	0
Northumberland Boat Club	1	1	0
J. Hallett, Esq	1	1	0
J. C. Knight, Esq	0	10	6
F. Thynne, Esq.	1	1	0
J. Todd, Esq	1	1	0
A. Macnamara, Esq	1	1	0
T. Wilkinson, Esq	1	1	0
Cartaret Fletcher, Esq	1	1	0
Wolstonholme, Esq	1	1	0
H. Playford, Esq	1	1	0
John Bilton, Esq, (Hull)	1	1	0
I. H. Tynne, Esq., Newcastle	1	1	0
Small Subscriptions	17	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Messrs. Suter, M'Neilledge, and Co., (Liverpool).....	1	1	0
Messrs. Reid & Co.....	2	2	0
A Friend, per Treasurer	5	0	0
G. Burchett, Esq.....	1	1	0
Messrs. Young & Bainbridge	10	10	0
Mr. King, (Fulham).....	0	10	6
Messrs. Mathieson & Ritter	0	10	6
John Neck, Esq.	0	10	6
H. James, Esq.....	0	10	6
L. Hyam, Esq.....	0	10	6
J. Milne	0	10	6
Messrs. Seager, Evans & Co.	2	2	0
Messrs. Peter Davey & Son	1	1	0
Chartered Gas Company.....	1	1	0
Kitchen, Esq.. per Treasurer	1	1	0
A. B. C. D., per Treasurer...	1	1	0
Messrs. Goding & Co.....	5	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Herne Club	5	5	0
J. Ellis, Esq.....	1	1	0
W. Fielding, Esq.....	0	10	6
Shellshear, Burgess & Co....	1	1	0
Silva and Phillips, Gunshot and Griffin Wharf.....	1	1	0
J. R. L. Walmesley, Esq.....	1	1	0
A. Hutton, Esq.....	5	0	0
The Lightermen of Old Barge House	1	1	0
A. K. Itter, Esq	0	10	6
C. T. Liverege, Esq	1	1	0
Quincey Rew, Esq	1	0	0
W. L. Manley, Esq.....	1	1	0
G. E. Trushard, Esq	1	1	0
S. H. Parkinson, Esq.	0	10	0
Clare Sewell, Esq.....	1	1	0

The regatta will be on the 25th, 26th, and 27th of July. The prizes will be for,

Watermen.—Open to all the world, and the races rowed in out-rigger boats; money prizes; entrance five shillings per man.

Watermen's Apprentices, (below Bridge).—In the two last years of their apprenticeship, in boats not out-riggers.

Watermen's Apprentices, (above Bridge,) (the gift of the Leander Club.)—In the two last years of their apprenticeship, in out-rigger boats.

Landsmen.—Open to all, except duly qualified watermen or their apprentices; to be rowed in out rigger boats; money prizes; entrance five shillings per man.

Tradesmen.—Open to all who have not for seven years previously contended for a public money prize, or watermen and their apprentices; the pair-oar and scullers races to be rowed in out-rigger boats, all others in boats not out-riggers, or having one only fore-and-aft; prizes, cups; entrance ten shillings per man.

Gentlemen.—The usual qualifications and entrance fees.

No small difficulty has been felt in drawing a line between landsmen and tradesmen, as many men are engaged in occupations entitling them to come under either denomination, and it is only after a careful consideration of the subject that the decision above given has been come to, and which it is hoped will meet the requirements of the case.

ROYAL WESTERN YACHT CLUB OF IRELAND.

The proceedings of this spirited yacht club are as usual characterized by that activity and vigour in the cause of yachting, which has obtained for them the name of a thorough yachting club. Their fleet day by day is rapidly increasing, and their list of members will shortly exceed any yacht club in the kingdom.

Their first step this season is one in the right direction,—characterized by a truly nautical spirit,—it is the presentation of two magnificent cups, one of the value of one hundred guineas, and one of the value of fifty guineas; to be sailed for in Dublin Bay, by yachts of twenty-five tons and upwards, and

under twenty-five tons. Not forgetful that the "wee boat begets the big one," they give also a handsome cup, value ten guineas, for vessels under ten tons.

For the one hundred guinea cup, as also the fifty guinea cup, the yachts must be manned and steered by gentlemen, members of royal yacht clubs, one pilot and the sailing-master to be allowed on board each vessel. For the small cup, the vessels are to be manned and steered by gentlemen, but it is not necessary that they should be members of royal yacht clubs.

The amusement of the fair sex appears not to have been forgotten either, as we are informed that the committee have it under consideratisn to give a ball upon a scale adequate to the occasion. Full particulars will shortly appear in the columns of *Bell's Life*, the committee being anxious in making their arrangements to suit them as much as possible to the convenience of other yacht clubs.

Since our last the following gentlemen have been elected to membership, Lushington Philips, Esq., Manchester; Rev. Charles Hort, Garrison Chaplain Lieut. Eliot, R N.; Henry Smith, Esq., Jun., yacht Lilt, 18 tons; J. Lawder, Esq.; Arthur Pratt Barlow, Esq., R.V.Y.C., and R.H.Y.C., yacht Minx; T. H. Gillman, Esq., M.D.; J. Ridgway Bridson, Esq., Bolton-le-Moors; Edward Denny, Esq.. Tralee, yacht Sea Lark; Walter Sweetman, Esq., cutter yacht Daring, 18 tons; C. Mc. Kenna, Esq.; T. Hughes Gelston, Esq.; Thomas Hayes, Esq, Spray, cutter, 14 tons; Martin Hayes, Esq., J. Conlan, Esq.; Edward Moore, Esq.; George Philip Stanhope, Esq., John J. Matson, Esq.; J. Fitzgerald, Esq., Monsieur Amedie-de-Morin; Charles Putland, Esq.; Arthur Jackson Green, Esq., James Barry, Esq., and T. Jacob, Esq.

We are informed that the ballot board is again filled with names for the coming ballots.

The following vessels have been added to the Fleet,—Lieut.-Col. Henry Smith, 68th Regiment, has purchased the Midge, 18 tons, in the Mediterranean;—the Honorary Treasurer has purchased the Pearl, 30 tons;—the Undine, yawl, 13 tons, has become the property of the Cup-Bearer, W. Lewis, Esq.;—C. Hodgson, Esq., has purchased the schooner yacht Wanderer, 40 tons; the Spray, cutter, H. Eliot Bayly, Esq., 54th Regiment.

We hope to be enabled to present our readers in our next with engravings of the Royal Western Corinthian Cups.

The following vessels are declared for entry for the Corinthian matches;—The Water Wyvern, 42 tons, J. E. Stopford, Esq., L.L D., Vice-Commodore, the Cymba, 53 tons, J. M. Rowan, Esq; the Nimrod, 40 tons, H. Bridson, Esq.; Enchantress, 48 tons, Samuel Hodder, Esq., the Julia, 44 tons, M. O'Reilly Dease, Esq.; the Blue Belle, 33 tons, Robert M. Grinnell, Esq., the Coralie, 33 tons, A. E. Byrne, Esq.; the Ranger, 12 tons, Gilbert W. Moss, Esq.; the Princess Olga, 50 tons, Henry Leader. Esq.; Jessica, 8 tons, J. A. Clarke, Esq.; Forest Fly, 40 tons, Lieut.-Col. Powell; Imp, 10 tons Capt. H. H. O'Brien; the Undine, 13 tons, W. Lewis, Esq.; the Pearl, 30 tons, the Honorary Treasurer; the Fire Fly, 33 tons, J. Wheeler, Esq.

ROYAL WELSH YACHT CLUB.

This club held its adjourned monthly meeting on the 17th June, at the house of the Rear Commodore, for the election of a Commodore, vice the late lamented Marquis of Anglesey, and for general business. Thomas Assbeton Smith, Esq , of Vaynol Park, yacht Sea Serpent, was unanimously elected to the vacant office of Commodore.

The Honorary Secretary announced the following subscriptions from members of the club towards the erection of a new clnb-house, viz.:—

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Lord Willoughby d'Eresby	20	0	0	Rear-Commodore....	5	0	0
Lord Newborough	20	0	0	Com. Littledale, R.M,Y.C....	5	0	0
Hon. E. G. D. Pennant, M.P....	20	0	0	J. Richards, Esq Bron Menai	5	0	0
W. B. Hughes, Esq., M.P.....	20	0	0	E. W. Mathews, Esq	5	0	0
H. Leader, Esq..... ...	10	0	0	F. T. Rufford, Esq.....	5	0	0
T. Darbyshire, Esq	10	0	0	J. Adams, Esq.	3	10	6
H. Beaver Roberts, Esq	10	0	0				

The object of the club in their election of a site is of a two-fold nature. The ancient towers of Porth yr Aur, or the Golden Gate, the archway of which forms the main entrance from the sea into the tower have become considerably dilapidated, ancient fireplaces and windows falling into rapid decay, for want of the support of which time, storm, and the Goths have deprived them. The admirers of the antiquities with which the ancient tower of Carnarvon abounds have sighed in vain for some means to repair this venerable structure, which forms so conspicuous an ornament to the castle on the sea-side. The "Woods and Forests" repaired the castle, but the old tower walls and their towers were still suffering decay, when, fortunately, the Royal Welsh Yacht Club requiring a club-house, the members agreed that the site offered by these towers was unobjectionable. The sea front is perfect, and the re-erection and restoration of the upper part of the back wall facing High Street, the wall towards the gaol, the roof and the repairs of the windows, doorways, and fireplaces (in all of which the original design will be carefully preserved,) is all that is necessary to make *this* a beautiful yacht club-house, and one of the most durable ornaments, short of the castle itself, of the town. To do this effectually, and in a style worthy the place and the object, will require a considerable outlay, and we feel certain that the appeal which is being made to all the members of the club, will be responded to with the same liberality that has characterized the reception given to it by the liberal contributors above named. To the rest we would say, "go and do likewise."

A long discussion took place as to the time for holding the regatta this year, there being some difficulty in the matter, owing to various circumstances interfering with the tides considered most suitable; finally, on the motion of Mr. Thomas Turner, seconded by Capt. Iromonger, Tuesday, the 15th of August, was fixed upon for that annual festivity.

RICHARDSON'S TUBULAR LIFE-BOAT.

As we previously stated, it is our intention to notice every invention formed for the preservation of life, and the present subject not meeting with the support it deserves from those in authority, it would be entirely neglected if Colonel Chesney did not interest himself in bringing it frequently before the public. This gentleman has on several occasions lectured on its utility, and we have to acknowledge the kindness of J. Orton, Esq., of Dublin, in pointing out to us these facts. We did intend to give a lengthened account of her performances, but have been disappointed this month, so that we avail ourselves of the statement respecting her, printed in an excellent work, the "*Sailing Boat*," * by H. C. Folkard, Esq.

"The most remarkable invention in the shape of a life-boat is 'Richardson's Patent Tubular-boat,' in which Mr. Richardson has recently performed a very perilous voyage from Liverpool to London. No boat has been put to so many and severe tests as this; and strange to say, every test has tended to show the superior and extraordinary capabilities of the tubular-boat, which consists of two circular tubes two feet six inches in diameter, and forty feet long, gradually tapering at the ends, which are bent upwards and inwards. These tubes are composed of charcoal iron, one-sixteenth of an inch thick, strongly tinned and painted: and they each consist of twelve compartments, the divisions being the same substance as the exterior. The plates are closely rivetted; other means being also taken to make them water and air tight; and throughout each compartment is strengthened by an iron hoop and crossbars. The tubes are placed side by side at a distance of three feet from each other; by which the curved ends are brought nearly in contact, and they are secured by strong but light iron arches, one for each compartment, with stays and ties. Over the arched iron is placed a grating, extending nearly the whole length of the boat; and upon this grating rests a framework forming seats for sixteen rowers, (double banked,) and supporting iron rowlocks, the boat being slightly outrigged with regard to the wooden frame; which however rests just above the centre of the tubes. It has been ascertained that the two tubes require a weight of eight-and-three-quarters tons to submerge them, and bring the upper works to the water's edge, but even then the boat has proved perfectly manageable. There is sufficient space for stowing eighty persons in the boat, in addition to the crew; and this number would be less than the weight abovementioned. In the end compartments of each tube is fitted an air bag, of strong water-tight material, capable of supporting fifteen persons; which greatly adds to the buoyancy of the boat: any contrivance for enabling the boat to free itself, from water is unnecessary, as none can by possibility be retained; and the danger of upsetting is totally out of the question; because, when the boat is lifted

* The second edition of this illustrated work is now issued to the public.

by the sea so as to throw one tube out of the water, the wave would immediately have free course between the tubes, and by its own action upon the second tube, compel a righting of the boat: As no flat surface is presented to the waves, the tubes can only be broken by contact with rocks, or some hard substance; and the filling of one or two compartments from an accident of this kind, would not materially impair the efficiency of the craft. Along the outside of each tube there is a substantial circular cork fender, which serves as a hold for any person in the water.

"Finally the tubular-life-boat can neither be upset, swamped, nor waterlogged, by any contingencies of winds or waves in the open seas; the whole attention of the crew can therefore be directed to, and fixed on the all important object—the approaching the wreck speedily and carefully, and saving the lives of the helpless sufferers.

"It will thus be seen that the tubular-boat differs materially from other inventions; notwithstanding its odd appearance, its superior qualifications have not been lost sight of, but are under discussion, as to tubular life-boats being generally adopted for purposes of station boats along the coast.

MEMORANDA OF CLUB MEETINGS.

THE ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB.

On Wednesday the 7th of June, the usual monthly meeting was held at the club house, Bedford Hotel, Covent Garden, when at the hour of commencing business Mr. Hutchons was elected to the chair, in the absence of the principal officers. The worthy and esteemed Treasurer's absence being caused by a domestic calamity. After the Secretary had read the report, the following gentlemen were enrolled by ballot, viz.—William Augustus Commerell, Esq., Cavendish Venables, Esq., Barclay Greenhill, Esq., George Sharp Chevalier, Esq., George Septimus Brodrick, Esq., James Luke, Esq., W. P. Bain, Esq., M.D., Horatio Lloyd, Esq., Joseph Deane Freeman, Esq.: thus adding nine members to the already large body belonging to this prosperous club. The secretary read a long and very feeling letter from the noble Commodore, Lord Alfred Paget, acknowledging the letter of condolence written him by the direction of the club on the death of his gallant and venerable father, the late Marquis of Anglesey, who had been for many years, so distinguished a member and firm supporter of the club, which, on the motion of Mr. Morgan, seconded by Mr. Smart, was ordered to be entered on the minutes.

Letters were read from the commissioners of the forthcoming Great Industrial Exhibition in Paris, and from the secretary of the Royal Thames Regatta Committee, but no further proceedings were taken thereon. Messrs. Cooke, Foord, Hutchons, Hooper, Halfhide, and Nicholas, were appointed stewards of the steam-boat, to accompany the schooner match, on Thursday, the 6th July next, from whom tickets of admission to the steamer may be obtained, by application at the club-house. The last night of entry, for vessels intending to contend in the above match, was fixed for Thursday, the 29th inst before ten o'clock p.m.

ROYAL WESTERN YACHT CLUB OF ENGLAND.

At a special general meeting held on the 6th of June, the noble Commodore, the Earl of Mount Edgecumbe was in the chair, it was resolved that the regatta should take place on Wednesday, the 2nd of August, when prizes of much value will be given. The Esmeralda schooner, 129 tons, J. Campbell, Esq. owner, belonging to this club is with the Baltic fleet, doing the State some service, as will be seen by the following letter which appeared in the *Times*:—

Sir.—Your Baltic correspondence states that "Colonel Caulfield, in his yacht the Myrtle, continues with the fleet."

The only yacht with the fleet is the Esmeralda, the property of my friend, Mr. James Campbell, and with whom I went to the Baltic early in April, and have reluctantly been obliged to leave, and return to England within the last few days.

Some inconvenience having occurred through the mistake, and as the Esmeralda is now taking part in the proceedings off Sweaborg, it is but fair her name and owner should be correctly known.

I am, &c.,

House of Commons, June 21st. James M. Caulfield.

ROYAL MERSEY YACHT CLUB.

At a meeting on the 6th of June, it was resolved that the grand challenge cup of £100 value, won last year by the Cynthia—H. Roe, junr., Esq., and a purse of £25, should be re-sailed for on Saturday, the 8th July, on the following conditions:—Entrance, two guineas each yacht.

The challenge cup to be won two years consecutively, by the same yacht and owner. The winner to enter into a bond to deliver the cup, or its value in money, into the hands of the treasurer, thirty days before being re-sailed for on the following year.

The entries for the challenge cup to close on Friday evening, the 7th of July, at six P.M. Post entries admitted to vessels detained by weather. To sail the "Queen's course." Prize open to all the royal yacht clubs.

Time Races.—Schooners to be rated for tonnage by Ackers' scale. Time and measurement according to R.M.Y.C. rules. Open to be sailed for by all yachts from eight tons and upwards.

Each vessel entering to send her name, rig, and distinguishing flag. The flag to be a square one, and not less than three feet hoist by four feet fly, for vessels above twenty tons.

Ballot for stations to take place at the R.M.Y.C., on Thursday the 6th of July, at noon.

To be sailed for according to the regulations of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club No bearing or booming out of sails allowed. Five yachts to enter, three to start or no prize.

Henry Melling,
Hon. Secretary.

R.M.Y. Club House, Duke Street, Liverpool, June 12th, 1854.

ROYAL HARWICH YACHT CLUB.

We have been asked why so little notice is taken of this club, we can only say in answer, that although we have been on friendly terms with the official organ, we presume his time is too much occupied to pen an occasional notice for either the Magazine or the Press. Our pages are open to that or any other club, and if the Secretaries, or the members think it too much trouble to avail themselves of the offer, the fault rests not with us.

We find by *Bell's Life* that the regatta will be held on the 15th inst., that thorough-bred yachtsman Vice-Commodore Arcedeckne, has, with his usual liberality, placed the Novice at the service of the club. And we hope they will have a far better day than last year. It is a most excellent idea to have the regatta before Lowestoft, as then the Eastern coast can be run down; Yarmouth should follow Lowestoft, then Hull, and so on.

ROYAL VICTORIA YACHT CLUB.

At a special general meeting of the club, held on the 3rd of June, last:—Present, W. H. Hamilton, Esq., in the chair, A. S. Elliott, Esq., Edmund Adderley, Esq., Capt. Foreman, J. C. Fullarton, Esq., Capt. Inglis, R.N., Capt. Hamilton, R.N., W. N. Smith, Esq., Capt. Tattnall, Col. Dunsmure, H. Goode, Esq., B. Simmonds, Esq., Dr. Lind, C. Cramer, Esq., J. W. Torre, Esq. W. Price, Esq., Admiral Adderley.

The Notice calling this meeting was then read; also the Resolution to which it referred, as passed at the last Annual General Meeting, on the 24th inst., viz.

"That after every General Meeting, or Special General Meeting, at which any motion shall be passed requiring to be confirmed at a subsequent General Meeting, 'a Confirmative General Meeting' shall be held at the Club-house, Ryde, as soon after seven clear days from the Meeting as may be convenient, and within twenty-one days thereof, merely and solely for the purpose of confirming or rejecting any portion of the business of the Meeting immediately preceding; the day to be named at the said General Meeting, and also posted on the Notice Board in the Club-house." Which was unanimously confirmed.

The Report of the proceedings of the Annual General Meeting, on the 24th inst., at the Thatched House Tavern, was then read at length, and unanimously confirmed.

W. H. HAMILTON, *Chairman.*

We thank the worthy Secretary, Capt. Helby, R.N, for the foregoing, and also for his courteous consideration in furnishing an account of the prior meeting.

THE BRILLIANT, (Commodore Ackers,) is rapidly fitting out after being in the hands of the builder; her elongation amounts to twenty feet on the load-water line, the new stem raking more than the old, gives twenty-two feet aloft. The appearance of the ship under canvas will be much improved by a slight alteration in the depth of her upper sails. She is now by old messurement 482 tons. A truly noble craft fit to go to any part of the world.

ROYAL ST. GEORGE'S YACHT CLUB.

The intelligence received from the head quarters of this club is of the most

pleasing description to all yachtsmen, and the harbour of Kingstown exhibits a goodly fleet. Our correspondent observes that it is the general opinion, this season will outvie all others past and gone, and by the activity prevailing we fully agree that Ould Ireland can and will endeavour in a friendly spirit to outrival the sister kingdom, in numbers of yachts and amount of prizes, at any one or more regattas.

ROYAL IRISH YACHT CLUB.

This year this rapidly increasing club, will hold its regatta on the 18th of July, and such is the unanimity prevailing in the last mentioned club, immediately it was announced, a most liberal subscription to purchase a piece of plate, to be sailed for at this regatta, was commenced, headed by the Most Noble the Marquis of Conyngham, who we are happy to find, has purchased the Fairy schooner, 143 tons. The hon. secretaries of the club are indefatigable in their exertions, and every thing seems to fulfill the prophecy of our friendly correspondent.

Our Editor's Locker.

Bombay Regatta.

Bombay, 13th April, 1854.

My Dear Mr. Editor.—As I fancy you would like an account of a race in this part of the world, I beg leave to forward you that of the regatta which took place here on the 10th instant. I dare say you and all yachtsmen will open your eyes, when you see a small boat of seven tons giving six minutes in an eighteen mile race, to a boat of 107 tons,—but so it is, and the little one won. Her dimensions are 44 feet over all, 10 feet beam, 3 feet depth of hold, main-mast 32 feet, main yard 67 feet, mizen-mast about 20, mizen yard 40 feet, so you can form some idea of the canvas she spreads when contending in a race, and her sporting owner, I believe, backs her against any boat of the same length of water line, and of any country to the west of the Cape.

Your obedient servant,

Spectator.

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

[We express our thanks to our correspondent for his favor, but regret it came too late, as in our May number we inserted an account of the match, with a list of the club. Any future information will oblige.—Ed. H.Y.M.]

Proposed National Challenge Cup.

June 20th, 1854.

Sir.—I trust you will excuse my pointing out a curious inconsistence in the proposal for a "National Subscription Challenge Cup." Every yachtsman must agree to the truth of the premises, but the conclusion is diametrically at variance thereto. Of late years we have had full proof that "a person possessed of the fastest vessel, as soon as she is found to be so, is excluded from contending for any club prize, because all such are given by

and are under the control of individual clubs, who make their own rules to endeavour to please every one, and equalize the sailing of all the contending yachts as much as possible; but if this is the case, why propose that the contending yachts should "start or sail according to the rules of the Royal Yacht Squadron," by so doing the race is nothing more than the oft repeated tale.

If I understand the proposition rightly it is intended that the fastest yacht of the season should carry off the prize. Now it is evident that the *fastest* yacht is that one which can sail better than the others, without regard to size, rig, time, or other limitation. I will endeavour to show that some of the rules of the Royal Yacht Squadron, are not well calculated to produce the required result.

1st.—By the Royal Yacht Squadron rules, no sail to be hoisted before the starting gun has been fired, this evidently affords a trial of the respective crews, rather than of the relative sailing properties of the vessels.

2nd.—The crew are limited to one man for every ten tons. This again is in direct opposition to the object proposed, why need the *crew* be limited if the *speed* of the vessels is to be tested, besides the limit of the Royal Yacht Squadron in this respect gives too many men for a large schooner and too few for a small racing cutter, consequently the latter is prevented from doing her best. If any restriction is thought advisable I would suggest that no yacht should have more than a certain number of working hands on board, say eighteen or twenty.

Two other points are now open for consideration, viz. whether ballast should be trimmed, and whether the vessels should be permitted to carry what sail they please. In the first it may be urged that in a race of the proposed description, every fair means for increasing the speed of the yachts ought to be allowed, but on the other hand who does not wish the obnoxious practice discountenanced and discontinued? As to the number of sails to be carried there are many arguments *pro* and *con*, but an unlimited quantity of canvas leads to much inconvenience, and would most probably prevent some yachts from entering, it might therefore be advisable to define the sails to be carried by vessels of each description of rig; thus, a cutter should be allowed her usual four sails, a fore and aft schooner six, &c. The jib topsail permitted by the Royal Yacht Squadron ought to be excluded, as few schooners can set the sail.

Lastly.—I submit that in a race for the championship, there should be no rules which in any way interfere with the contending yachts, the only rules required are those relating to the sailing, for this purpose about six or eight only, are amply sufficient; and with so few regulations less chance would be given to those gentlemen who rely on securing the prize, not on the speed of their own craft, but on some trivial departure from the rules by their opponents.

Yours,

A Seaman.

To the Editor of H. Y. M.

LITERATURE AND ART.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S TRAVELS IN AMERICA.—*By J. Benwell.*—Binns and Goodwin, Fleet Street.

The author has graphically depicted the various scenes and adventures to be met with, and although some portions make the heart revolt at the barbarities exercised by the slave-holder on his helpless victims, yet sufficient is presented to the reader to justify him in placing implicit faith in the many reports which too frequently appear before the public. We strongly recommend its perusal to our readers: we have extracted the following as a specimen of its contents:—

"A few days after my arrival, while standing in the vestibule of my hotel, my attention was drawn to a loud altercation going on at the bar, and as it was evident, from the manner of the parties, that some public question was being discussed, I listened, and ascertained that an obnoxious citizen had been seized for perpetrating a petty act of revenge on a neighbour by damaging his horse, and was that day to be publicly tarred, feathered, and escorted out of the city, as they said, bag and baggage. Having ascertained the spot selected for the scene, I determined to witness it. Accordingly at noon, the appointed hour, I repaired to an open spot of building land on the Carondelet side of the city. Here I found assembled a motley assemblage of citizens, negroes, steam-boat hands, and the general riff-raff of the place. Although the crowd was not so great, the meeting strongly reminded me of those scenes of infamy and disgrace in England—public executions; the conduct of the assembled throng on this occasion being the more decorous of the two. Precisely at twelve, the mob made a rush towards one corner of the open space, from which direction I saw the culprit advancing, in charge of thirty or forty well dressed people (the committee appointed for the occasion being among the number.) He was a stout man, and described to me as a great bully; but now he looked completely crest-fallen. As the party came on he was hissed by the mob, who, however, kept at a good distance from his guard. A man with a large tin can of smoking pitch, a brush of the kind used in applying the same, and a pillow of feathers under his arm, followed immediately behind the prisoner, vociferating loudly. Arrived at the spot, the poor wretch was placed on a stool, and a citizen, who had taken a very prominent part in front of the procession, and who, I was told, was the chief cause of this outrage, stepped in front of him, and pulling out a sheet of paper, read a lecture on the enormity of his crime, which wound up with the sentence about to be enforced. When this was finished, the man who carried the tar vessel stepped up, and began, with scissors, to cut off the culprit's hair, which he did most effectually, flinging portions amongst the crowd, who scrambled after them. As soon as this was finished, and the man was stripped to the waist, the brush was dipped into the pitch, and the upper part of his person lathered therewith Not a word escaped him, but the individual who had taken so prominent a part in the punishment, kept giving directions to the operator to lay it on thick. Even his eyes and ears were not spared. As soon as this part of the operation was complete, the bag of feathers was ripped open by a by-stander, and the contents stuck thickly on the parts besmeared with tar, amidst the deafening cheers of the spectators, who were by this time in such frantic excitement that I began to fear a tragedy would ensue,

especially as many of them shouted, 'Now hang the varmint! hang him!' This proposal was eagerly seconded by the mob. This was, however, resolutely overruled by his keepers. The appearance presented by the victim, in this peculiarly American dress, was ludicrous in the extreme, and *looked* very comfortable. As soon as this part of the exhibition was finished, a man with a small drum, followed by the mob, with yells and execrations drove the culprit before them at a run. The poor wretch ran like a deer from his pursuers, who followed at his heels, shouting frantically, until he reached the brink of the river, where a boat was waiting to take him off. He dashed into it, and was at once rowed into the middle of the stream, out of the reach of his tormentors, who, I quite believe, would have administered more severe lynch law if they could have got hold of him, for their passions were wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement. One feature in the scene I could not help remarking—the negroes all appeared in high glee, and many of them actually danced with joy. I did not wonder at this, for the negroes always seemed to exult if a white man was in disgrace, which, after all, is no more than might be expected from a class of men tyrannized over as the coloured people are there, and is one of the results of the oppressive system that exacts everthing that human labour can furnish, without remuneration, and without (in by far the greater number of instances,) any approach to sympathy or grateful feeling. This alone, without taking into consideration the outrages inflicted on the race by their cruel oppressors, supplies a sufficient cause for such a tendency, if every other were wanting."

"While remaining at this post, a party of mounted volunteers arrived from Georgia. These men were mostly sons of farmers, who had suffered from the unceasing attacks of the Indians on their farms, in many instances accompanied by the butchery of some members of their families. It was arranged that a company of U.S. Infantry, stationed at the fort, should act in concert with these men, and scour the country for twenty miles round, to search for Indians, traces of whom had been seen, and who, it was very certain, were encamped not many miles off. As I felt desirous of observing the operations of these little compaigns against so wily a foe, I intimated to a major, my intention of accompanying the expedition. He was pleased with the proposal, and furnished me with a splendid rifle and other equipments, from the stores of the depot. After a short delay, owing to the non-arrival of some wagons that were intended to accompany the expedition, the whole force mustered in front of the stockade enclosure, and being furnished with ten days' provisions for man and horse, started under command of the major aforesaid. across the sand-plains, in order to reach a dense cedar and cyprus swamp, ten miles distant, where it was suspected the enemy was concealed. After a tedious march through a wild country, so overgrown with raw palmetto and underbrush, that our horses had great difficulty to get through it, we arrived at the skirts of the swamp; here a consultation took place between the officers present, and it was arranged that an Indian guide whom we had with us, should go in and hold a parley with the Indians, to induce them, if possible to surrender. The guide went into the hummock, which extended along the edge of the swamp as far as the eye could reach right and left. I should have mentioned that this man, with the usual Indian acuteness, had discovered indubitable signs that the enemy was in the vicinity, long before we reached the spot. After an absence of about an hour

during which time we refreshed ourselves, and made preparations for an expected struggle, our guide returned, bringing with him a bow and quiver of arrows, as proofs of his interview with the secreted Indians. The account he gave, which was interpreted by a half-bred Indian, who accompanied the expedition for the purpose, was, that after penetrating some distance into the fastness, he came to the encampment of the enemy, and was instantly surrounded by warriors, who seized him; but after parleying for a considerable time, let him go, presenting him with a bow and arrows, as a symbol of their unflinching resolve to continue the war.

"On hearing this, it was at once determined by the officer in command that the whole force (except a guard for the horses and waggons,) should go in and surprise them. The guide shook his head at this, and, pointing towards the swamp, said, 'This is the way. I have shown it to you; follow it if you will; I do not go.' It was, however, of no use to dally, and orders were given for all hands to follow into the swamp. For my own part, I wished to stay behind, but was told that such a course was attended with danger, as the Indians would most likely emerge from another part of the hammock, and endeavour to seize the horses, and ransack the waggons. This decided my adopting the least of the two evils, although I fully expected we should have a battle. After penetrating for I should think upwards of two miles, sometimes up to our knees in miry clay, and often stopped by impassable barriers of wild vines, and other prehensile plants, which annoyed us greatly, and made me regret a thousand times that I had courted such dangers and inconveniences, the sound of two rifle-shots threw the whole party into indescribable commotion. Supposing we were attacked, all hands flew as quick as thought to the trees around, where each one, peeping from behind the trunks, which were sought as a shelter against the rifle-balls of the expected foe, waited for a few moments in great suspense, when, suddenly, a loud cheer from the party in advance, followed by several rifle-shots, told us they had come upon the encampment. As the firing ceased, I knew the Indians had fled; this seemed also the opinion of the volunteers near me, who simultaneously left their hiding-place, and pushed forward to the scene. On arriving at the spot, I found the soldiers around a large Indian fire, over which was suspended a boiling cauldron, filled with venison, the Indians having been, no doubt, preparing a meal when disturbed by us; by the side, and not far from the fire, was a large trough, made out of a fallen tree in which was a quantity of arrowroot in course of preparation. This plant grows plentifully in this latitude, and is the principal fare of the Indians, their squaws superintending the management of it. The remains of a fine buck lay near, and also some moccasons, leggings, and other Indian gear.

"The enemy we had so unceremoniously disturbed had, as usual taken flight; but we found traces of blood, and the advanced party stated that they had fired on two warriors, who, with a woman and two children, were on the spot when they came up.

"As it was deemed quite useless to pursue them, from their being, no doubt, well acquainted with the intricacies of the fastness, and, therefore, sure to evade us, we regaled ourselves on the venison, of which some refused to partake, lest it should be poisoned. It was decided that the force should emerge from the swamp to the open plain, about a mile above the spot where we had left the waggons, by a circuitous route; this was accordingly done, but our progress

was so difficult, that the Indians had ample opportunity to fly before us, and we saw no further traces of them.

"On reaching the waggons, we found to our great satisfaction that all was safe, and as night was approaching, it was decided to encamp there, a spring of turbid water being in the vicinity. A cordon of sentinels was accordingly placed around our resting-place, and some tents were pitched for a portion of the party; the remainder, wrapped in blankets, sleeping on the sand. After the whiskey had passed round, the jocular little major in command proposed a song, and as one of the infantry soldiers was an adept at the art, he was invited to our marquee. Although in the very midst of danger, for we knew not how formidable in number the Indians were, we passed a merry evening."

A Yacht Voyage to Iceland in 1853.—London: Hall, Virtue, & Co.

This is a cheap work, very useful and instructive to those who may wish to visit that strange land, where hot and cold springs are such close companions that the author observes, "as you walk along you may wet one foot in cold water, and the other in boiling, and so on for a hundred yards."

Many of our yachtsmen would gladly break the *ennui* of gliding round the Isle of Wight, and we would therefore recommend a voyage to Iceland, as it certainly presents a great change to the everyday amusement of our own shores.

They left the Mersey on the 10th of June, but owing to calms and contrary winds it was the 15th before they bade adieu to the Queen's dominions taking their departure from the Island of Innistrahull, on the north coast of Ireland, and they sighted the Iceland Coast on the 22nd.

To our piscatorial friends the following extract will prove a great inducement to undertake the voyage.

"Being becalmed in a bay near Grundevick, on the south-west coast of the island, we took to fishing and with great success. We caught cod as fast as we could haul them in, and so large, that one great fellow out-poised a twenty-eight pound bag of shot which I weighed against him."

After landing at Reykiavick they commenced an inland journey to visit the Great Geysirs.

"Proceeding onwards we soon came in sight of a series of magnificent waterfalls, down which the whole of the River Sog is precipitated. There are no less than four distinct falls. First a precipitous fall, then a short rapid, then the second fall, which is broken into five separate streams, all meeting again in the pool below. Then the third fall, in which the waters are undivided, and pour over a precipitous ledge that lies obliquely across the stream. And lastly, the fourth fall, which is very similar to the first. The whole effect was truly grand, and though it had not the mass of Schaffhausen, nor the height nor scenery of Terni, I do not know when I have gazed at falling water with more astonishment and delight. * * * * Approaching the brink of a steep bank, we found ourselves right over a turbulent eddy formed by a fall in the stream. I say eddy, but it was an *eddy of fish*, rather than of water, for of water but little could be seen. It was a mass of great red trout, famous fellows, of two and

three pounds weight, which ever and anon kept leaping at the plague of flies, that also haunted the water here; and when they had leapt, so closely packed were their brethren below, that it was some little time before they shook down into their element again. They lay floundering at the top, as I have seen sheep on each other's backs aboard a crowded steam-boat."

Having arrived in the vicinity of the Geysirs, he observes

"We retired early to rest, that we might sleep lightly, and start up at once at the first warning of an eruption of the Geysir in the night.

"It was about 4 A.M., that I was busily dreaming of a Geysir that had broken out in the Isis at Oxford. I was pulling round it in my skiff, and listening in admiration to its roars, when suddenly it struck me that I was not at Oxford at all! Yet the roaring noise was plain enough! 'Why it is the real Geysir itself! Up with you, W———!' We burst through the tent, and half awake as we were, there we stood face to face with the mighty fountain, and half stupified with astonishment at the stupendous display of nature's power exhibited before us. The eruption was at its height. By subterranean efforts repeated every moment, a huge column of boiling water was constantly hurled into the air to the height of some hundred feet, and fell all round, almost to our feet, in beautiful feathery cascades, which although much hidden on the leeward side by the enormous volume of steam evolved, were visible enough 'to windward.'

"It was a grand and noble sight, I can conceive nothing more wonderfully strange among nature's wonders, or better worth coming a thousand miles to see."

After a pleasant voyage and enjoying the sights of Iceland they cast anchor on the 8th of August in Fleetwood Harbour.

We recommend the perusal of this work to all who desire to add to their yachting amusements, and conclude this notice with the author's own words,

"If this account of a summer excursion should give the reader any fraction of the pleasure that the writer experienced in undertaking it, he will have the satisfaction of feeling that his time was not altogether thrown away, nor wasted upon his own gratification; but that his enjoyment has contributed in some degree, however slight, to that of others."

THE LAWS OF WAR AFFECTING COMMERCE AND SHIPPING.—*By H. B. Thomson, B.A.*—London: Smith, Elder and Co.

A new edition of this work comes before the public at a time when it is much required, as it is certainly a valuable boon to the commercial and shipping interests, and one which should be carefully perused by all interested therein.

PRIDE AND GRIEF, (a pair).—Fores, 41, Piccadilly.

These beautiful prints of the Wyvern will now be sought after with much interest; her voyage to Australia having brought her again prominently before the public, and we council our readers to add them to their collections.

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB SCHOONER MATCH.

In accordance with Rule 26, the schooner match appointed to take place on Thursday the 6th July next, is postponed, there having been entered only two yachts, viz., Lord Londesborough's St. Ursula, 190 tons, Mr. George Wood's, Lily of the Test, 91 tons.

The question of an open race will probably be brought before the meeting on Wednesday next.

REGATTAS AND SAILING MATCHES IN JULY.

8th.—Royal Mersey Yacht Club.—The grand challenge cup, value £100, with a purse of £25. Entries close on the 7th of July, at 6 P.M. Post entries for vessels detained by weather.

15th.—Royal Harwich Yacht Club Regatta.

18th.—Lowestoft Grand Regatta.

18th & 19th.—Royal Irish Yacht Club Regatta.

20th & 21st.—Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland.

25th, 26th, & 27th.—Thames National Regatta,

29th —Birkenhead Model Yacht Club Match.

HIGH WATER TIDE TABLE FOR JULY.

D of M	High Water Lon. Bridge morn.		after.		The time of high water at the following places may be ascertained, by adding to, or substracting from, the time at London Bridge.						
	h.	m.	h.	m.			h.	m.		h.	m.
1	5	36	5	54	Aberystwith	add	5	23	Aberdeen	sub 0	56
2	6	15	6	38	Alderney		4	38	Aldborough	3	23
3	7	2	7	28	Bantry Bay		1	39	Belfast	4	2
4	7	54	8	21	Bridlington		2	23	Brighton	2	29
5	8	55	9	26	Carmarthan		4	3	Carnarvon	4	47
6	9	55	10	26	Cork Harbour		2	23	Cowes	3	22
7	10	59	11	32	Dartmouth		3	58	DublinB ar	2	55
8	—	—	0	0	Dudgeon Light		5	23	Dungeness	3	17
9	0	33	1	2	Eddystone		3	8	Folkestone	3	37
10	1	30	1	55	Exmouth Bar		4	18	Foreland, North	2	22
11	2	24	2	51	Falmouth		3	8	Foreland, South	2	47
12	3	17	3	44	Flamboro' Head		2	23	Gravesend	0	37
13	4	8	4	33	Guernsey Pier		4	23	Greenwich	0	20
14	4	58	5	21	Hartlepool		1	38	Harwich	2	37
15	5	47	6	9	Humber Mouth		3	23	Howth Harbour	2	59
16	6	33	6	58	Kinsale Harbour		2	23	Ipswich	2	7
17	7	22	7	47	Land End		2	23	Kentish Knock	2	37
18	8	13	8	44	Leith Pier		0	15	Lowestoft	3	37
19	9	16	9	47	Lynn Regis		4	38	Margate	2	2
20	10	17	10	51	Plymouth		3	26	Nore Light	0	58
21	11	25	—	—	Swansea		3	48	Portsmouth	2	27
22	0	0	0	29	Torbay		3	58	Sheerness	1	28
23	0	55	1	17	Waterford		3	43	Southampton	2	27
24	1	41	2	1	Weymouth		4	23	Spithead	4	37
25	2	19	2	38	Whitby		1	38	Yarmouth Roads	5	27
26	2	57	3	14	Amsterdam		0	53	Calais	2	19
27	3	32	3	48	Antwerp		2	18	Dieppe	3	2
28	4	4	4	20	Bourdeux		4	45	Havre de Grace	4	15
29	4	36	4	53	Cherbourg		5	23	Ostende	1	12
30	5	11	5	30	Hamburgh		3	53	Honfleur	4	37
31	5	48	6	7					New York	5	7

Several communications stand over until our next. The Zara will be our next Illustration.

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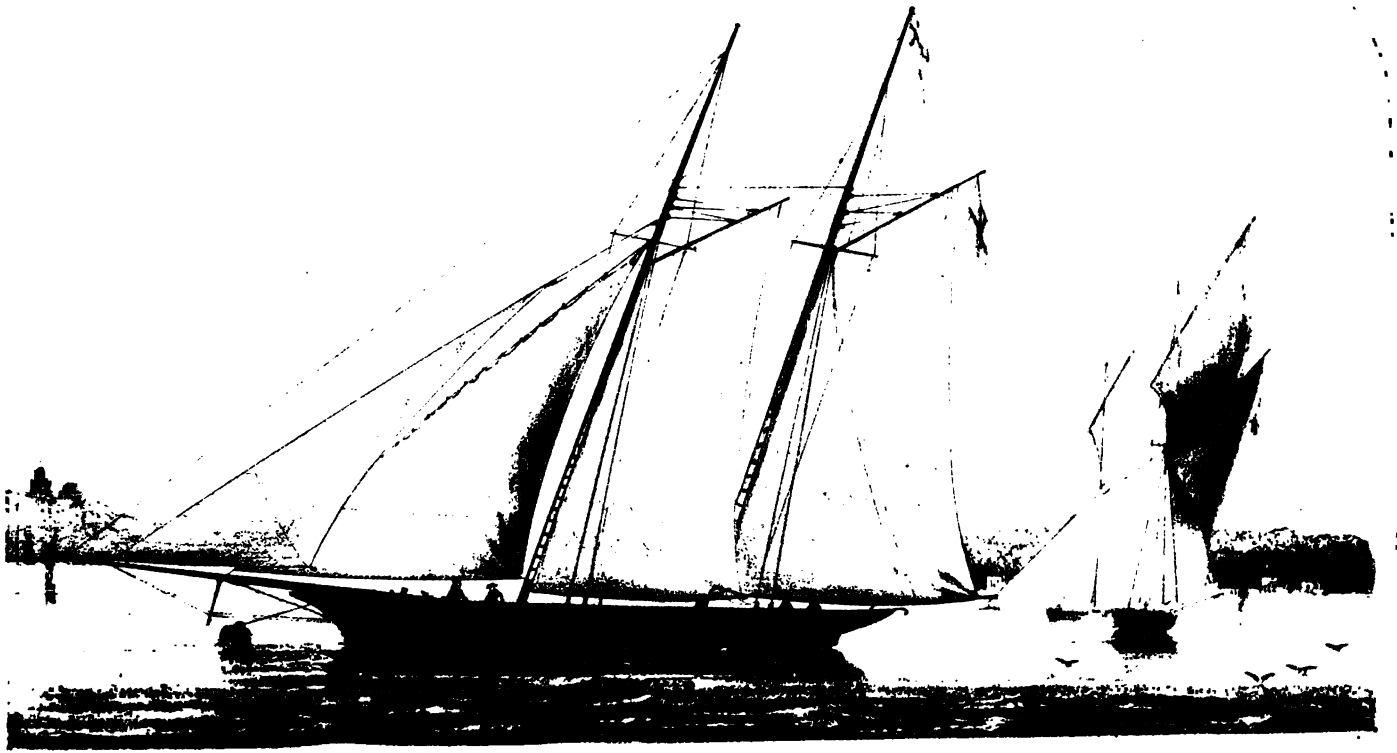

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HUNT'S

YACHTING MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1854.

LOWESTOFT REGATTA.—*Tuesday, 18th July.*

ONCE more the Eastern Counties train whirl us from our metropolitan home, and land us in the place of our birth; but what is all this change since last year,—a new church, terraces, and other buildings meet our sight, some mighty power has wielded the magic wand, and produced this wondrous and magnificent change; where once only existed a desert of sand and stunted grass now a town uprears its head. And in answer to the enquiries naturally poured forth, we find that the new town and all its adjuncts, owe their existence to S. M. Peto, Esq., a gentleman who has for many years been striving to promote the prosperity of numerous places in Suffolk and Norfolk; and Lowestoft is certainly deeply indebted to him for its rising from comparative indigence to flourishing prosperity. The harbour has been much improved, and a building has been erected on the south pier, which adds much to the beauty of the scene from its neat appearance: this building is intended for a Mechanic's Institution, and it proves that independant of adding to the comforts of the body, he has not forgotten the cultivation of the mind.

On this occasion one of the most splendid assemblages of yachts that ever met in any port was here congregated; we walked round the harbour and penned down their names, in order to prove to the absent yachtsmen that Lowestoft can justly boast of its success in regattas.

The following Yachts were in the Harbour and about the Station.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
1	Acorn	schooner	102	Capt. Wigsdell
40	Aquiline	schooner	55	J. Cardinall, Esq.
85	Beatrice	schooner	208	Sir W. Carew, Bart.
341	Fancy	schooner	104	Rev. R. P. Hartopp
415	Georgiana	schooner	110	Capt. Thullusson
631	May Fly	schooner	140	G. P. Bidder, Esq.
705	Novice	schooner	79	A. Arcedeckne, Esq.
863	Shark	schooner	150	W. Curling, Esq.
961	Titania	schooner	181	R. Stephenson, Esq., M.P.
25	Amazon	cutter	35	A. W. Young, Esq.
69	Avalon	cutter	35	J. Goodson, Esq.
176	Coral	cutter	28	Rev. A. Smith
179	Cormorant	cutter	12	J. Fancourt, Esq.
391	Frolic	cutter	12	A. Cox, Esq.
348	Fawn	cutter	15	F. T. Biddle, Esq.
319	Fairy	cutter	6	H. Lawrence, Esq.
495	Iris	cutter	15	S. Morton, Esq.
532	Kitten	cutter	10	T. Harvey, jun. Esq.
615	Margaret	cutter	265	J. Mann, Esq.
673	Mischief	cutter	10	J. R. Kirby, Esq.
628	Maud	cutter	25	Capt. Andrews
721	Osprey	cutter	59	J. Petre, Esq.
758	Phantom	cutter	25	S. Lane, Esq.
740	Pearl	cutter	15	J. Cooper, Esq.
821	Red Rover	cutter	14	J. H. Palmer, Esq.
853	Sea Nymph	cutter	10	R. Solly, jun., Esq.
960	Thought	cutter	25	G. Coope, Esq.
973	Triton	cutter	26	H. J. Barber, Esq.
1023	Vampire	cutter	15	C. Wheeler, Esq.
1094	Waveney	cutter	15	T. C. Lucas, Esq.
1209	Will o' the Wisp	cutter	44	G. Taylor, Esq.
1054	Vixen	yawl	25	J. G. Robinson, Esq.
259	Duchess	yawl	31	R. Buncombe, Esq.

To particularize any one from so many specimens of naval architecture would appear invidious, therefore we will only observe that no man, whether sailor or landsman, would look on these "English beauties" without being pleased with the artisans' skill which could create such craft.

The Novice, schooner, 79 tons, was gaily dressed in bunting, and placed at the command of the committee by her owner, A. Arcedeckne, Esq., we accepted an invitation and went on board for a time. We observed sundry implements of warfare in the shape of boarding pikes, muskets, &c., and with the use of which we have no doubt her crew are well acquainted, so that in the event of meeting with an enemy the *Novice* might prove an *adept*.

Before the hour of noon crowds were seen making for the piers, which were soon occupied by the *elite* of both counties, Norfolk and Suffolk:

thousands of persons of all denominations met in Lowestoft this year, and we make no doubt but that year after year the town will benefit by the munificent acts of Mr. Peto. On this occasion prizes to the value of £212 were distributed among the competitors, and great interest was excited by the trials of seamanship, especially in the yawl race, those craft being so well known for their continual rivalry.

The following noblemen and gentlemen were the patrons of this grand aquatic *fete*:—The Earl of Yarborough; Lord Londesborough; Lord Alfred Paget, M.P.; Sir Edward S. Gooch, M.P.; Sir Thomas M. Wilson, Bart.; Sir Fitzroy Kelly, M.P.; Samuel Morton Peto, Esq.; R. Stephenson, Esq., M.P.; David Waddington, Esq. M.P.; John C. Cobbold, Esq., M.P.; Andrew Arcedeckne, Esq.; F. Mills, Esq.; E. L. Betts, Esq.; H. W. Eaton, Esq.; James Goodson, Esq.

The Committee of Management consisted of G. Teed, D. H. Fry, R. Fergusson, Henry Hodges, R. H. Reeve, Thomas Lucas, H. G. Woods, W. Green, W. B. Wilton, D. Meadows, John Sultzer, J. O. Tayler, H. Ling, Robert Johnson, F. Morse, Thomas Preston, Robert Chamberlin, Samuel Webber, and F. A. Paull, Esqrs.; Captain Small, and Lieut. Joachim, R.N.

Sailing Committee.—W. Green, Esq., and Captain Small.

Umpires.—Thomas Preston, Esq., and Lieut. Joachim.

Treasurer.—R. Fergusson, Esq.

Secretary.—E. P. Norton, Esq.

To Captain Andrews great praise is due, as well as to the gentlemen above named. Never was a a regatta better managed, nor one sailed which gave greater satisfaction.

The First Prize sailed for was a piece of plate of the value of 100 guineas, for schooner yachts, belonging to a Royal Yacht Club. No restriction to sails or men, and no time allowed for tonnage. Entrance fee £2. 2s. Three to start or no race. The following yachts were entered and started for the race.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.	Distinguishing Flag.
863	Shark	150	W. Curling, Esq.	Light blue
1	Acorn	102	Capt. Wigsell, Esq.	Red
40	Aquiline	55	J. Cardinall, Esq,	Blue with Golden Eagle
415	Georgiana	110	Capt. Thullusson	White, red, and blue
631	Mayfly	140	G. Bidder, Esq.	Blue, white border

The course sailed was from abreast of the pier to the northward, passing round the Stanford Light ship, through the Stanford Channel,

thence to the station vessel moored it was said fifteen miles at sea. The Imperial steam tug was employed for this purpose, and she steered a course S.½E. dead in the wind's eye, and at the before-named distance dropped anchor, yachts at that time about five miles to leeward, they all tacked and stood on port tack for steamer, but the Aquilla coming within hail, suggested a longer course, when the Imperial again got underway, and ran about seven miles farther, making in all 22 miles, leaving the Imperial (station vessel) on the port hand, returning through Pakefield Gat to the starting place, between the Novice and the pier.

Being on board the Novice we are enabled to state that the preparatory gun was fired at twelve o'clock precisely, and as all the schooners were moored in line they formed with their anxious crews a very pretty sight. Not a sail was allowed to be raised until the starting gun (at 12h. 9m.) was fired, when "hoist away my hearties" was shouted by several skippers. Now all became bustle and excitement, yet with perfect order and regularity. "Huzza, now Titania show us your legs!" "Bravo Shark up with your canvas!" "Mayfly for ever!" and similar sounds were issued by the partizans of each craft. The Aquiline went away with the lead, and was followed closely by the Mayfly, Shark, Titania, Georgiana, &c. In this order they sailed before the wind for half a mile, when Mayfly shot ahead and kept the lead for a short time, but was forced to give way. The Aquiline held the lead to Stanford Gat, and astonished "all hands" by the fine sailing qualities she displayed, but when two vessels contend with equal smart crews the larger craft will succeed, so it was with Shark, she "took up the running" and distanced all her competitors.

They rounded the station vessel (the Imperial) as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Shark	2	12	30	Aquiline	2	26	0
Titania	2	17	0	Georgiana	2	27	0
May Fly	2	21	0				

After rounding the mark vessel considerable excitement prevailed in setting square-sails and square top-sails, the Shark having one of the largest sails of the latter kind we ever saw. She continued to gain on the others in the run home, and the Mayfly considerably decreased the distance between her and the Titania. The sight, as the yachts, with their enormous cloud of white canvas, under which they dashed along, reflected by the sun's rays, was certainly splendid in the extreme, and elicited a tremendous volley of cheers from the thousands assembled on the pier and esplanade, who greeted the Shark on her passing as winner of the magnificent prize liberally presented by S. M. Peto, Esq., M.P.

The schooners arrived as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Shark	3	41	0	May Fly	3	53	0
Titania	3	52	0	Aquiline	4	8	0

The others were not timed.

This was perhaps one of the most magnificent schooner matches ever seen. The excellent sea room afforded in this race every opportunity to display the seamanship of the crews. The wind at starting was at S.E. Sometimes would be seen the Shark and Aquiline on the port tack, and the Georgiana on the starboard tack; again would the Titania stand on the port tack and cross the bows of Georgiana, then again Aquiline, Mayfly and Titania would be on the starboard tack, each striving for victory. After the yachts had rounded the Imperial, she up anchor and steamed for the pier, and such was the speed of these craft she could not overtake them. And it was admitted by every yachtsman present, that it was the best contested match ever witnessed on the Eastern Coast.

During the match a steam frigate proceeding to the Baltic, hove in sight, and excited a good deal of interest. The Aquilla steamer following the schooners with Mr. Peto and a considerable number of gentlemen on board, went near enough to give the brave tars on board the frigate three hearty cheers, which were returned as only English sailors can cheer.

Prize of thirty sovereigns, between yawls from all parts. Four to start or no race. Half a minute per foot allowed for difference of length. First yawl to have £15, second £10, and third £5. No entrance fee, &c., &c. These yawls are fine open boats, once peculiar to the Eastern Coast, but are now in use in other parts of the island. They are used chiefly in the fisheries, and are of great service to vessels in distress. The yawls that were entered and competed took their stations in the following order:—

Names of Yawls.	Length.	Owners.	Port.
Queen Victoria	63 ft.	B. M. Bradbeer	Yarmouth
Eclipse	54	W. Bobbett	Lowestoft
Young Prince	48	Samuel Capps	Lowestoft
Beeswing	64	George Yallop	Lowestoft
Royal Standard	50	Robert Allen	Yarmouth
Royal Victoria	61	T. Hood	Yarmouth

The track sailed was from moorings laid down abreast of the New North Pier-head; round the Newcombe, leaving all the buoys and light ships of that sand on the starboard side; thence passing between the

pier and the Novice schooner to the starting place; three times round the same track, a distance of twelve miles. At 1h. 14m. the yawls started, and when in full sail presented a fine spectacle. They sailed northward, Beeswing having the lead for some distance. Their positions were continually varied in tacking, and they finished each round in the following order:—

Names of Yawls.	First Round.			Second Round.			Third Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Royal Victoria	2	23	44	3	28	36	4	34	31
Eclipse	2	21	3	3	30	11	4	38	57
Queen Victoria	2	22	23	3	29	43	4	31	3
Young Prince	2	30	42						

The Beeswing carried away her fore-mast in the first round, and the others not named above gave up, having no chance. Those that sailed in the second round took in a reef, there being a very stiff breeze. The excitement during the last round was intense, owing to the close sailing of the yawls, and the little difference of time between them. We are informed by a gentleman who was on board the Imperial, that returning to the pier after the schooner match, they met the yawls making for the station buoy, which after rounding repassed the steamer and left her far behind.

The Third Prize was a piece of plate of the value of thirty sovereigns, for cutter yachts over fifteen and not exceeding forty-five tons. Three to start or no race, half a minute per ton allowed for difference of tonnage. Entrance fee £1. 1s.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.	Distinguishing Flag.
960	Thought	25	G. Coope, Esq.	Red
758	Phantom	25	S. Lane, Esq.	White, red border
69	Avalon	35	J. Goodson, Esq.	White, green apple
628	Maud	25	Capt. Andrews	Blue and white

The course was the same as that sailed by the yawls.

The preparatory gun was fired at 1h. 33m. and the starting gun at 1h. 46m. The Maud was first under canvas, but the Thought took the lead in passing the flag-ship, followed next by the Phantom, Avalon third, with Maud close on the quarters of the Avalon.

This round was most excellently contested altho' several mishaps occurred. The main-halliard bolt of the Thought broke, but fortunately the jaws of the gaff were lashed up. The same accident occurred to her at Harwich, when we are informed, her main-sail was on deck for

nearly ten minutes. This was not all that happened to the Thought, for soon after starting the shackle of her traveller on the boom broke, and, but for her having a reef-earing rove, her sails would have come on board. The breaking of her two halliard bolts is attributed to the weakness of her mast-head, and, we hear it was announced that she would go to Gravesend for a new mast. The Phanton on starting got her topsail sheet round the gaff end, and the crew had to haul the sail down again before it could be put right. They finished the first and second rounds as follows :—

Names of Yachts.	First Round.			Second Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Thought	3	3	39	4	14	39
Phantom	3	7	32	4	17	52
Avalon	3	11	0	4	26	50
Maud	3	17	36	Gave up.		

In the second round one of the Phantom's crew fell overboard, but fortunately the Sea Nymph, R. Solly, Esq., was close by, and picked him up ; this circumstance rather retarded the Phantom as she prepared for putting about, for her worthy owner is too kind and generous to allow interest to weigh with him when humanity calls on him for assistance.

Let us look to this casualty carefully, the difference between the Thought and Phantom in this round was 10m. 20s., and no doubt *materially lessened* the latter's chance of winning. Considerable interest was now excited in the contest, and as the yachts bending to the breeze, swept over the waters, every eye was strained in admiration of the skilful manner in which they were handled by their respective crews. The match ended as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.
Thought	5	28	0
Phantom	5	31	30
Avalon	5	42	0

The Thought was very unfortunate at Lowestoft as regards divers mishaps. During the day she got on the sand opposite the harbour, and the Imperial tug broke a warp in endeavouring to get her off, and being engaged, was forced to abandon her, the tide was however flowing and she ultimately floated without assistance.

The fourth prize was a piece of plate of the value of twenty sovereigns, for cutter-yachts under fifteen tons ; three to start or no race ; half-a-minute per ton allowed for difference of tonnage. Entrance fee ten shillings.

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
1023	Vampire	cutter	15	C. Wheeler, Esq.
853	Sea Nymph	cutter	10	Richard Solly, Esq.
1094	Waveney	cutter	15	Thomas Lucas, Esq.

The Kitten, ten tons, T. Harvey, Esq., Ipswich, was entered, but did not sail. The course was the same as in the preceding race, and at 2h. 46m. P.M., the gun boomed from the Novice, schooner, for the start. The Sea Nymph went off with the other two, but, of course, not with the intention of competing for the prize, as she had a boat towing at her stern and only started to make a race. The Vampire soon took the lead, and retained it throughout, the Waveney at one time appearing to be nearly motionless for several minutes. In the first round the time was, —Vampire, 4h. 13m.; Waveney, 4h. 21m. 30s.; and, finally, the Vampire won easily, at 5h. 41m. This yacht won a similar prize last year.

This ended the sailing matches, with which thousands of spectators seemed to be highly gratified. As the evening drew on, the numbers of people greatly increased on the beach and the pier, and the weather being beautifully fine, all appeared to enjoy the scene. Bands of musicians played enlivening airs on the south pier, which greatly added to the entertainment of the company.

Rowing Match.—This was for a prize of ten sovereigns, to be rowed for by six-oared beach gigs, open to all. Four to start or no race. First £6, second £3, third £1. At 5h. 16m. 10s., the following started:—

Names of Boats.	Owners.	Ports.
Kate	Mr. J. Steel	Lowestoft
Frederick	Mr. John Scarlett	Aldborough
Teazer	Mr. Woodward	Southwold
I'll Try	Mr. William Bobbett	Lowestoft
Jenny Lind	Mr. John Mewse	Southwold
Cricketer	Mr. William Hansell	Southwold

The distance was about half-a-mile out and back along shore, and as the match could be easily seen, it excited much interest. The crews of the respective boats were heartily cheered by their friends as the boats passed.

The Frederick had only one bank of oars, being shorter than the other boats, which were double-banked. Notwithstanding this inequality of

strength, she obtained the lead soon after starting, and kept it for a considerable distance, till the Teazer and I'll Try passed her. The crew of the Teazer maintained their position throughout the match. There was a hard contest between the other three for the second place, and they kept oar to oar till within a few strokes of the buoy. Cricketer then succeeded in obtaining the second place, Frederic being third.

About 6 o'clock upwards of 200 gentlemen sat down to dinner in the splendid long room at the Royal Hotel; S. M. Peto, Esq., in the chair, supported by the Earl of Albemarle; D. Waddington, Esq., &c. The vice-chair was occupied by R. Till, Esq.

After the removal of the cloth, the Chairman proposed in succession, "the Queen," "Prince Albert and the rest of the Royal Family." [Applause.] Mr. Genge, a vocalist from London, sung the National Anthem, all the company joining in the chorus.

The Chairman then said, "I could not do justice to my own feelings or yours if I were to give the next toast without a few comments. The toast is the "Army and Navy." [Applause.] At all times that toast is received with respect, and at the present moment it has a claim on our interest which on former occasions in this room I could not ask for it. While we were viewing the highly interesting match between the schooners, it was our fate to meet one of her Majesty's steam frigates going to the Baltic. I need not tell you that we forgot the pleasures of the scene and gave those on board the frigate three hearty cheers, which I believe did them real good. [Applause.] I need only say, with respect to the present war, that it is felt universally throughout the whole country to be a necessary war. It is necessary in order to obtain an honourable peace, and we cannot do ourselves more justice than by toasting all the brave men who are representing this country. [Applause.] And with this toast I have the pleasure of associating the name of a nobleman on my right, the Earl of Albemarle. I'll give you the Army and Navy, success to them and every good we can possibly desire." [Prolonged applause.]

The Earl of Albemarle said, "Our excellent Chairman has done me the honour to associate my name with the two warlike professions which have been included in the last toast. We have always a maxim in the army, that when we are told to do a thing that is impossible, to try to do it first and then complain. Now this is my case. I feel that I cannot do justice to the toast. I simply obey the orders that I have received from my superior. My honourable friend has associated me with the toast because I have been in the service. As a matter of right, I have the painful pre-eminence of being the senior officer in this brilliant assembly. I have smelt powder burnt in the face of an enemy, and in the face of one that I trust in God no powder may be burnt in an unfriendly manner again. [Applause.] I believe you wish that day in which I bore a part to be obliterated, and when it is it will ensure to us the kindly good feeling that has so lately sprung up between

the two neighbouring countries. I am here, and I find but little support from those of my own profession. There are few old ones left, and all the young ones have gone out to the wars. Much as I honour my profession, I shall be very glad when it shall please God to restore them to all their friends and relations. I have no doubt of the manner in which they will acquit themselves. I have no doubt of their reflecting honour and credit on themselves; but having smelt powder myself, I feel more sincerely that I wish them well back again. My honourable friend in the chair has properly reminded you that it was a necessary war. I believe that it is as necessary as if the peace of our own country were to be disturbed by marauders, and I trust that in such a case we should re-enforce our police, as we have in the present case increased our army, and we should be as ready to resist the robber even if he wore a sceptre. [Prolonged applause.] I should be guilty of a great omission if I did not return thanks for a national service to which a relative of mine more particularly belongs, I mean our noble navy. [Contined applause.] I am like a man who was asked if he could speak German, he said no, but he had a brother who could play the German flute. [Laughter.] I know nothing of naval matters, but the name I bear is not unassociated with that service. I hope that there is no apparent boasting in this, but I do take pride in feeling that I am the representative of the naval service in my own family. At the present moment, if I did not find myself among friends I could not venture on the subject, but I should take some interest in my brother who belongs to a neighbouring county that produced a Nelson." [Applause.]

The Chairman.—"I am sure on such occasions as the present, when you are enjoying the social hour, you desire not to forget the respect that is due to the ministers of religion. I have the pleasure to give you the *Bishop of* the Diocese, and the Ministers of all Denominations; and in giving it, let me express how much pleasure I felt to-day on seeing the excellent Prelate, who officiated at the opening of the New Church last Saturday, on the Pier. He told me that it was a sight he much enjoyed, and it is a strong feeling of my own that the Ministers of Religion would do well to mix with the people on occasions of this kind. I have a strong feeling that these amusements do much to advance morality. I was informed to-day of a fact, that, after the two last regattas, not a case arising out of them came before the magistrates. I need not say that the presence of prelates like the Bishop of Winchester, and the learned gentleman who sits on my left hand, who is associated in the highest position with the instruction of youth, throws around the proceedings of to-day a sanction which we all appreciate. I give you 'the Bishop of the Diocese and the Ministers of Religion,' associating with it the name of Dr. Whewell." [Prolonged applause,]

Dr. Whewell on rising, was greeted with renewed cheers. He said, "After enjoying the brilliant spectacle of the day, he came there to refresh exhausted nature, and to his surprise he found himself in a place to which he conceived that he had no pretension. All present, as well as the clergy, must have heard with great satisfaction the sentiments of their Chairman, who regarded

such assemblages as bringing deeper thoughts than those of mere pleasure. He was sure that if the Bishop of Winchester were present, he would have felt great satisfaction on finding this direction given to their thoughts and feelings. He thanked the Chairman much for the tone he had given to their thoughts, and he hoped they would be all the better for it." [Applause.]

The Chairman next gave, "The Members for the County, mentioning the fact that Sir Edward Gooch and Sir Fitzroy Kelly, were patrons of the regatta." [Applause.]

The Earl of Albemarle said, "I have the honour to propose a toast. I should under other circumstances begin by expressing my diffidence, but I don't do so because the toast carries with it its own apology. It is one of the easiest toasts you can imagine, and you must be dull indeed if you do not anticipate what it is you most like. I speak the honest feeling of my heart, when I say one's heart warms as an Englishman to propose it. You will anticipate at once that I speak of our excellent Chairman. [Prolonged applause.] Gentlemen, I do not propose him as the possessor of a princely fortune alone, because uncoupled with anything, it is a mere vulgar attribute common to any industrious body of our countrymen, In this country many a man has arrived by honest industry to the mere worldly wealth of the Chairman; but it is an uncommon instance to find concentrated in one person, the maker of his own fortune, and the promoter, not merely of the material, but also of the spiritual well-being of his fellow countrymen. [Applause.] Gentlemen, I don't know a name in this country in which we can associate two things so well together as wealth, reproductive wealth, and at the same time the promotion of the moral conduct of that army of workmen that are in his employment. Gentlemen, I came here a long way from home, and nothing would have brought me but the name of my honorable friend, whom I thought I should have the pleasure of meeting. I have had the honour of sitting with him in the House of Commons, not because our opinions happen to be identical, but because I can propose him to persons of every shade of opinion in any county. [Applause] And, gentlemen, remember now what brought us together, this is a matter of consideration, I find that our Chairman, after attending to the material and spiritual interests of his countrymen, ministering to their recreation, and that in the best possible way. There cannot be a more national, and at the same time rational amusement than that which has brought us together to-day. But I am in a fright lest the train should start without me, and perhaps it is lucky for you that I am obliged to go. You will hear your Chairman all the sooner for my sitting down, and I now propose his health with three times three."

The toast was responded to accordingly with great enthusiasm.

Mr. Peto rose amid renewed cheers and said, "My Lord, I have to thank you for the kind and hearty way in which you have done me the honour to propose my health, and I need scarcely say, gentlemen, how deeply I must feel the kind and enthusiastic reception I have met here to day. Believe me it has given me unalloyed and unmixed pleasure to see Lowestoft with such

a regatta as to-day, to find gentlemen here from all parts of the two counties, with their fair ladies attending them, and at this table gentlemen whom I have known from my earliest youth, whom I respect, for with them I have been permitted to stand on terms of friendship, and with them are associated many friends and neighbours. It is a pleasant thing to be remembered in a kindly way by such friends. [Applause.] Gentlemen, I will only say that I can speak on any other subject better than of myself; I thank you with all my heart." [Applause.]

The Earl of Albemarle here rose and was about to leave the room, but the gentlemen around him urged him to remain. This occasioned him to address the company, and he again referred to the war.

Song—"Wapping Old Stairs."

The Chairman proposed "The Successful Competitors at the Regatta, expressing how deeply indebted all the promoters of the sports were to them." [Applause.]

Mr. Curling, the owner of the Shark, acknowledged the toast, and expressed himself highly delighted with the sports of the day.

Mr. Young returned thanks on behalf of the owner of the Vampire.

The Chairman, in a complimentary manner proposed the health of Mr. Robert Stephenson, whose yacht, though not successful, held a very honourable position in the race. [Applause.]

Mr. R. Stephenson said, "This day had been referred to as one of recreation, and as one of well conducted recreation, calculated to have a moral effect. He quite believed this, but the day might also be considered in a scientific point of view. Yachting had not been pursued in its present extent without having its effect on naval architecture. The Chairman had said that he, (Mr. S.) had left engineering on this day to promote yachting. but he begged to say that yatching presented some of the most abstruse phases of engineering. On looking on those noble vessels he could not help reflecting on the various forces that were brought into action and nicely balanced. Yatching men directed their attention chiefly to the form of the vessel, and he believed that much depended on the form of the hull, but he considered that this was only a secondary object. There was indeed more science requisite to be applied above than below the water. This had been less attended to than the form of the hull. Improvements had been made more rapidly in the form of the vessel than as regarded the sails, and he would advise yachting men to turn their attention more to the sails. As far back as he remembered they had remained stationery, but the hull had been improved. He was not forsaking his profession as an engineer when he turned his attention to yachting. He thanked the company for the cordial manner in which they had received the toast." [Applause.]

The Chairman proposed, "The Commodores and Vice-Commodores of England, associating with the toast the name of their excellent friend, Mr. Goodson, expressing a hope that they and their friends would continue to visit Lowestoft from year to year." [Applause.]

Mr. Goodson acknowledged the toast, observing that his friends in Lowestoft

had always exhibited the cordial feeling which would always encourage yachting men to come to this anniversary.

Song—"Sally in our Alley."

The Chairman gave "The Vice-Commodore of the Harwich Yacht Club, with thanks to him for the use of the Novice in starting the vessels." [Applause.]

Mr. Arcedeckne responded, and expressed his gratification at meeting his friends there.

Mr. Till proposed "The unsuccessful competitors, to whom all present were equally indebted as to those who were successful, for promoting the regatta. He coupled with the toast the name of Mr. Bidder, and warmly eulogised that gentleman." [Applause.]

Mr. G. P. Bidder said, "It was with no ordinary feelings of pleasure that he found himself associated with them on this day. He could not but look back with satisfaction to his connection with this place. He looked forward to the time when Lowestoft would become a great national port, but he felt that the particular part of the toast to which he had to respond was that of being associated with the unsuccessful yachtsmen. He had sailed a small vessel and been beaten, but, with the true spirit of an Englishman he would try again, and he hoped to live to beat his competitors yet. He had, on this occasion, learned a very good lesson; he would not occupy their time but only say that as long as he lived, his best energies would be devoted to the town."

Song, by Mr. Arcedeckne, "The Country Squire."

The Chairman gave "The Press, coupling with the toast the name of Mr. Bacon," who responded.

Mr. Till proposed, "The Committee, with health of Mr. Reeve," who returned thanks.

The Chairman gave, "Prosperity to the town, joining with the toast the healths of Messrs. Lucas and Captain Andrews," who acknowledged the toast.

After a few other toasts had been drunk, the company separated.

It was proposed that on Wednesday the 19th, a grand evolution squadron should manœuvre, but unfortunately as last year it ended in disappointment, there being too much wind.

Before we close this account we must recommend to the notice of all those who visit Lowestoft, and wish for comfort combined with reasonable charges and liberal treatment, to take up their quarters at the Crown Hotel, where by Mr. Mayhew the host, and the entire establishment every effort is made to please and give satisfaction.

ROYAL HARWICH REGATTA.

Took place on Saturday, July 15th, in Harwich Harbour, and may rank among the first of its class.

The morning was dull and cloudy, with a strong inclination to rain, but as the day advanced the brighter shone the sun, until at length he burst forth in all his brilliancy, dispelling the dark threatening clouds, as well as the gloom from many a heart. If there is anything more than another required to make pleasureable a day's excursion upon the water, it is a fine day. And certainly a more delightful one could not have been desired.

Harwich presents numberless advantages over other ports of our coast for holding a regatta. A harbour naturally beautiful, presenting a wide expanse of sea view on all sides, enabling the spectator to track the progress of the vessels in all directions. A more lovely scene could not be depicted than that viewed from the deck of the Novice. Around, as far as the eye could reach, were vessels of all sizes and class, decked with colours, riding quietly at anchor, or scudding along before a light breeze with their clouds of canvas, tiny boats with gaily dressed crews gliding along like sea birds, as the oars of the rowers kept time to some merry tune. A brightly beaming sun glittering upon the white crested wave, which danced merrily in the sunlight, the old town with its merry peal of church bells floating calmly on the breeze. At a distance was Landguard Fort, with its camp ground, studded with white tents, rendered doubly interesting by the bright sun. At intervals the cannon from the fort boomed forth and broke the silence of the waters, as if telling us of its readiness to protect us in our peaceful pursuits. As the time for the contests approached, the more interesting and animated became the scene around us. At a distance lie the contesting boats as if deserted, not a sail set, the crews only waiting the signal for departure to show us how soon the naked spars could be covered with snow white sails. Along the shore were numbers of spectators assembled to witness the matches, and all was life and motion.

Vice-commodore, A. Arcedeckne, Esq., kindly granted permission for his yacht, the Novice, to be the starting boat. A more admirable situation could not have been selected to drop her anchor than the one she occupied in the harbour. She was gaily decorated with flags of all nations, her decks, like her arrangements, were scrupulously neat. Not a rope out of its place, everything was arranged for comfort and pleasure, worthy of its kind hearted and generous owner. It has been our lot to be present on similar occasions, but never do we remember to have

experienced such kind consideration and courtesy as that on board the Novice. We are fully aware of the delicate nature of the subject we are upon, but truth bears a bright distinction, and may be spoken. A thorough Englishman at heart, a gentleman in manners and generosity, his sole desire appeared to be to contribute to the comforts of his guests. Not a thought was absent which could in any way lighten our labours or add to the necessary information required. To say less would be ungenerous, for he that has nature in him must be grateful; to say more would be superfluous. Those who had the good fortune to be guests on board the Novice will fully bear us out in the few remarks we have ventured to make.

Amongst the company on board the Novice were Lieut. Gutsmer; R. Stevens, Esq.; C. and R. Nalborough, Esqs.; A. Cobbold, Esq.; C. Smart, Esq.; Captain Thulluson, G. Coltwell, Esq.; G. Halfhide, Esq.; H. C. Ibbetson, Esq.; W. C. Randfield, Esq.; A. P. Barlow, Esq.; G. Groom, Esq.; (Swedish Vice Consul) P. Van de Wall, Esq.; W. Goodson, Esq.; G. C. Eagle, Esq., Treasurer R.L.Y.C. J. Cardinall, Esq.; Major Peppercorn.—The following yachts were present:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners
705	Novice	schooner	79	A. Arcedeckne, Esq.
631	Mayfly	schooner	140	G. P. Bidder, Esq.
1	Acorn	schooner	102	Capt. Wigsell.
40	Aquiline	schooner	55	J. Cardinall, Esq.
415	Georgiana	schooner	110	Captain Thullusson.
1045	Violet	sloop	58	G. Hobson, Esq.
723	Osprey	cutter	59	Col. Huey.
628	Maud	cutter	25	Captain Andrews.
758	Phantom	cutter	25	S. Lane, Esq.
960	Thought	cutter	25	G. Coope, Esq.
1023	Vampire	cutter	15	C. Wheeler, Esq.
619	Marina	cutter	52	W. J. Foster, Esq.
69	Avalon	cutter	35	J. Goodson, Esq.
532	Kitten	cutter	10	T. Harvey, junr., Esq.
289	Emetic	cutter	23	Major Mountjoy Martin
572	Little Duchess	cutter	12	B. Hill, Esq.
1054	Vixen	yawl	25	J. G. Robinson, Esq.
845	Sapphire	cutter	28	J. H. Baxendale, Esq.
853	Sea Nymph	cutter	10	J. Solly, junr., Esq.
673	Mischief	cutter	10	J. R. Kirby, Esq.
1209	Will o' the Wisp	cutter	44	G. Taylor, Esq.
25	Amazon	cutter	35	A. W. Young, Esq.
348	Fawn	cutter	15	F. T. Biddle, Esq.

The following was the arrangement of the day's programme:—

First class yachts of any rig or tonnage belonging to a Royal Yacht Club. Time race. For a piece of plate, value fifty guineas.

The following boats started :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No	Names of Yachts	Tons	Owners
239	Emetic	23	Major Martin
751	Phantom	25	S. Lane, Esq.
610	Marina	52	W. S. Foster, Esq.
960	Thought	25	G. Coope, Esq.

The course was forty miles round the Cork Light and Stone Bank, past the Novice, moored in the harbour, up the Stour to Erwarton Ness. This distance was twenty miles, which had to be gone over twice. Forty-five seconds were allowed per ton for difference in tonnage.

The signal for preparation having been given from the Novice, all hands on board the vessels were watching eagerly for the desired signal for starting. All now was breathless suspense. At about ten minutes past twelve, the cannon thundered forth its command, and instantly all was commotion. The naked spars were with lightning speed covered with clouds of snow white canvas, and the boats catching the wind, glided gently along. The Thought, in starting, unfortunately carried away her halliard bolts, which detained her more than five minutes, and she thus lost a considerable distance. But nothing daunted, she repaired her breach as soon as possible, and stretching every inch of canvas, was very quickly in pursuit. The known qualities of the various yachts in this race, bid fair to make it one of interest.

After an absence of about an hour and a half the yachts hove in sight, and passed the Novice in the following order :—

	h.	m.	s.
Phantom	1	47	30
Thought	1	48	15
Marina	1	50	0
Emetic	2	4	0

It will thus be seen that the Thought despite her accident at starting had lost not a moment of her time : sailing beautifully, and determined to show herself no easy opponent. The sailing qualities of the Phantom were severely tested. Her tonnage being the same as the Thought made the contest more interesting. The vessels having completed their run up the river, the completion of the first round of twenty miles now became, as they neared the Vice Commodore's yacht, a subject of great interest and speculation, the excitement was increased upon seeing the Phantom in the advance, with the bows of the Thought close upon her stern. The nearer the vessels approached the more doubtful became the

victory of the Phantom, and as the Phantom curved the Novice's bows, that of the Thought struck across the Phantom's midships, amid the hearty cheers of the company on the Committee boat, the Thought losing only by about a "neck." Such a match we never remember to have seen. The qualities of each boat were beautifully displayed, while the nautical skill of their pilots was admirable. The Marina was close upon her opponents, as will be seen by the following result.—

	h.	m.	s.
Phantom	2	46	55.
Thought	2	46	55½
Marina	2	47	0
Emetic	3	15	0

Shortly after four o'clock the wind gradually lulled unfortunately for the yachts, who now made a tedious voyage. The Phantom still kept in advance of her opponents, and as they neared the Novice, it was seen that the Marina had made up her lost time and gained first position, leaving the Thought far behind.

They passed the Novice as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.
Marina	4	54	35
Phantom	4	59	55
Thought	5	8	14

The boats now entered the river where the waters were every minute getting smoother and the breeze lighter. Their progress was slow, but not an inch of canvas was lost. Much anxiety was evinced as to the result, which, however, terminated in favour of the Phantom, after as beautifully a contested race as was ever witnessed.

	h.	m.	s.
Phantom	7	8	0
Marina	7	9	0
Thought	7	14	0

The boats were warmly cheered as they passed the Novice.

The Emetic gave up at an early stage of the match from some cause, whether from "sickness" or not, we cannot say.

Second Class.—For a piece of plate, value thirty guineas, to be sailed for by yachts of any rig or tonnage, belonging to the Royal Harwich Yacht Club. Time race. Distance forty miles, being twice over the same course as first-class vessels.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
40	Aquiline	schooner	55	J. Cardinall, Esq.
659	Minx	yawl	12	A. Barlow, Esq.
69	Avalon	cutter	35	J. Goodson, Esq.
532	Kitten	cutter	10	T. Harvey, Esq.

The starting signal being given, the boats were soon underway, the Avalon and Kitten being foremost; both of which exhibited some admirable sailing qualities. It was, however, clear at first, that unless the Aquiline and Minx made more headway, they would stand no chance with their competitors. This fact, we suppose, they soon discovered, for before the completion of half the distance, they declined the contest. The struggle now lay between the Avalon and Kitten, who completed the first half of the distance in this order:—

	h.	m.	s.
Avalon	2	17	15
Kitten	2	23	0

Both boats sailed beautifully, and it is doubtful, had the breeze continued, whether the Kitten would not have proved the victor; she skimmed playfully along, and under able guidance too. The absence of wind made the latter part of this match, perhaps, rather tedious. The water was without a ripple, and the sails hung lazily about the rigging. The evening was far advanced before the match was completed, and then the

	h.	m.	s.
Avalon	8	30	0

Avalon only was timed.

A Purse of Ten Guineas.—Presented by A. Arcedeckne, Esq., Vice-Commodore, to be sailed for by stone-dredging boats of any tonnage, belonging to Harwich or Ipswich;—viz.,—first boat, five guineas; second boat, three guineas; third boat, two guineas. The following boats entered, all being cutter-rigged:—

Boats' Names.	Tons.	Owners.	Boats' Names.	Tons.	Owners.
Atalanta	10	Mr. J. Stevens	Rowena	11	Mr. A. Abbott
The Brothers	10	Mr. W. Corbey	Laura	10	Mr. J. Cook
Providence	24	Mr. E. Wapping	Pertley	13	Mr. B. Norman
Unity	9	Mr. A. King	Magnet	12	Mr. R. Woodcock

Distance, twenty miles, being once over the same course as previous boats.

This was a most excellent match. As they neared the Novice the result was extremely doubtful, and the race became every moment more exciting. Every exertion was used—every manœuvre practised which nautical skill could devise to court the evening breeze and force the speed of the boats, which now moved as slowly on the smooth waters as to be scarcely recognized in motion. Nearer they came, and a hearty cheer broke the almost death-like stillness of the waters. The Magnet

was the first that ran under the bows of the Novice, her opponents following in a group, as under:—

	h.	m.	s.
Magnet	6	53	30
Providence	6	55	0
Laura	6	56	30
Rowena	6	57	0

The other boats did not make their appearance.

ROWING MATCHES.

A match by four-oared boats of any length. First boat. three guineas, second boat, one guinea, third boat, the entrance money.

Mermaid	1
Black Ghost	2
Victoria	3

A match by four-oared boats not exceeding twenty-five feet in length. First boat, two guineas, second boat, one guinea, third boat, the entrance money.

Blue-eyed Maid	1
Lady of the Lake	2
Speedwell	3

A match by two-oared boats not exceeding sixteen feet in length. First boat, thirty shillings, second boat, ten shillings, third boat, the entrance money.

Topsy	1
Swift	2

A match by two-oared boats not exceeding fifteen feet in length. to be rowed by Harwich watermen not less than fifty years of age. First boat, one guinea, second boat, ten shillings and sixpence, third boat, the entrance money.

Ann	1
Doctor	2
William	3
Surprise	4

The above matches were well-contested, and afforded much gratification to the company.

A duck hunt for one guinea,—Charles Murrell was the duck and was caught.

A variety of sports took place on the Esplanade, on which was assembled a great number of people, comprising donkey racing, jumping in sacks, &c., which afforded much amusement. An excellent brass band was in attendance and performed during the afternoon and evening. A display of fireworks also took place in the evening.

The Regatta Dinner took place as usual, at the Three Cups Hotel, under the able presidency of the Vice-commodore, A, Arcedeckne, Esq. About thirty gentlemen sat down. The usual loyal and complimentary toasts were given and responded to, and a most agreeable evening passed.

In conclusion, it may be said the Harwich Regatta of 1854 takes precedence of all previous ones, both as regards quality of sailing and attendance of yachts. Great thanks are due to the Committee and other gentlemen for their admirable arrangements and active exertions.

ROYAL MERSEY REGATTA.

THE morning of the 8th of July last was most splendid, and the wind increased to a pleasant whole sail breeze from north-east, and promised a slashing race for the challenge cup, but increased considerably at 2h. 30m., p.m., accompanied with plenty of rain. The commodore, (T. Littledale, Esq.,) owner of the Ariel, 118 tons, being unavoidably absent, Vice-commodore, B. H. Jones, Esq., became the "Admiral of the Fleet," and he was accompanied on board the steamer by a large party, which proceeded from Liverpool to the Marine Station at Birkenhead, where the yachts entered for the match were found ready to cast off their moorings, and hoist their canvas to the breeze.

The match was for the Challenge Cup, value £100 with £25 added, over the challenge cup course, with usual allowance for time, viz: ¾m., under 25 tons, ½m. from 25 to 50 tons; and ¼m. for all above 50 tons.

The following yachts entered and sailed:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
103	Blue Belle	cutter	32	R. M. Grinnell, Esq.
140	Challenge	cutter	8	A. Bower, Esq.
914	Stanley	cutter	11	T. Wilson, Esq.
198	Cynthia	cutter	51	H. Roe, junr., Esq.
265	Electric	cutter	8	J. Wilkinson, Esq.
176	Coralie	cutter	35	A. E. Byrne, Esq.

The following yachts were expected to be in the match, but could be got ready we believe; viz: Mirage, 18 tons; Ranger, 12 tons. Victoria, 13 tons, (H. Melling, Esq.,) was stationed as the flag-boat.

At 11h. 15m., a.m., all being ready the signal gun for starting was fired: the Blue Bell got off the first, all canting to starboard, Cynthia set a very full sized jib expecting the wind to draw well to the east, outside, and so enable her to reach out, in which case it would have been "Good bye, Coralie, &c.," as it was the wind gradually drew to the north, and made it a dead beat out of the river, and the following table will show the amount of work done, and prove to the owners of weatherly craft that this is the best course for them when the wind has any north in it.

Position	Names of Yachts.	Tacked to Port.			Position	Names of Yachts.	Tacked Starboard.		
		h.	m.	s.			h.	m.	s.
1	Cynthia.....	11	18	0	1	Cynthia	11	23	10
5	Challenge	11	18	5	5	Coralie.....	11	23	0
6	Coralie.....	11	18	0	2	Blue Belle.....	11	24	30
2	Blue Belle.....	11	19	0	4	Stanley	11	25	0
4	Stanley.....	11	19	15	3	Electric.....	11	25	20
3	Electric	11	19	30	6	Challenge.....	11	25	0
1	Cynthia	11	26	0	1	Cynthia	11	32	0
2	Blue Belle.....	11	28	0	2	Blue Belle.....	11	32	5
5	Coralie.....	11	29	0	5	Coralie.....	11	32	30
4	Stanley.....	11	30	0	4	Stanley	11	35	0
3	Electric	11	31	0	3	Electric.....			
6	Challenge.....	11	31	20	6	Challenge			
1	Cynthia	11	36	30	3	Coralie.....	11	39	0
2	Blue Belle.....	11	36	0	2	Blue Belle.....	11	40	0
5	Coralie.....	11	35	45	1	Cynthia	11	42	0
4	Stanley.....	11	41	45					
3	Electric								
6	Challenge.....								
	Entrance of river				1	Coralie.....	12	7	0
2	Coralie.....	11	42	0	2	Cynthia	12	9	0
1	Blue Belle.....	11	42	45	3	Blue Belle.....	12	11	0
3	Cynthia	11	46	0					
4	Electric								
					1	Coralie.....	12	28	0
1	Coralie.....	12	9	45	2	Cynthia.....	12	32	0
2	Cynthia.....	12	12	0	3	Blue Belle.....	12	37	0
3	Blue Belle	12	14	0	4	Stanley.....	12	34	0
1	Coralie.....	12	30	10					
2	Cynthia	12	33	30					
3	Blue Belle.....	12	40	0		And so to round Bell Buoy.			
4	Electric.....	12	41	0					
5	Stanley	12	44	0					
6	Challenge								

At 11h. 18m., Cynthia went about weathering all, and the wind gradu-

ally freshening, drew more to the north, making it a dead beat out of the river, at the entrance of which Blue Belle and Coralie, standing well in to the eastward, off the end of the new docks, caught a fine slant of easterly wind, the former getting the best share, and for a time led the fleet; the Cynthia tacking to starboard, soon after passed under their lee, being then third vessel. The Electric, sloop-rigged, one of the R.M.Y.C., was sailing beautifully in the fourth position, with a new main-sail, and lying well to windward of all the others, and at times endangering the position of the Blue Belle. The Stanley's alterations had evidently damaged her good qualities; she was not at all like the clever craft she proved herself last year. The Challenge's main-sail had stretched considerably, and there did not seem to be sufficient hoist for it.

The Crosby Light-Ship was passed about 12h. 15m. Coralie leading, tacked to starboard at 12h. 7m., Cynthia at 12h. 9m., and Blue Belle 12h. 11m.; again tacking respectively at 12h. 9m. 45s., 12h. 12m., and 12. 14m. to port.

No change in position took place to the Bell Buoy, but Blue Belle lost ground by hoisting her balloon-jib too soon, and having to tack twice with it set, the Coralie rounding the buoy thirty-five seconds ahead of Cynthia, but the latter passed her in running to the north-west light-ship, when there was but little wind; Electric, Stanley, and Challenge, in like manner passing Blue Belle, whose very small sails were ill-suited for such weather.

After rounding the light-ship there was an increase of breeze, obliging Cynthia, Coralie, and Stanley, to take in top-sails, and Electric and Challenge to reef. Not so the Blue Belle, she carried all with ease, passing quickly from far astern into her former position of third.

Nothing of moment, beyond the retiring of the two plucky little craft, Challenge and Electric, occurred till the Bell Buoy was nearly reached for the last time, when it became evident that having more to contend with than a smooth sea and light airs, Coralie was overpowering Cynthia; for with the increased breeze and change of tide, a considerable sea got up, in beating up against which Coralie's long and beautiful bow came into use with great effect and she was enabled to round the buoy only two minutes and a half astern of the Cynthia, the latter having unfortunately considerably over-reached herself, and in the run up, not being smart in setting her large top-sail, she gained but little on the Coralie, the latter passing the flag-ship, the winner, with four minutes and a half to spare, thus preserving the cup to the club for another year.

The following are the exact times at which the vessels reached the different buoys, &c. :—

Yachts.	Bell Buoy.			NW. Lt. Shp.			Bell Buoy.			NW. Lt. Shp.			Bell Buoy.			Flag Ship.		
	h.	m.	s	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Cynthia ...	12	58	5	2	2	45	2	55	5	3	25	0	4	31	0	6	9	21
Coralie	12	57	36	2	5	30	2	59	20	3	30	0	4	33	30	6	12	40
Blue Belle.	1	11	15	2	23	0	3	26	10	4	3	0	5	15	0	6	58	0
Electric ...	1	17	15	2	16	15	gave up, sea and wind too much											
Stanley	1	18	0	2	18	35	3	30	5	4	5	30	not timed					
Challenge..	1	29	30	2	21	50	gave up, sea and wind too much											
Time occupied between the different Marks.																		
Coralie	1	42	30	1	5	15	0	52	20	0	29	55	1	6	0	1	38	10
Cynthia ...	1	43	5	1	7	25	0	53	50	0	30	40	1	3	30	1	38	57
Blue Belle	1	56	15	1	11	45	1	8	10	0	36	50	1	12	0	1	43	0
Electric ...	2	2	15	0	59	0												
Stanley	2	3	0	1	0	35	1	11	35	0	35	25						
Challenge..	2	14	30	0	52	20												

In presenting the cup and purse to Mr. Byrne, the Vice-Commodore complimented him on his success, and on the manner in which he had sailed his vessel. The Coralie last year won the Queen's cup beating thirteen others, including Cynthia, Pauline, Tartar, Miranda, Enchantress, &c., but for the Challenge cup was easily beaten, the weather being light. Among the numerous yachts that accompanied the match, we noticed the Rosalind schooner, the Princess Olga, schooner, the Nimrod, the Ranger, Quickstep, Jessica, the Viola, the Flying Cloud, and many others.

ROYAL IRISH YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

The Regatta of this spirited yacht club came off at Kingstown, on Tuesday, the 18th, and Wednesday, the 19th of July. From the circumstance of the Grand Corinthian Sailing Matches of the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, having been arranged to come off on the days succeeding those of the Royal Irish, it may be easily conceived that no ordinary degree of interest was aroused in the yachting circles, and the liberality of the prizes, together with the various inducements held forth for a cruize to this now renowned yachting station, produced a fleet of clippers in its waters during the eventful four days, which has rarely, if ever, been exceeded.

As the eye roamed o'er the picturesque harbour upon the evening previous to the regatta, the gigs and dinghys of the various yachts might be seen busily flitting about, and the merry laugh rung loud at the passing jest and smart retort, as some gay son of Neptune bantered his shipmates about the success or the failure of the morrow. The centre of all attraction appeared to be the club yacht, the Owen Glendower, belonging to the Royal Westerns, whose decks and saloons were crowded the whole evening with groups of yachtsmen belonging to the various Royal Yacht Clubs, the all-engrossing topic appearing to be the gentlemen crews for the Corinthian.

The club-houses on shore too appeared crowded, and we do not remember upon any previous occasion having seen more enthusiasm aroused. Crowding around the above mentioned club-yacht were the boats of the yacht-owners on board, and as we were coming alongside to learn the sayings and doings of the hardy salts there on board assembled, we found the quarter-gangways so completely blocked up with boats, that we were fain to betake ourselves under the stern, and by the aid of a strong arm and tough rope endeavour to gain footing o'er the taffrail. Low growling tones caught our ear, and hearing the names of several yachts mentioned, we as quickly dropped into the skiff, and without a word of apology shoved her in between two yachts' boats, whose occupants, one a veteran son of the Green Isle, and the other an ancient mariner from "Scotland's shores so bonnie," were engaged in a warm discussion as to the merits of the favorites.

"Ay, an' by my soul ids wind we'll have, Misther Mac Bain, and no mistake."

"Weel, mon, an' if it is it 'ill tak' sma' weetchraft to tell the winner."

"That Bristol boat the Bony-toe is a purty vessel entirely, but that Wild-flyer, och! she's the devil all out,—shure ye might as well look at a hatchet end on!"

"She's no the better a' that mon!"

"Well there's th'ould Cynthee, what have you to say agin her?"

"Naething, mon, naething"

"I believe ye, boy,—ay! an' we have another here we're not ashamed av aither, an' that's the ould Chanther from Cork."

"The Enchantress, friend, ye'll mean, always gie yersel the habit of calling things by their proper names!"

"Musha thin I b'lieve yer right, Misther Mac, bud shure ids a qu way we have among the wild Irish."

"Ye're no sae bad as that neither, ye have some hardy chiels am ye're clubs here, men as can handle a craft an' no be ashamed on it.

"Ay, an' we're not ashamed av thim aythe, bud ids the boats, Misther Mac! There's two more now I want to ax ye about, bekase ye see as how ye are a knowledgeable man, an' I have a couple of weeks' wages lyin' by me; now there's the Choralee, an' another, a mighty quare name, the Sim—Sim—something or another!"

"Cymba, mon, Cymba, whilk is reputed to be the name of the wee barkie in which Charon; ye'll know Charon I've leetle doot, ferries his passengers puir sowls across the River Styx!"

"Oh! tare-an'-agers, ids all up wid me thin,—the divil's chilther ye know."

The rush of a boat through the water, and a hearty roar of laughter followed Pat's consternation, and furnished food for merriment and speculation, as to the probable position the vessel in question would occupy during the ensuing days.

Tuesday, the 18th, opened with a fine rattling breeze at south, bringing up a bit of a roll into the bay, but just such a day as a thorough yachtsman would delight in. The club-houses of the Royal St. George and Royal Irish were tastefully decorated with signal flags, burgees, and ensigns, with their various emblazonments, &c.; and were early thronged with a gay and fashionable assemblage.

The club yacht of the Royal Western's, the Owen Glendower, was dressed forth in her gayest bunting, and was thronged with fashion, youth, and beauty, during each day of the regatta. The splendid band of the 1st Royal Dragoons performing the most admired music of the day, and in the intervals of the races an ample and sumptuous *dejeuner* was provided by the club steward.

The Marquis of Conynham's fine schooner, the Fairy, carrying his broad pendant as Commodore of the Royal St. George's Yacht Club, together with Mr. William C. Ward Jackson's splendid schooner, Gitana, just returned from Copenhagen, and the Magician, yawl, from Constantinople, R. Batt, Esq., Commodore of the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland; the Emerald, schooner, J. Thomson, Esq.; the Rosalind, schooner, T. Birchall, Esq.; the Blanche, yawl, Vice-Commodore Lord Otho Fitzgerald; with an immense fleet of schooners and cutters, which our space will not permit us to enumerate, were covered with flags of all nations, and put one in mind of some enormous forest, where instead of leaves, the trees were covered with flowers of varied and brilliant hue. As the hour drew near for the starting of the first race, the interest became intense, and at a little after ten o'clock the following yachts came to the starting buoys:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts	Tons	Owners.	Distinguishing Flag.
108	Bonita.....	30	T. Barnes, Esq.....	Blue, with silver fish
1208	Wildfire	57	F. Thynne, Esq	Dark blue
198	Cynthia.....	50	H. Roe, junr., Esq...	Blue, white crescent
191	Cymba.....	54	J. M. Rowan, Esq...	Blue Peter

A fresh breeze at south cheered on the gallant crews to the noble struggle, and certainly four such vessels it has seldom fallen to the lot of yachtsmen to see matched against each other.

At 11h. 8m. A.M., the gun was fired and away bounded the matchless little sea-birds; in the run out of the harbour the Bonita placed herself foremost, closely attended by the Cymba and Cynthia, with the Wildfire in dangerous proximity. From the first flag-boat off the harbour's mouth it was a dead heat to the flag-boat off the Muglin, and after hauling by the wind round the first boat, the Cymba went up and boldly challenged her three competitors to a trial upon the best point of sailing: tack for tack, in and out of Scotchman's Bay worked the flying fifties, and undauntedly did the beautiful Bonita proudly hold her own against her formidable antagonists; cheer after cheer burst from the hundreds who thronged the back of the Eastern Pier, as they accompanied the vessels which worked close to the pier into the little bay ; when, lo! to to the regret of all whose hearts were wrapt in the right away fair manly struggle, away went the pretty Cynthia's jib-halliards, and we believe her jib-traveller was at the same time carried away, and the blue burgee with its silver crescent descending from the truck, told that she had given up the struggle. On, on, pressed the Cymba, another tack and she was away round the flag-boat hotly pressed by Bonita and Wildfire; faster and faster seemed the Scotish lassie to fly, and proudly careening in her wake foamed her dauntless antagonists. The second disaster and the race was left between two ; the Wildfire carried away either her main-halliard block or the halliards themselves, as her main-sail came down by the run, and bearing up for the harbour she left the struggle between Cymba and Bonita; immediately afterwards the Cymba carried away her bobstay fall, but in shorter time than we take to tell it the jib was off her, a new bobstay fall rove, and a smaller jib set, she was n[illegible] after caught by the Bonita, and after a splendidly sailed race they arr[illegible] at the flag-ship as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.
Cymba	3	38	7
Bonita	4	8	55

The course inclusive of the extra distance made in turning to windward was about fifty nautic miles, and was performed in 4h. 30m. 7s. at an average speed of eleven knots an hour, beating the Bonita, exclusive of the allowance of half minute per ton for difference of tonnage, 19m. 18s. The prize a very handsome tea kettle, with spirit lamp, &c., valued at sixty guineas, was presented in the most liberal manner by the Royal St. George's Yacht Club.

The second race of the day was for a purse of £40, presented by the Dublin and Kingstown Railway Company, a time race, for which the following yachts came to the starting buoys.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts	Tons.	Owners	Distinguishing Flag.
174	Coralie	35	A. E. Byrne, Esq....	White, blue cross
648	Meteor	33	J. Kennedy, Esq.....	White, seven blue balls
358	Fingal.....	17	F. Gowan, Esq,.....	White, red cross
870	Siren.....	16	W. Verner, Esq.....	Blue
145	Champion.....	30	R. D. Kane, Esq.....	Red and white chequers

This was a hotly contested race at the commencement; much was expected from the Champion, she having been recently lengthened by Wanhill of Poole, her builder, who expressed a high opinion of her speed, eventually however the gallantly sailed Coralie went in and won as she pleased, being the second of "Auld Wull Fyfe's" children that won on the first day. Time at flag-ship—

	h.	m.	s.
Coralie.....	3	49	52
Meteor.....	4	1	40
Champion.....	4	17	28

Course about thirty nautic miles inclusive of extra distances to windward, in a long and short leg going the reverse way to the long course with wind at south.

The last sailing match of the day was for a prize of £10, presented by the Dublin and Kingstown Railway Company, for yachts of eight tons and under, it was declared to be won by the Sybil, eight tons, F. Walker Hodgens, Esq., beating Torment, five tons, and Truant three and a half tons.

Several rowing matches took place, as also sculling matches, punt chases, fishermen's races, &c., which our space will not allow us to give in detail.

The ball of the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland given in the Almack's room of the Rotunda, Dublin, wound up the proceedings of the

first day, it was a most brilliant affair, and nothing could exceed the attention of Commodore Batt, the officers of the club and stewards to their various guests.

At one o'clock a party of 400 were entertained at a sumptuous supper, with a profusion of wines of the finest and rarest description, the splendid band of the 21st Royal Scots Fusileers performed alternately with Kelly's celebrated band; dancing was resumed after supper and continued until an early hour in the morning.

Wednesday, July 19th.—This morning as the previous one, was ushered in with strong winds, the tail of a gale which had been blowing from the southward and westward all night. The first prize was a purse of 100 sovereigns, presented by the Royal Irish Yacht Club, for which the following vessels came to the starting buoys;—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts	Tons	Owners	Distinguishing Flag
108	Bonita.....	80	T. Barnes, Esq.....	Blue, with silver fish
1208	Wildfire.....	57	F. Thynne, Esq.....	Dark Blue
198	Cynthia.....	50	H. Roe, junr., Esq...	Blue, silver crescent
704	Norma.....	45	M. Barrington, Esq.	Red
145	Champion	30	R. D. Kane, Esq.....	Red and white chequers
176	Coralie.....	35	A. E. Byrne, Esq....	White, blue cross
197	Cymba.....	54	J. M. Rowan, Esq....	Blue Peter

With a strong breeze W.S.W., a beautiful start was effected at 11h. 50m. The Cynthia led off at a rattling pace followed by the Coralie and the remaining vessels all in a line. After rounding the Muglin flag-boat the Cymba showed that she again meant mischief, by overhauling Cynthia and going into the foremost place; the Wildfire and Coralie shortly after ran past Cynthia, leaving her fourth, the Bonita fifth, Champion sixth, and Norma astern of all. The Cymba led round the Kish in slashing style and appeared as if she had everything her own way, when suddenly she ran into a belt of calm, and the sternmost vessels hauling their wind more into the bay upon witnessing her mishap, kept a strong breeze along the edge of the calm, and the Wildfire went to the front closely followed by the Cynthia, Coralie and Bonita. After about half-an-hour, during which the other vessels got a tremendous lead, poor little Cymba again got the breeze, but nothing disheartened, gallant crew went to work with a will and succeeded in shortly laying alongside her more fortunate competitors; she overhauled Bonita, pa Coralie, was quickly ahead of Cynthia, and in wild pursuit of the fly Wildfire. Off the harbour's mouth it fell calm again and the Wild

succeeded in getting a fresh breeze and a tremendous lead round the Muglin flag-boat; at it went Cymba like a noble barkie, and as the vessels again left the land for the second rounding of the Kish light ship the breeze freshened very much, but it was ten to one on the Wildfire from the lead she had got; midway however between the Kish and Candlestick Bay, her main halliards went, and down came her main-sail on the deck; quick hands and hardy hearts however soon repaired damages and she was off again with the lead, the Cymba having in the mean time considerably drawn upon her; when she hauled her wind for the bar flag-boat, the qualities of the Cymba began to show themselves; she lay up in the very eyes of the wind, going like a race horse, and placed herself alongside of the Wildfire on rounding the second last flag-boat. Away went these gallant clippers at it, every sail, and rope, and spar, watched by their daring crews, their watchword death or glory. It was a struggle of the most intense interest, and as they rounded the last flag-boat the Wildfire again shot ahead, any money on the Wildfire, when lo! amidst a deafening cheer the saucy Cymba glided past her again, and the two noble vessels arrived at the flag-ship together, the Cymba getting her bowsprit and mast clear of the post, just three seconds before the Wildfire. Such a gallant struggle and such beautiful handling of both vessels never was witnessed before in Kingstown Harbour. The flag-ship time was thus :—

	h.	m.	s.
Cymba	4	37	16
Wildfire	4	37	19
Coralie	4	49	27
Champion	5	12	2

The Cynthia sprung her mast after passing the Kish Light ship on second round, and Bonita and Norma were not placed, the course this day from the direction of the wind was more of a reaching and running course, and might be calculated at about forty-six nautic miles, which was performed in 4h. 47m. 16s. at an average speed of ten knots an hour.

The second race of the day was for a purse of £30, presented by the Dublin and Kingstown Railway Company, for which the following yachts started :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts	Tons	Owners	Distinguishing Flag
180	Cormorant	20	J. Charley, Esq.	Red, white cross
358	Fingal	17	F. Gowan, Esq.	White, red cross
370	Siren	16	W. Verner, Esq.	Blue

After a gallantly sailed race the Siren came in first, time at flag-ship thus :—

	h.	m.	s.
Siren	5	12	3
Cormorant	3	18	36

Fingal not placed. Course about twenty-eight miles.

A third race took place for a purse of £10, between yachts of eight tons and under, when the following vessels contended.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts	Tons	Owners
	Sybil	8	T. Walker Hodgens, Esq.
965	Torment	5	J. Todhunter, Esq.
971	Truant	3½	J. A. Clarke, Esq.

This race was not decided owing to some alleged fouling.

Gig races, boat races, and a display of fireworks, concluded the Royal Irish Regatta of 1854.

ROYAL WESTERN YACHT CLUB OF IRELAND.

On the 20th and 21st of July last, the Grand Corinthian Sailing Matches came off. It was rather a novel feature in yachting to find so many superior craft manned by gentlemen. This circumstance speaks well for the excellent attention paid to nauticul acquirements, by at least some of our yachtsmen.

This affair removes some of the sneers levelled at the gold lace and anchor buttons, and will tend to disabuse the minds of many of that stupid opinion, that all yachtsmen, unless bred to the sea service, know little or nothing of sailing; but suppose the majority that have yachts merely keep them because its the *fashion !*

On this occasion, divers shrugs of the shoulders, twinkling of the eye, and sundry pooh, poohs, were indulged in; but sorely to the discomfiture of these drivellers, or would-be-thought clever men, the Corinthians proved this day that they not only knew the theory, but likewise practice of handling large craft as well as small ones.

We have it on record in the R.I.Y.C., that the Charlotte, of eig tons, was at one time manned by gentlemen, who constituted her worl crew for one or two seasons, and their seamanship was much adm by those acquainted with nautical affairs.

On the present occasion there were thirteen yachts entered, and only the following started :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts	Tons	Owners.	Distinguishing Flag.
197	Cymba	53	J. M. Rowan, Esq.	Blue Peter
698	Nimrod	40	H. Bridson, Esq	Blue and white chequers
513	Julia	44	O'Reilly Dease, Esq.	Union Jack
291	Enchantress	48	S. Hodder, Esq	White
174	Coralie	35	A. G. Byrne, Esq.	White, blue cross
386	Forest Fly	40	Colonel Powell	Red and yellow chequers
198	Cynthia	50	H. Roe, junr., Esq.	Blue, silver crescent
	Pearl	30	G. Fox, Esq	Red with golden eagle
108	Bonita	30	T. Barnes, Esq	Blue, silver fish

The Cynthia was the favourite, as it was known that she had shipped a crack crew, and several experienced hands from the Mersey had also joined her. The Nimrod was in favour from her known capabilities as a fast and powerful sea-boat, and from the experience of her spirited owner and his reputation as a yachtsman; a more daring or determined crew may be safely said were not among the fleet. The Cymba, from her previous triumphs, had of course her extraordinary speed to recommend her, but her crew were new to her, and being the heaviest vessel to handle, both in spars and sails, though a favourite vessel and heavily backed, her success was deemed anything but a certainty. The gallant little Coralie stood high in favour, as also did Enchantress and Bonita; the latter beautiful little vessel being often quoted at liberal figures. It is but justice to say that both Enchantress and Forest Fly were short-handed, which would not have been the case if their gallant owners had signified their wants in sufficient time.

The morning of Thursday opened with a hard gale blowing at from S.b.W.

Commodore Batt inspected every vessel about to contend, and saw that both boats and life-buoys were ready for service. Wilder and stronger freshened the gale, and as the hour for starting approached first single reefs and then double-reefed main-sails and small jibs were the order of the day. Just as the blue-peter for starting was about to be hoisted, the Cynthia swept round the stern of the Commodore, hauled down her racing flag and signified her determination not to start. This of course caused great disappointment, and now all eyes were bent upon the Cymba, Nimrod, Bonita, and Coralie, who like gladiators entering the arena, were evidently preparing for a deadly struggle ; and were it

not that the observer had been previously made aware of the conditions of the race, the most fastidious eye could not detect aught save the proud bearing of the confident sailor, as each and every member of a crew, silently and quickly performed the duty allotted to him.

At 12h. 30m. the starting gun was fired. The Coralie and Bonita took the lead, closely followed by their watchful antagonists, the Cymba and Nimrod, and these four made a wild dash for the first flag-boat, rounding it almost beam and beam. Upon hauling by the wind for the second flag-boat, the Cymba again declared to win, and hotly pressed by the daring Coralie went gallantly to the front. On came the hardy Nimrod and the sweeping little Bonita, and a more noble struggle could not be witnessed than these vessels going for the second flag-boat, the Enchantress and Pearl well up. As the vessels left the land for the Kish Light-ship they began to experience the full fury of the gale, with a nasty cross sea on.

It was a glorious sight to see these clippers going out through the sea, careening wildly as if in mad triumph amidst clouds of foam and spoon drift, ever anon would arise the joyous cheer and merry laugh of the fearless crews, as some one vessel borne higher upon a loftier surge, would exhibit her whole fore-foot as she emerged from the towering wave. The Kish Light was gained and the crew of the Ship manned her bulwarks and gave three loud cheers, as vessel after vessel jibed round the light-vessel hardily and well, notwithstanding the weight of sea and wind. From this point the gale increased steadily, westering slightly, and the splendid little Bonita burst her starboard channel-plates and port forward-shroud, and had to bear up for the harbour.

The struggle now lay between the Cymba, Coralie, and Nimrod, and never probably during any race was witnessed more skilful or more daring handling; to say that one crew was more perfect than another, it would be impossible, the three vessels were handled to perfection. Upon the second round going out for the Kish, heavy squalls added to the weight of the sea, and so heavily did one strike the vessels that the Cymba cautiously hauled down fore-sail and triced up her main-tack. The fore-sail of the Coralie was blown from the bolt-ropes, but was speedily replaced.

The wind had now increased to such a degree that jibing round the ship was out of the question, and lo! a loud report like the crack of a pistol, announced to the watchful crew of the Cymba, that her boom was sprung; warily was she stayed to the eastward of the Kish Light-ship, and before a word was spoken she was away upon her course a mile never after to be caught. After a splendid and exciting race which set

at nought for ever all sneering credulity as to the capabilities of Corinthian crews, these vessels arrived at the flag-ship thus :—

	h.	m.	s.
Cymba	4	58	30
Coralie	5	18	15
Nimrod	6	0	0

The course inclusive of the extra distance made in turning to windward was about forty-eight nautic miles, and was performed in 4h. 28m. 30s., at an average speed of twelve knots an hour.

The crew of the Cymba consisted of the following gentlemen, members of Royal Yacht Clubs :—Messrs. J. M. Rowan, (owner); S. French and William Cooper, (helmsmen); M. Kendrick; Lewis; Captain Lyon; J. C. Neligan; Jervis Palmer; Sir Jocelyn Coghill, Bart.; Butler, George Middleton; Alfred Middleton; James Thomson; J. P. Bushe; A. Templeman, 21st Fusileers; and J. K. Forest;—chiefly members of the R.W.Y.C.; Robert Mc'Kirdy, sailing-master; and Harry Morrison, pilot.

On Friday, the 21st, the Royal Westerns were again favoured with a slashing breeze at S.W.b.W., and a good sea on.

At 12h. 30m., the following clippers started for the Corinthian Cup of fifty guineas :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.	Distinguishing Flags.
1043	Viola	25	S. Darcus, Esq	White, with hearts' ease
982	Undine	13	William Lewis, Esq	Blue and white
783	Priestess	13	Arthur Dunn, Esq	Red, white and blue vertical
180	Cormorant	20	J. Charley, Esq	Red, white cross
73	Avenir	23	S. Little, Esq	Red
625	Mask	25	J. C. Atkins, Esq	White
870	Siren	16	W. Verner, Esq	Blue

The Imp, ten tons, Captain H. H. O'Brien, R.W.Y.C., was prevented by weather arriving from Cork in time, as was also the Ranger, twelve tons, Gilbert W. Moss, Esq., R.W.Y.C., from Liverpool.

The Undine led off in gallant style, closely followed by the Cormorant, Siren, Viola, and the rest close upon them. After rounding the first flag-boat, the Siren began to show her powers, closely watched by Mask and Viola, the sea and wind at the Kish Light was nearly as heavy as upon the previous day, Thursday, and as fully tested the skill and daring of the crews of these gallant little clippers.

After rounding the flag-boat in Candlestick Bay, the main halyards of the Siren parted and nearly half-an-hour elapsed ere her hardy crew could get her upon her course again, in the meantime the Mask took

the lead and slashed along in first rate style, she did not long, however, hold her proud position as her gaff smashed short off in the slings, when the Viola took the lead and looked like a winner, most unfortunately however, on the run home she ran into light airs at the back of the western pier, and the Siren took her time off her at the last moment, at the flag-ship, where they arrived in the following order :—

	h.	m.	s.
Viola	4	46	30
Siren	4	47	0
Cormorant	4	51	0

The remainder not placed.

The course including extra distance made in turning to windward, was about thirty-two nautic miles, and was performed in 4h. 16m. 30s. at an average speed of eight knots an hour. The Siren was declared the winner having taken her time off the Viola.

The second race of the day for the ten guinea cup was postponed, the Commodore and Committee not considering it safe to send small yachts out to sea during the continuunce of such weather.

The numerous fleet of the Royal Western Yacht Club which crowded the harbour during both days, were gaily decorated, as was also the "club yacht," the Owen Glendower, on board of which performed the splendid bands of the 3rd Dragoon Guards, the 90th regiment, and that of the 21st Scots Fusileers. A sumptuous *dejeuner* was provided upon each day by the club steward for the members and their friends.

On Friday night the ball of the Royal Irish Yacht Club took place, which was numerously and fashionably attended.

On Saturday the 22nd of July, at twelve noon, Commodore Batt made the signal from his yawl, the Magician, sixty-three tons, for the fleet of the R.W.Y.C. of I. to make ready to put to sea, and shortly afterwards the following vessels answered his signal, and stood out of harbour in line astern of the Commodore, according to their tonnage.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.
607	Magician	63	Commodore Batt
425	Gitana	168	W. C. Ward Jackson, Esq
197	Cymba	53	J. Rowan, Esq
39	Aquila	44	R. S. Robertson, Esq
513	Julia	44	M. O'Reilly Dease, Esq
698	Nimrod	40	Harry Bridson, Esq
890	Snake	41	James Barrett, Esq
386	Forest Fly	43	Colonel Powell
	Pearl	30	G. Fox, Esq
1043	Viola	25	S. Darcus, Esq
180	Cormorant	20	J. Charley, Esq
982	Undine	13	W. Lewis, Esq

Some beautifully executed manœuvres were gone through in the Bay which were viewed with much interest by a numerous concourse of spectators from the harbour piers, and at 5 P.M., the Commodore and his fleet entered the harbour again under a salute of eleven guns.

At 7 o'clock, p.m., the yachtsmen in the harbour with the officers of the club, sailing committee, &c., together with a number of the Corinthian crews sat down to a sumptuous dinner on board the Owen Glendower, Commodore Batt in the chair. At the head of the table smoked a magnificent haunch of vension presented to his brother members by M. O'Reilly Dease, Esq., from his park at Charville, the repast consisted of all the delicacies of the season and the wines were of the richest and rarest description, after the usual loyal and complimentary toasts had been disposed of, the Commodore gave "Success and prosperity to the Royal Yacht Clubs of the United Kingdom." In a speech characteristic of the honest and manly sailor, the gallant Commodore coupled with it the names of the winners of the Corinthian Cups, and stated that "he felt a sterling pride at presiding over a club which had proved itself so thoroughly a yachting one, and he never felt greater satisfaction than in presenting the magnificent prizes which they saw on the table before them and which had been so nobly and gallantly won. He hoped that next season they should all meet again in the same thorough yachting spirit which had characterized their proceedings for the past few days, and that encouraged by the example of the generous spirits which he felt gratified beyond expression to see around him, every Royal Yacht Club would send forth its Corinthian crew, or, better still, two or three; and then he felt that when yachtsmen were taught to come in by the hawse pipes, they might safely talk as they liked upon the quarter-deck!"

The worthy officer concluded amidst loud and continued cheering, and the remainder of the evening was passed with much harmony and conviviality.

The Royal Westerns may be justly proud of the success of their matches, run under every circumstance of wind and weather that could possibly be desired to test both vessels and crews, and not a yachtsman leaves Kingstown without expressing his obligations to the officers and committee for the courtesy and attention shown them on board the club-yacht, and at the club-house, 113, Grafton Street, Dublin.

On Monday, the 24th, the postponed race for the ten guinea Corinthian Cup was sailed. It was won by the Nautilus, ten tons, J. Walker, Esq., beating the Truant, Con Cregan, Ariel, Sybil, Torment, and Flirt. The Bacchante and Constance did not start.

Several rowing matches between yachts' gigs, yachts' punts, fishermen, &c., and duck hunts took place, which our space will not permit us to detail.

HENLEY REGATTA.

THIS is one of the most celebrated aquatic meetings in the world; here meet year after year the students of the rival seats of learning Oxford and Cambridge, and consequently from their connexions a very numerous attendance of the principal families in the United Kingdom. The great interest manifested by all classes at the approach of the Henley regatta, makes it a national affair.

The attendance on the 29th and 30th of June last, was greater than was ever known before, and the weather being fine, the enjoyment of the sports was experienced without alloy.

For sixteen years this regatta has been celebrated, and as will be hereafter seen it is not only the Collegians who row, but several amateurs, and crack watermen also exhibit their powers, and on this occasion some well contested matches came off.

THE PRESENTATION CUP.

This prize, a very handsome silver goblet, is the gift of Mr. Walford, of the firm of Makepeace and Walford, Serle Street, Lincoln's Inn, the silversmiths to the regatta; it is for scullers, resident within a certain distance of the town of Henley, and stands in lieu of the silver wherry, formerly presented by the same firm.

First Heat.

Mr. E. J. Giles, Henley..... 1 | Mr. H. Sargeant, Henley..... 0

Mr. Brookbank was also entered, but did not start. Mr. Sargeant had the Berkshire shore, and at starting got a slight lead. Mr. Giles being somewhat slow; the latter however, soon began to draw up, and at Remenham, which is about a quarter of a mile from the island, gradually rowed in front, crossed into Sargeant's water, and eventually won by several lengths. Mr. Sargeant had only determined on rowing a few days previously, and was, consequently, in anything but good condition.

Second Heat

Mr. T. Piper, Caversham..... 1 | Mr. T. Benham, Wargrave..... 0

Mr. Brooks had entered, but withdrew. After going but a very short distance, Piper showed in advance, and increasing his lead all the way, won very easily, Mr. Benham doing his best with much pluck, but he was quite over-matched.

Final Heat.

Mr. T. Piper, Caversham..... 1 | Mr. E. Giles, Henley..... 0

Mr. Piper having won the toss, took the Berkshire side, Giles being quite over on the opposite shore. There was a most excellent struggle at the start, lasting nearly up to Remenham, when the quickness and determination of Piper began to tell, and he soon put Giles, who fell off very much in his rowing at this point, in the rear; when near the Poplars, Piper had increased his lead so considerably that Giles apparently gave up the contest.

THE DIAMOND CHALLENGE SCULLS.

First Heat.

Mr. H. Playford, Wandle Club... 1 | Mr. Nottidge, Argonaut's Club.. 0

Mr. Playford made choice of the Bucks side, and a most excellent start was effected, Mr. Nottidge having slightly the worst of it; they had not, however, gone any great distance, when he put on a capital spurt, and at Remenham had so improved his position as to be scull, and scull with his opponent; they continued thus for about 200 yards, when Mr. Playford again began to draw away, and it then became apparent that the great struggle to get level had been too much for Mr. Nottidge, and that his strength was quite exhausted; indeed, it may be said that before the Poplars he had given up the race, and Mr. Playford rowed quietly in. Mr. Nottidge had been very carefully trained by T. Cole, the champion, and Mr. Playford by H. Salter, and he rowed in a boat built for him by J. Salter. Time, 10m. 16s.

Second Heat.

Mr. R. C. Galton, Trinity Col. Cambridge 1 | Mr. W. F. Short, New Col. Oxford 0

This race was looked forward to with great interest by the members of both Universities. Mr. Short has, for some time, held a high reputation at Oxford, both as an oarsman and a sculler; last year he was the winner of the champion sculls there, and Mr. Galton was the winner this year of the Colquhoun sculls at Cambridge, they were likewise the bow oars of their respective boats in the last University match at Putney. Mr. Short took the Berkshire side, having won the toss, but at the start, Mr. Galton was off like lightning, took the lead immediately, and soon after passing Remenham, was so well in advance that he took his opponent's water, and rowed the remainder of the distance without distressing himself, except a final spurt in which, though very pleasant for the spectators, we think better dispensed with in a *trial* heat, for till the race is quite finished, and the prize won, the more prudent course is evidently to husband what strength may yet be left. Both gentlemen rowed in boats built by James Messenger, of Teddington. Time, 11m. 12s.; strong head wind.

Final Heat.

Mr. Playford ..... 1 | Mr. Galton 0

Mr. Galton selected the Bucks side, as the wind was rather fresh from that shore, and consequently the water there less ruffled, but on the word "off" Mr. Playford got a little the best of the start, and soon setting to work in excellent style, was at Remenham nearly his length clear ahead; here Mr. Galton began to increase his exertions into a downright spurt, com-

ing up fast with and at the same time drawing over towards his opponent; this continued some time, till the boats were so near each other that the umpire, who was rowing just astern of them, stood up in his boat to watch their proceedings more narrowly, and when they at last came in contact and Mr. Galton made an appeal, he was answered with the fatal words "You have lost." This termination of the race was of course the source of great mortification to all, and to none more we believe than to the gentlemen themselves, as, though the prize goes with the award, the respective merits of the scullers remain untested; there was a mutual desire that the question should be set at rest after the termination of the other races by a friendly match, but it did not come off on account of Mr. Galton having had so much hard work.

THE STEWARDS' CHALLENGE CLUB.

Oxford—Pembroke College..... 1 | *Cambridge*—St. John's College..... 0

The crews were as follow:—

Pembroke.	st.	lb.	*Lady Margaret.*	st.	lb.
1. G. O. Clarke	10	9	1. H. Snow	11	4
2. C. F. Cadiz	11	4	2. R. Roy.....	10	11
3. T. A. Hooper	11	7	3. E. Stock	11	9
4. H. R. Hayward	11	8	4. J. Wright	10	2
W. Fursdon (cox).....	9	1	R. Cayley (cox).....	9	12

When it became known who composed the Pembroke crew, it was, naturally enough, inquired "What had become of Mr. King, the president of the O.U.B.C., and stroke oar in the late University crew?" and we were truly sorry to find that indisposition had prevented him from rowing the greater part of the last term, and that it was still considered imprudent for him to undertake any great exertion. As it was, they had Mr. Hooper at No. 3 who rowed No. 5, and Cambridge had Wright, the stroke oar in that race; in other respects they seemed pretty well on a par, and the day before had rowed over the course without much difference in time. Great, therefore, was the interest excited in this race, nor were those who went down the river to see the whole of it in any way disappointed, for we seldom recollect to have seen a finer race from the commencement to the finish. The Johnians won the toss, and in the opinion of many, took the wrong station in choosing the Berkshire side, as the wind at the time was blowing pretty fresh from north-west. Soon after the start, Pembroke got a few feet of her bows in advance, both crews working away most manfully, each determined to maintain the credit of their Universities, and from Remenham to the Poplars it was a continued burst of hard rowing, but the Cambridge crew were never able to alter their position, and Pembroke was hailed the winner in a perfect tumult of applauding shouts. This race, though a final heat, took place on the first day, by previous arrangement between the crews and the stewards.

Pembroke rowed in a boat which had been newly built by Messrs. Searle, for the O.U.B.C. (who were the holders, but did not appear, and was an exceedingly good one; while St. John's had a boat built by King of Oxford last year, which was kindly lent to them by the Henley Club.) It is but

justice to Logan of Cambridge to mention, that the only reason why his boat was rejected by the Johnians was, the great weight of their men, she having been built for a very small crew. Time of winning crew, 9m. 38s.; strong wind ahead.

THE SILVER GOBLETS.

First Heat.

Oxford—Cadogan, Ch. Ch.; Short, New College 1
London—Potter, Wandle Club; Playford, ditto..... 0

This was one of the easiest races of the regatta, for though the Londoners made a good fight as far as Remenham, and after that rowed a plucky stern wager, the Oxford men had there nearly drawn their length clear, and that without any great effort, at least it appeared so, and they continued increasing that lead to the finish. They rowed very well together, and had evidently bestowed great pains on their practice and condition, yet no one who saw the race could fail observing that the great ease with which they went ahead was very much owing to their beautiful craft, the maiden attempt of Messenger at a pair oar, and which travelled "like a witch." Time, 9m. 5s.

There were originally four Oxford pairs entered for this race, but two of them having been withdrawn, or rather not appearing at the starting place, Messrs. Craven and Swaine of St. John's College, Oxford, "rowed over" the course, and contended with the winners of the first in the

Final Heat.

Cadogan and Short ..... 1 | Craven and Swaine 0

Immediately after starting, Messrs. Cadogan and Short went in advance, and won very easily, their opponents not having the shadow of a chance from the first, and rowing as if they were quite aware of it. Time, 9m. 36s.

THE LADIES' CHALLENGE PLATE.

Cambridge—1st Trinity Club ..... 1 | *Oxford*—Wadham College 0

Subjoined are the names of the crews:—

Trinity.	st.	lb.	*Wadham.*	st.	lb.
1. Hon. G. Pepys	10	4	1. T. M. Crowder	10	2
2. J. S. Wood	10	6	2. J. Norton	10	10
3. R. D. Marshall	10	12	3. H. B. Harington	10	4
4. E. C. Graham	10	10	4. W. Walker.....	11	8
5. E. Courage	12	3	5. G. R. Gilling.....	11	7
6. E. Macnaghten	11	0	6. T. G. Gilling	11	7
7. R. C. Galton	9	9	7. G. S. Homfray	12	0
8. H. R. Jones	10	4	8. J. Andrew	9	12
Wingfield (cox)	8	2	W. B. Dalby (cox).....	10	12

Trinity and Wadham are very old antagonists; we find them in the year 1839, at the first Henley regatta, when there were no fewer than five Oxford eights entered, meeting in a heat together, and rowing one of the closest races on record; and they who contended in those days have reason to be proud of their successors, who this year acquitted themselves so honourably. Much credit is due to both—to Trinity for facing the difficulty of keeping a crew together so long after term—to Wadham, but the fifth boat on the

river, for coming forward, the sole representative of Oxford's eight-oared rowing, to take up the gauntlet against all comers. When the two boats appeared through the bridge on their way down to the island, they were followed by many an anxious eye, while a large number of University men ran with them a considerable distance, in the hope of coming to some conclusion on their respective merits. Much had been heard of the strength and quickness of Wadham, of their exactness in time and swing; but on the other hand, there was a business-like fall of backs in Trinity, which was very *winning*. At length they took their stations, Trinity having the Bucks side, and all being in readiness, the signal was given, and off they went. Trinity in about ten strokes shot nearly her length ahead, and every one imagined it was to be an easy thing; but never was there a greater error, for Wadham began to pick up most gallantly, and at Remenham had regained nearly all their lost ground, Trinity apparently losing their confidence, and rowing short. They were now almost oar and oar, and slashing away at a tremendous pace, when the bow oar in the Cambridge boat caught a magnificent fish—it was a sea fish not common in these parts—and the Black Prince had nearly come to an untimely end. This brought Wadham for a short time in advance, but Trinity soon recovered her rowing, and putting on a brilliant spurt, just managed to go in a winner by about half a length. The race was rowed in 7m. 55s. No stream, and wind fair.

THE VISITORS' CHALLENGE CUP.

Cambridge—Lady Margaret ..... 1 | *Oxford*—Pembroke College 0

This was another very excellent race, indeed first rate; the same two crews contended as in the race for the Stewards' cup, and for the first half mile was one continued burst for the mastery; opposite Fawley Court the Johnians, who rowed much better than in their first race, began to show in advance, and at the "corner" having got their length clear, took their opponents' water, and cheered on by the most tremendous shouts from the banks, they spurted past the winning post about two lengths ahead; Pembroke kept it well up to the finish, but during the middle of the race, it cannot be denied that their rowing fell off, the stroke apparently becoming too short for them. Time, 8m. 48s,

WATERMAN'S RACE.

According to ancient usage, a purse having been subscribed for by the spectators for the benefit of the umpire's crew, who well deserve, by their heavy duties and their general good conduct, this mark of approval, they divided themselves as follows, taking gentlemen to steer them, and rowed a sl t race for the amusement of their patrons:—

Coombes's Crew.	*Pocock's Crew.*
1. Phelps	1. J. Mackinney
2. T. Mackinney	2. B. Doubledee
3. Newell	3. Messenger
4. Coombes	4. Pocock
Mr. Lavien (cox)	Mr. Cayley (cox)

It was won pretty easily by Coombe's crew, and the veteran, at an oar's end, seems really to be almost as fresh as ever.

TOWN CHALLENGE CUP.

Wargrave Boat Club.....1 | Henley Boat Club.....0

The crews were :—

Wargrave.	*Henley.*
1. Stokes	1. Ive
2. Toomer	2. Coles
3. Harrison	3. Paulin
4. Benham	4. Giles
Brooks (cox)	Siddal (cox)

This was a hollow race all the way from Remenham, where the Wargrave first got a decided lead, the Henley crew never even making an attempt at quickening; it was won by several lengths. Time of winners, 9m. 5s.

GRAND CHALLENGE CUP.

Cambridge—Trinity College.....1 | *Oxford*—Wadham College.....0

The race for the Ladies' Plate having been so closely contested but a few hours previously by these two crews, it will readily be believed that immense excitement prevailed with regard to the issue of this; and on no previous occasion has so vast a multitude "gone down" the banks to catch the first sight of the coming boats, and those who went to the starting place were repaid by witnessing a capital struggle for the lead; Trinity took the Berks side, Wadham well over to windward, and on the word being given, the latter went at a tremendous pace, getting a little the advantage of Trinity, who, however, were soon up with them, and by very good rowing, steadily drew their boats in advance, and ultimately passed the winning post about two lengths ahead of Wadham, who rowed to the last with the greatest game, and whose steering in both races was faultless. Trinity rowed in their old boat (a perfect wonder of the art,) built by Searle some five years back, and Wadham in one by Hall, which seemed also to travel exceedingly well.

In pursuance of our former promise to record all principal rowing matches we have availed ourselves of the permission of our friend "*Bell*" to insert it in our pages.

THE SCHOONER YACHT ZARA, 313 Tons.—*See Engraving.*

Among the many revolutions which have occurred, whether political or social, terrestial or aquatical, none, probably, has wrought so many changes and innovations in our former yachting ideas, than that which has been effected by the American revolution of 1851, in which year a production of the Western continent was sent forth as the *superlatissimo* of all that was that year sent afloat. The very results of that memorable exhibition in our waters called forth an expression from the late

gallant Marquis, the then oldest member of the Squadron, which will ever be remembered, "They are right and we are wrong, and our forty years' yachting experience must go for nothing."

Recovering partially from the panic which befel the yachting community; the following year may be termed one of transition, inasmuch that most of our celebrated "phantom ships" were converted into clippers," and all of them, with a few novelties besides, came out Anglo-Americanized; thus by the addition of an American bow to an English body, greater speed was obtained to English comfort. Nevertheless with these additions few of the "imitations" realized the expectation of those who had anticipated so much as even to menace the "great original." True, in that year the America struck her colours and became English property, and in the following year 1852, was doomed to succumb to a lengthened yacht, the Arrow; as also to a previously untried adversary, the Mosquito, of one-third her tonnage; but that victory, if it may be so termed, was more the result of jockeyism than otherwise. It would, however, have been a glorious victory for British laurels had it occurred when the America was sailed as in the preceding year by her own crew.

Considering therefore the "combination of styles" and "guess work models" which were subsequently presented to the summer waters of this hemisphere without any very promising result, other than an improvement on the "old style," the laurels for "fast schooners" have been retained by brother Jonathan, and we are doomed to see nothing but Anglo-American craft, a sort of fraternization of English and American yachtsmen. On the appearance of the America scarcely a *cognoscenti* but what succeeded in noting every curve which she presented above her waterline, leaving the rest what his fertile imagination might suppose her to be under water. Thus it was, with all the minutiæ which could be obtained from those on board the "slippery rival," a Captain Robert Brown, of Ilfracombe, returned home, and designed a model of what he considered "perfection;" and understanding that Mr. Talbot, the Vice-Commodore of the R.Y.S. was about to have a new yacht, the model was transmitted to him for his approval. By some means or other the model found its way to East Cowes, but whether the same formed the basis of the Zara it is needless for us to join in the controversy. Enough that Captain Brown produced a small craft of twenty tons last summer, named *pro-tem* the Achelous, which fully answered his expectations, and was sold and resold, and we believe is now called the Goliah, belonging to the Marquis of Bath.

It appears, also, that during the stay of Mr. Brown at Cowes in his

rambles through the various yards, he observed the new yacht on the stocks, and there being some peculiar features about her lines, he returned impressed that the designer, whoever he might be, possessed the same idea of perfection as himself. In the course of his inquiries it was intimated to him that the Zara had been constructed upon an "improved model," obtained from the United States for the noble Commodore. The idea of the "whereabouts" of his model again recurred to him, and from the similarity of ideas that it must be from the one he had transmitted to the party we have referred to, and the description of the model corresponding with the one missing, he applied for it, and obtained it.

However, the Zara was constructed last year by Mr. Joseph White, and was launched on the 25th June, 1853. Her dimensions were,—Length, 110ft.; breadth, 24ft. 3in.; depth, 12ft. 3in.; tonnage 115 N.M., and 280 O.M. Spars,—mainmast above deck, 78ft.; fore-mast, 66¾ft.; main boom, 60ft.; bowsprit (outside) 20ft.; jib-boom, 28ft.; gaffs, 25ft., and 21ft. at the head; canvas, 2,040 yards.

Owing to unforseen circumstances and delays she was not ready for the broad burgee until late in the season, and although no actual test took place, sufficient was known of her to possess extraordinary sailing qualities. The great bar to the American plan is the inefficiency of accommodation to render such yachts fitting for our nobility to serve them as floating palaces, and an addition to her length has since been given her, viz., fourteen feet added to her in her midships, which must necessarily give increased accommodation, and be highly beneficial to her as a clipper. In consequence of the increased dimensions of the yacht this season, some slight alteration as to the position of her masts was judged necessary, the foremast having been placed four feet further aft, her bowsprit shortened accordingly, to adapt the original staysail to the same, and the main-mast brought four feet further forward, there being notwithstanding her increased length only seven feet greater difference between the masts than heretofore. She now admeasures 313 tons, O.M. Her sails were made by Ratsey. Vol vrail 405

ROYAL VICTORIA YACHT CLUB.—Regatta Arrangements.

Wednesday, August 9th.—Dinner at the club-house at 7h. 30m. P.M.

Thursday, 10th.—Regatta. Open to all yachts of the club. To start at 10h. 30m. A.M. Prize, a silver salver, with purse containing £75. One yacht may walk over for this; if five yachts start there will be a second prize of £25 for the second yacht.

Friday, 11th.—Boat racing and other aquatic sports, at 3h. P.M., or later to suit Her Majesty's pleasure. Ball at the club-house at 10h. P.M.

Saturday, 12th.—General meeting at 1h. P.M. *N.B.*—If the regatta is postponed till this day, the general meeting will be held on Monday, the 14th.

Special Regatta Instructions.

Entrance for yachts closes at 10h. P.M. on Tuesday, the 8th.

The yachts will be stationed (by a person duly authorized) on the morning of the regatta. Any yacht not ready to take her station at the time appointed will be disqualified.

Yachts to start at 10h. 30m. A.M.; but should there not be sufficient wind before noon, two guns fired in quick succession from the club battery, will denote the same, and the regatta will be postponed till the following or a subsequent day.

Course.—The Victoria course, twice round.

If the yachts are to start to the eastward, a white ensign will be hoisted on board the station vessel; if to the westward, a blue ensign at 10h. A.M.

At ten minutes before the time of starting the preparatory flag will be hoisted; and a gun will be fired at five minutes before starting. No sail to be set or hoisted before the *second gun* is fired and the preparatory flag is lowered, the signal to start.

If the leading yacht does not arrive at the goal before sunset, which will be denoted by three guns fired in quick succession at the club battery, it will not be considered a race, and it must be contested again on the following or a subsequent day; in which case yachts may enter till 10h. P.M. the evening before the race.

The owner of any yacht, entered to sail, can obtain a chart of the course and all other particulars by applying on board the Brilliant, or to the Secretary at the club-house on Wednesday, the 9th.

All yachts sailing for prizes given by the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, will be subject to the sailing regulations of the club, and the *slightest deviation* will disqualify.

N.B.—For any further particulars refer to the Royal Victoria Yacht Club Sailing Regulations, dated 1853.

GEO. HOLLAND ACKERS, *Commodore.*

Ball, Friday, August 11th.

Stewards.—George Holland Ackers, Esq., Commodore; Sir Augustus Clifford, Bart; Honorable W. A'Court Holmes; George Young, Esq.; Alleyne C. Yard, Esq.; E. Adderley, Esq.; A. S. Elliott, Esq., James P. Lind, Esq., M.D.; A. J. Hambrough, Esq., John Beardmore, Esq.; Capt. Tattnall; James Whitwell Torre, Esq.; Thomas Chamberlayne, Esq., Vice-Commodore; Thomas W Fleming, Esq; Sir James Caldwell, G.C.B.; Sir John Lees, Bart; J. C. F larton, Esq.; W. Price, Esq.; Pakenham Mahon, Esq.; Le Marchant Thon Esq.; Henry Goode, Esq.; A. F. Leeds, Esq.; Capt. Brigstoke, R.N.; C: Campbell Locke, R.N.

The members of the R.V.Y.C. desiring Ball tickets for themselves or t friends, are requested to address an early application to the Secretary at

Club House. All applications should specify the names and addresses of the ladies and gentlemen for whom the tickets are required, with the name of the member so applying.

The ball tickets will be delivered at the Secretary's office only, between the hours of twelve and four daily, on and after Wednesday, the 2nd of August. Gentlemen's tickets, 10s.; Ladies' tickets, 7s. each.

By the order of the Committee,

R.V.Y.C. House, Ryde, July 12th, 1854. J. HALSEE HELBY, *Sec.*

ROYAL CORK YACHT CLUB.

ON the 6th of July, there was a special general meeting of the members of the above club, Samson J. W. French, Esq., Chairman, when it was resolved that in consequence of the lateness of the season, "that the regatta do not take place this year."

Next year we trust there will be a regatta, that will induce our English and Scotch yacht owners to pay a visit to that beautiful harbour, and receive the welcome which the Old Royal Cork have never been deficient in giving.

There was a ballot on the same day, when the following gentlemen were admitted members, George Crawford, William Oliver Jackson, Colonel Hickman, Thomas Henry Hewitt, John Carroll, Alexander Law, Thomas M. Usbourne, Esqrs.

After the business of the day was concluded about forty members sat down to a sumptuous dinner, prepared by the very efficient steward of the club, Mr. B. G. Martin. The chair was taken by Godfrey J. Baker, Esq. After dinner the usual loyal toasts were given.

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB.

PURSUANT to notice, (which we inserted in our last number, the expediency of having a schooner match this year, was taken into consideration on Wednesday, July 5th, at the Bedford Hotel, the noble Commodore Lord Alfred Paget, addressed the members, a considerable number of whom attended. It was with considerable regret his lordship found that the entries for the long talked of match were confined to two entries, and consequently he suggested the policy of not attempting to get up another match this year; but to reserve the funds for a more fitting opportunity, when peace again smiled on this happy land, and then a larger fleet of yachts would appear in the Thames, and no lack of aspirants for the honor of winning the cup.

Great disappointment, and indeed annoyance, was experienced by many. The ladies in particular must have regretted that there would be no race, as this club is always patronised by a large attendance of the *elité* of the fashionable world.

The lover of aquatics was also deprived of his enjoyment, but all this

can, if the club approved, be set right by the members rescinding one of their rules, which is as follows: —

"That if in any match there shall be fewer than three yachts entered, or two yachts start for any one class, no prize shall be given to such class."

Now this rule is growing obsolete in most clubs, and we hope that the Royal Thames will, with that generous spirit which characterizes their proceedings generally, erase this rule, and then a very large entry may be expected. We heard that one yacht came from a distant port to race, but on enquiry found a bar existed against her entering, her owner not being a member of the club.

If prizes are given with a view to create sport, or to promote the building of yachts, they should be open to all, and until such becomes the general rule, disappointment will ensue.

PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB.—*Squadron of Evolution.*

On Friday the 28th of July, a most interesting and novel scene was presented to the lovers of yachting in Erith bay, opposite the picturesque gardens known to all those who are much afloat on Old Father Thames, and we cannot give a better idea of what took place, than to refer the reader to a speech of Commodore Berncastle at the last annuall ball of the Prince of Wales Yacht Club, as reported in our February numder.

The gallant commodore, faithful to his promise, organized the aforesaid squadron, which in this instance may be considered as an "experimental squadron," to be much improved next year; and as it is a new era in yachting to offer prizes for excellence in seamanship, apart from those given for speed, we trust that it will be carried out on a large scale, and by every yacht club in the kingdom. It is merely following the example of the naval service, where everything is not sacrificed to speed alone, but proficiency in all the various nautical evolutions are equally valued, and receive an equal share of attention from those in command.

The weather was most beautiful, the wind N.E. and plenty of it from beginning to end, the sun not too powerful, and a more propitious day could not be imagined.

At one P.M., Commodore Berncastle hoisted his flag on board the Vixen, twenty-five tons, under a salute of eleven guns, in the usual ship-shape style of that vessel, kindly lent by her liberal owner for the occasion.

The gardens were rapidly filling with all the beauty and fashion of the club and the vessels were at their stations as follows:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Tons	Owners	Distinguishing Flag
789	Prince of Wales...	7	W. Warner, Esq.....	White plume
574	Little Mosquito...	7	T. Bartlett, Esq.....	Gold hawk
15	Albatross.....	7	A. Berncastle, Esq..	Red
516	Julia.....	7	W. Bain, Esq.....	Blue
482	Idas	6	E. Knibbs, Esq.....	Red over white

At 2 P.M. the third gun was fired to start. The course was three times round a boat off Purfleet and back to Erith. The crews were all amateurs, pilots excepted. The yachts had to weigh their anchors, and the wind being north-east, to beat down against the tide, returning free to Erith. This gave rise to some very pretty seamanship, on account of the frequent change of canvas required over so short a course.

Mosquito had only three hands, one less the number allowed, her owner being absent, and was thus at a great disadvantage at starting. Idas went off uncommonly well and was a long way a-head of the fleet, with top-sail sheeted home, before the others had their's at the mast-head. Prince of Wales missed stays, and went ashore in the first board, but eventually got off. Julia carried away her cross-trees, which threw her out of the match; the interest was thus divided between Mosquito and Idas.

Mosquito, though short-handed, had that crack yachtsman, Short, at the helm, and he meant winning: no sooner had he set his top-sail, which should have been up before, than he rapidly over-hauled his rival, and after the second round was considerably a-head of her, winning in splendid style by one minute and a quarter. They arrived at Erith as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Mosquito	3	35	30	Idas	3	37	45

Thus ended a very exciting race, both yachts acquitting themselves in a capital manner, and creating great interest amongst all the spectators.

The Blue-Eyed Maid, four tons, Mr. Tuckwell, being alone entered for the second prize, was allowed to sail over the course for it.

The prizes for seamanship were now contended for, the yachts performing the various evolutions under-way, in obedience to signals from the flag-yacht as follows:—*Aekers' Code.*

No. 1.—To weigh anchor and set all sail, viz.,—Main-sail, fore-sail, No. 1 jib, and square top-sail.

No. 2.—Hand top-sail, strike top-mast, double-reef main-sail, reef fore-sail, set No. 2 jib, beat to windward.

No. 3.—Shake one reef out of main-sail and fore-sail, set No. 1 jib.

No. 4.—Shake out all reefs, up top-mast, and set top-sail before the wind.

No. 5.—Come to anchor near the flag-yacht and furl all sail.

No yacht of the small class went through the evolutions.

Idas obtained the first prize. Albatross the second.

At five P.M., about 150 ladies and gentlemen sat down to an excellent cold collation, the band playing all the time. The cloth being removed the Commodore presented the prizes to the winners with appropriate speeches, which he facetiously observed should also form a new era in the club, as they should be short ones; and the usual toasts being duly proposed and responded to, the company adjourned to the ball room.

The latest train leaving Erith at ten; the inexorable summons of the railway boatswain's whistle admitted of no hesitation and abruptly broke up one of the most pleasant days ever spent by yachtmen.

REGATTAS AND SAILING MATCHES IN AUGUST.

2nd—Royal Western Yacht Club Regatta, Plymouth
2nd—Great Grimsby Regatta.
4th—Torbay Royal Regatta.
8th—Royal Southern Yacht Club Regatta, Southampton
8th, 9th, 10th—Thames National Regatta
9th, 10th, 11th, 12th—Royal Victoria Yacht Regatta, Ryde
15th,—Royal Welsh Yacht Club Regatta, Carnarvon
15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th—Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta
16th,—Birkenhead Model Yacht Club Match
18th,—Prince of Wales Yacht Club Sailing Match
20th, 21st,—Royal Western Yacht Clnb Regatta, (Ireland,)
23rd, 24th—Weymouth Royal Regatta
23rd, 24th—Liverpool Yacht Club Regatta

HIGH WATER TIDE TABLE FOR AUGUST.

The time of high Water at the following places may be ascertained, by adding to, or subtracting from, the time at London Bridge.

D of M	High Water Lon. Bridge morn.		after.								
	h.	m.	h.	m			h.	m.			h.	m.
1	6	28	6	50	Aberystwith.....	add	5	23	Aberdeen	sub	0	56
2	7	12	7	37	Alderney		4	38	Aldborough.....		3	23
3	8	2	8	36	Bantry Bay.....		1	39	Belfast		4	2
4	9	13	9	48	Bridlington		2	23	Brighton		2	29
5	10	26	11	8	Carmarthen.....		4	3	Carnarvon		4	47
6	11	47	—	—	Cork Harbour.....		2	23	Cowes		3	22
7	0	23	0	53	Dartmouth.....		3	58	Dublin Bar.....		2	55
8	1	24	1	51	Dudgeon Light		5	23	Dungeness		3	17
9	2	18	2	45	Eddystone.....		3	8	Folkestone		3	37
10	3	9	3	34	Exmouth Bar		4	18	Foreland, North ...		2	22
11	3	55	4	17	Falmouth		3	8	Foreland, South ...		2	47
12	4	36	4	58	Flamboro' Head.....		2	23	Gravesend		0	37
13	5	18	5	38	Guernsey Pier.....		4	23	Greenwich.....		0	20
14	5	57	6	18	Hartlepool		1	38	Harwich.....		2	37
15	6	39	7	0	Humber Mouth.....		3	23	Howth Harbour ...		2	59
16	7	22	7	47	Kinsale Harbour ...		2	23	Ipswich.....		2	7
17	8	15	8	49	Land's End		2	23	Kentish Knock		2	37
18	9	29	10	9	Leith Pier		0	15	Lowestoft		3	37
19	10	48	11	27	Lynn Regis		4	38	Margate		2	2
20	—	—	0	4	Plymouth		3	26	Nore Light		0	58
21	0	35	1	0	Swansea		3	48	Portsmouth		2	27
22	1	22	1	44	Torbay		3	58	Sheerness.....		1	28
23	2	3	2	21	Waterford.....		3	43	Southampton...		2	27
24	2	28	2	55	Weymouth.....		4	23	Spithead.....		4	37
25	3	10	3	27	Whitby.....		1	38	Yarmouth Roads ...		5	27
26	3	41	3	56	Amsterdam		0	53	Calais		2	13
27	4	12	4	28	Antwerp.....		2	18	Dieppe		3	2
28	4	45	5	1	Bordeaux		4	45	Havre de Grace.....		4	[illegible]
29	5	18	5	37	Cherbourg.....		5	23	Ostende.....		1	
30	5	55	6	14	Hamburgh.....		3	53	Honfleur.....		4	
31	6	36	6	59	Brest		1	39	New York		5	

Channel Cruisers, Practical Yachting, Reviews, and other papers unavoid postponed.

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HUNT'S

YACHTING MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1854.

PRACTICAL NOTES ON YACHTS AND YACHTING.

(*Continued from p.* 361.)

BY A MEMBER OF A ROYAL YACHT CLUB.

CHAPTER IX.

GROUND TACKLE—ANCHORS, CABLES, CHAIN, HEMP, MOORING ANCHORS, MUSHROOM ANCHORS, BUOYS.

YOUR yacht being now built, launched, ballasted, and rigged, it becomes requisite to furnish her with anchors and chains, to prevent her running away or running ashore. A twenty-five ton yacht will require three working anchors in addition to her mooring gear,—a best bower, weighing about 130lbs., a second anchor, weighing about 100lbs., and a kedge, weighing 70 or 80lbs. Of late years many improvements, or supposed improvements, have been made in the construction of anchors. Of these, that most frequently used on board yachts is Porter's patent, which is made with the flukes working on a joint on the top of the shank. These anchors were very much in estimation for some time, but have of late rather gone out of fashion, not I believe from any defect in the holding power of the anchor, but from the dislike the yachts crews have generally taken to them. An old hand once said to me, "I hope, sir, never to see any more of them hinged anchors aboard a boat I sail, they are just like

crabs, you durstn't touch them in the dark without the chance of getting your fingers nipped off." In a large vessel, where the anchors have to be worked by purchases instead of being handled, this objection does not hold, and I have no doubt when once overboard and fast at the bottom, that this description of anchor is very efficient and will bear a greater strain than an ordinary anchor, the hinge affording more play to the cable, and therefore reducing the risk of the anchor dragging, by the pitching of the vessel lifting it from the ground.

Chain cables are now universally used instead of rope, they have innumerable advantages. They stow better, hold faster, require less weight of anchor, and no drying. They used to be troublesome from the rust, which on a small vessel is apt to come in contact with the sails and stain them; but a useful invention by which a coating of zinc, through the means of galvanic action, is given both to the chain and the anchor, prevents any risk of this, and keeps everything clean and tidy both on deck and below. It is said that this process of galvanizing weakens the chain a little; it is quite possible that it does, but as it also prevents any future oxidation taking place, it must keep the chain in the same condition in which it comes from the manufactory, until at all events from wear and tear the zinc rubs off, which in the course of years I believe does happen, although I have used it for several seasons without any apparent alteration. This process has the very useful tendency of making any defects appear more distinctly visible than before it is applied, against which, being thus fore-warned you are fore-armed. It is altogether a great advantage and no yacht should have anchors and cables without it. I have seen it applied to the other iron-work, but where paint is usually employed, and will remain on, as in staunchions, chain-plates, &c., it looks better and is cheaper, for the galvanizing process being a patent, is very expensive, costing about as much as the metal and workmanship without it.

From 60 to 100 fathoms of chain are quite enough for a yacht of twenty-five tons, and half-inch to nine-sixteenths of an inch of diameter of rod, is sufficient strength. One stout hemp warp or hawser, will be required to be kept on board for kedging, &c., in addition, but will rarely be needed. It can be carried in the sail-room. The chain when the vessel is under-way, serves as ballast, and indeed is all the ballast she requires forward. The weight of chain of size required will be about fifteen pounds per fathom.

Most yacht owners when at home, have moorings laid down somewhere near their residence, for riding their yachts in ordinary circumstances. It saves a great deal of time, being able to cast off a hawser and

get away without the trouble and labour of weighing anchor, and besides as the spot you moor in is generally selected with some previous care and discrimination, you are more likely to be snugly and securely billeted than if you changed your quarters every time you sailed. Great additional safety is also gained by the circumstance that your mooring anchors and chains may be of very superior size, weight, and strength, to those that can be conveniently used for working aboard. A few words describing the more ordinary form of mooring tackle used by yachtsmen may be useful.

The most usual description of mooring anchors used among yachts, is what is commonly termed a mushroom anchor. This designation it owes to its shape, which is very like a real mushroom, though made of somewhat harder material. A spot known for its good holding ground, and out of the way of the run of tides and eddies, while sheltered as much as possible from a heavy sea, being selected, an anchor of this form, weighing from three to four cwt., according to the size of your craft, is carefully let down by means of slings so as to lie quietly on its side. The sharp edge of the slightly concave rim soon scoops out an opening for itself in the sand or mud, and the cavity filling to the depths the anchor is immersed, it acquires a hold of great power and tenacity. Such an anchor as this requires of course no stock, as the circular disc at the end of the shank serves both the purposes of flukes and stock, as in this way no locking pins are required, it is less liable to go wrong than an ordinary anchor.

To a ring at the end of the shank of the mushroom, is attached a large chain, varying in length according to the depth of water, but never exceeding a few fathoms,. The upper end of this is made fast to a barrel or buoy of some kind, which carries the weight of the chain from the bottom. In anchorages well sheltered from the sea, the vessel may be moored by means of a piece of hemp hawser, a few fathoms in length, to a ring on the upper part of this buoy, the other end taken on board and secured generally by means of a loop or eye over the bits. When the anchorage is more exposed and there is the chance of sea rolling in, it will not do to moor your yacht directly to the buoy, because the jerking motion would be so great from the shortness of the cable, that it would be apt to tear the bits out of her. To obviate this, a piece of smaller chain is attached to the main chain, a fathom or two below the buoy, and to a ring the end of this yarn hawser is made fast, thus riding the vessel direct to her mooring anchor, and giving her the benefit of the whole scope of both chain and hawser. It is unwise to fasten your connecting chain much below your buoy, because if any goes wrong with it

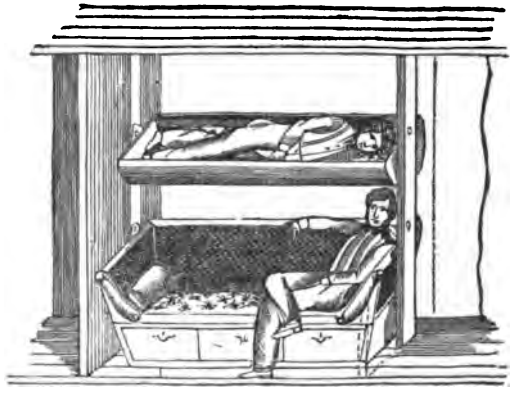
you cannot get at it without raising your mushroom, unless you have sufficient slack of mooring chain to get the shackle above water. It may be asked, what is the use of the large barrel or buoy to which the upper end of the chain is fast? The only objects served by it are to carry the weight of the chain, and to save the necessity of hauling home a great length of her wet long rope, which you must do if you permit your chain and hawser to sink to the bottom, every time you leave your moorings. In all circumstances, you must have a small buoy attached by a line to your hawser, which you pick up with a boat-hook when your craft is rounded to. This buoy is generallly a small barrel, with a becket worked on it, or a double cone of copper with an eye at the upper extremity, for facility in catching it. The operation of catching moorings in a stiff breeze, especially if it be in a crowded anchorage, is a task requiring considerable skill and dexterity in the steersman, and a perfect knowledge of the capabilities of his craft. One vessel will keep her way and run ahead twice as far in stays as another of the same size will do. Indeed a long flat-bottomed craft, with little ballast, will hardly run ahead at all after she is rounded to, but instantly lose her way; with such a vessel it is nearly impossible to catch moorings in the way here described. The great secret is to judge accurately of the distance your vessel will run ahead on that particular occasion, from the way she has on her and previous experience, and then round her to, with just sufficient impetus to put the small buoy within easy reach of the boat-hook, but nothing more; because if she has more way than sufficient, she will over-run the large barrel, get it under her quarter, and refuse to swing round head to the wind, until you get the main-sail off her. This is mischievous as well as awkward, because the large buoy getting under her bottom, is very apt to scratch and abuse her copper. For this, among other reasons, some yachtsmen dispense altogether with the large buoy, and allow their cable to go to the bottom every time it is cast off. This does very well, in any thing under five fathoms water, but beyond that I would strongly recommend the use of the large buoy, with all its inconveniences. In considering this matter, it is not to be overlooked that in taking your anchorage at night, it is a great matter to have a large object to steer by, instead of a tiny little thing, no bigger than your hat. For the purpose of rendering the buoys more easily visible, they should be always painted red, white, or green, or a mixture of these colours.

Instead of one mushroom anchor yachts are often moored with two smaller anchors connected by what is termed a bridle. This is very useful on a steep beach, as one anchor being taken towards the shore into shallow water and the other out to sea, you have a better chance of

holding, when the wind blows strongly off the land, than with one anchor. The chains attached to the two anchors are stretched as far as possible, and the vessel rides to a chain made fast at the junction midway between the anchors. The length of chains must depend on depth of water, but if properly stretched the yacht should not swing much further to sea or nearer land than over her own anchors. This is an extremely secure way of riding a vessel ; but in a much frequented road-stead your cross-chains will always be liable to get entangled with the anchors of other vessels, and cause a great deal of trouble to get them cleared, and their very security is an objection ; because, when you want them weighed at the end of the season, it is a very serious business lifting them, as you must lift each anchor by itself. A bridle mooring is also troublesome to lay down, as you require a large boat and powerful crew properly to stretch the chains. On the whole I would reccommend a mushroom anchor as the best yacht mooring.

In conclusion, it may safely be said that the fewer joinings or shackles you have about your moorings the better, from the constant motion in an anchorage at all exposed to the sea, the locking pins are very apt to come out. This is particularly likely to happen in a calm after a gale, the friction having loosened the pin, and the want of wind easing the strain it naturally falls out, and the consequence is that the craft drifts from her moorings or properly goes ashore. The locking pins should be most carefully looked to and renewed every season.

BROWNE'S PATENT SWINGING SOFA AND COT.



We strongly recommend these to all yacht owners, being particularly adapted for ladies or others unused to the motion of the sea,

RHYTHMICAL SKETCHES OF YACHT TRAVEL.

BY A COLUMBUS OF THE PLEASURE NAVY.

PROEM.

Benumbed in Northern Summer,—inly nipped
By well-iced London-manners,—bored and hipped,—
Loathing "the Times," clubs, fog, and money mart—
[Convention's zone—that arctic of the heart!]
Chased, too, by fiends of self, one evening, I,—
A prey to social nausea, bade "good bye"
To Comfort's confines, and, afloat, went forth
To 'cheat' impending winter in the N— ;
A thing of cynic, desultory thought,—
The listless hermit of a selfish yacht,
Whose dearest function to one's morbid mind
Her power of leaving every thing behind!

Dreams, too,—the false phantasmata of day,
Were there to lure one on one's sunward way—
Of lands all garden, wavelets azure bright
As is the liquid diamond's quarried light;—
Where Heaven is poured about us and above,
And winds but breathe to waft the tales of love!

Such Fancy's portraits of the promised clime;
While Pleasure programmes drew to guile the time—
Rounds—cloudless rounds of golden baskings there,
With listless dreamings beneath blue-eyed air,
Not without little episodes of sense,
Light amourettes—of classic innocence—
Brief!—When in England, all that lures one thence.

Moved by such double magnetism, we,
Drawn and repelled at once, set forth to sea:
Hope got the anchor up to dare the gale,
While Indigestion set the pallid sail,
Spleen at the helm and Vision at the prow,
Albion astern and Dream-land o'er the bow,

We winged the wave tops as with vans of mind,—
Land and the past alike effaced behind,
As sped our elf-ship 'fore a willing wind,—
With eager constance furrowing speedful way;
Our course the crimson death-place of the day!

But here the Muse descends to lower phrase—
"Logs" are of 'other wood"* than poet-bays!
So, let the following off-hand yarn suffice:
Sea-going phrase is seldom lady-nice.

Left was the Ply' one morn with flowing sheet;
That eve our run was marred to a dead 'beat:'
The next, a gale, with towering water, blew;
Fain was the little vessel to 'heave-to,'
With all the volume of her ample sail
Clipt to a close-reefed trysail by the gale
Enough! the fourteenth day Cape Finisterre
Was made, and thence the breeze was strong and fair.
The sixteenth morn within broad Tagus' breast
The anchor went—the tossed ship was at rest!

Of Lusitania I refuse to write—
Is she not trodden bare and handbook'd trite?
I've reasons, too, to pass Castilian lands—
Reasons "The British Parent" understands.

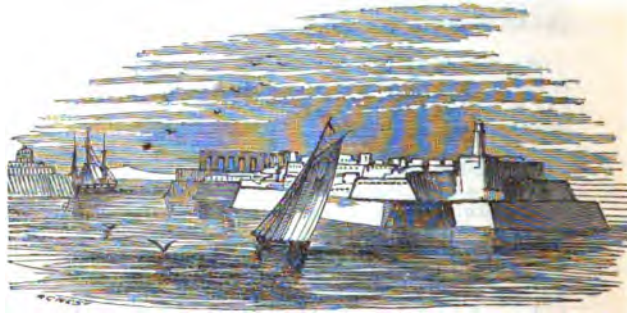
From Lisbon to the roads where Calpe towers
We 'did' a rapid run of fifty hours,
And 'spoke' old Gib', a rough place noted for
A very courtly fine old Governor
Monkeys and scorpions, and the *'bouchon'*-tree,
Nor less for soldier hospitality.
A trip to Ceuta much perturbed that place
And certain stomachs after, in the 'race.'

From Gib', the wind at W., away we dance,†
Bound to Algiers, the Africa of France;
Whose sheeny walls three days sufficed to bring
Within the shade of our amphibious wing;
Whence, surging onwards with a slashing breeze,
We sought Sardinia's Isle athwart the seas—
Seas that were rising to a coming gale,
Momently strengthening as we shortened sail.—
Snap went the square-sail boom,—the top-sail, glued
Against its writhing mast, would not be clued:
The struggling main-sail we could scarcely stow,—
The vessel hissing over crests of snow;—
Till,—in a favouring lull, the boom made fast,—
The stormsails shewed scant surface to the blast;
And,—tho' all night fierce squalls of wind and hail
Swept through the rigging with a rushing wail,
Like organ tone, that aisle and transept shakes,
Blent as with hissing of aërial snakes,—
Good little yacht, "———" she heeded not,
More than a tempest-bird, the storm's onslaught,
But held her, steadfast on her destined way,
'Till, with the twilight of the morrow day,
Cape Spartivento reared its rugged side,
And the keel cut Cagliari's crystal tide.

* "Non ex quovis ligno," &c.

† Skipper's phrase.

Two days at Cagliari we whiled away;
The third, with fair light winds, we thought to weigh—
Vain hope!—Old Boreas blew his cheeks with might,
And sent us reeling on our wat'ry flight,
Careering madly thro' the flashing flood,
Chased as by Furies faster than we would,
Wave tops are swept inboard us by the breeze
Like pearl-dust brushed from off the blasted seas;
Bare as the cope of heaven, and staring, shines,
A livid lead-blue, streaked with misty lines;
But fair the gale withal, and soon the shore
Of Maretimo rose,—the storm was o'er!
And hence light winds o'er tumid waters while
Our pinioned planks where toasts Valetta's Isle;
An arid, damnable and damned rock,
Parched by red coats, and blasted by Scirroc,
A subtle poison that man breathes, and sickens,
As the etherial sulphur round him thickens.



Malta Harbour.

Malta, I hate you!—listen here and I
Will tell you in the frankest fashion why,—
So! at attention stand—a moment, while
I catalogue some horrors of your Isle.—
Next of all vermin save the Paul-scared adders,
Your town's a Jacob's dream of steep stone ladders;
Your physic surface is one calcined quarry,
While socially, you're seedy, *morne*, and sorry;
Chalk white your soil with heat,—bleached, parched, adust,
You talk but pipeclay, as you breathe but dust.
Howe'er the wind, at the angle of each street,
Blasts head one, charged with grit and pulv'rous sleet:—
Your walks are dammed at every turn and pent
By some vile ramp or horrid battlement:—
Florian's a prison-play ground, and your rides
Are narrow rope-walks, and there's nought besides!
Thus is the Melite man so cramped and cooped—
What wonder that his soul grows pinched and stupid:

Minervas less the *sagesse*,—soldier maids,—
Your spinsters *live* for tea fights and parades,—
The social *vivandieres* of British arms,
Sapping the ensign breast with pipeclay'd charms;—
The while they vilify each lady-neighbour,—
The which in mixt society is a bore,—

But tenderest snares for youths of fortune lay,
Wheeling round hearts,—The petticoats of prey!—
The *native* ones detest us—hence their morals;
And thus Valetta breeds few Agnès Sorels.

Then I dislike your rare-arriving packets;—
Abhor your *one* resource, the game of rackets:
I loathe your tea-fights, hate your fiery coats,
Don't see the 'pull' of your romantic boats
And ne'er drank wine aboard your tables, save
Some quaint Marsala long in Woodhouse' *cave*.*
In gastric science, too, you're well behind,
An art cried down by things of nether mind;
Just as tho' nature, in her vast design,
Had not created gentlemen to dine!

Enough!—I know you vermin'd vile and torrid,
And think you passing slow and stiff and horrid;
So that, hereby,—to be somewhat uncivil,—
I heartily devote you to the *Divil*.
But to avoid scurrility of verse,
And partly, too, in order to be terse,
I simply 'queath you my peculiar curse.

From Malta, set we sail, Piræus-bound,
Haunted with visionings of classic ground,
And neared Cape Matapan; but adverse seas,
With a long head-swell, said "an Eastern breeze—"
Which quickly followed, warning us to shun
A turbid beat, and make a prudent run;
And caused us timely, with a wise dispatch
To shirk the terrors of a "Threshing match." †

At Old Athena who would not have been?
Who would not Attic monuments have seen?
Who would not ramble thro' those ruined plains,
And, thoughtful, tread her Pride's august remains?
Or, softly rippling, thread those azure Isles,
Where, as of old, eternal nature smiles?
But who, the trebly-brazen-breasted ‡ man
To face 'gainst adverse gales, Cape Matapan?
Not I!—and, so, th' alternate we brave,—
Proverbial perils of Lepanto's Wave.

'Twas thus,—the winds for Matapan being scant—
We found ourselves brought up that eve at Zante:
Where having stayed a day, it came to pass
The next morn at five, we sought Patras,
Then rippled Corinth-ward, the charm to break,‖
As to that port's being difficult to make.

In sooth, when all things have been said and done,
The sea of Corinth is a place to shun:
Ships should be smart, and rigging "all atanto,"
To safely tempt thy close-reefed gulf, Lepanto;—
A gulf wherein each state of wind and sea
Is constant only to inconstancy.—

* Cellar,—a gallicism. † Skipper's expression.
‡ "Illi robur et æs triplex circum pectus, &c."—Hor.
‖ "Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum."—Old Proverb.

A range of funnels clov'n in mountain-walls—
Æolian bear garden,—a den of squalls!
It and its guides so bad we well may style it
Nasty *without*, but nastier *with* a pilot.

At length we made Lutraka's roads,—a port,
Safe and of shallow anchorage, by report;
But, so concave the shore—a mountain bowl!
Home to the land the water would not shoal;
So, with our good ground tackle, up we brought her,—
The little ship, in seventeen fathom water.
Thus, with a warp ashore and moor'd amain,
We left the yacht, and "pricking o'er the plain,"
Jogged towards the town,—a foul, degenerate den
Of human animals, who once were men—
At least their foretathers,—it's all the same;—
And thence we journey'd towards Athena's *name;*
For it is *names*, not things, we seek thro' life,
Till one espouse a vision of a wife!

Greek Caique carrying away her spritsail-bang.

Oh, by-the-bye, we nearly came to grief
Bound to Piræus in a Grecian skiff,
That with a light beam wind refused to cope,
Carrying away her gear—rope after rope.
The spritsail-bang twice parted, and let trail
The spar astern, and then nerves 'gan to quail:
The Greeks, they swore and doubted,—coward elves!
But fate helped them who could not help themselves
And brought our frail Caïque of rotten gear
Safe in the haven of Piræus' pier;
Where half-a-dollar, and a health-bill clean
From quarantine released us to our inn,—
Lauding the venal officers who let us
Land and 'sup full' on honey of Hymettus.

Hived Hill, that teem'st with yellow wealth untold,
The rich Australia of translucent gold,
Pregnant with many a vegetable mine,
And secret cell of softest saccharine!—
Hail, dulcet ore, distill'd from mellowest bowers,—
Of fragrant taste,—the syrupy bloom of flowers!—

The floral richness of engolden'd dells,—
The marrow of the painted Asphodels!

A fine heroic that!—but, then a line—
That is, a "*log*-line," *should* be somewhat fine;
Besides there *is* a something fresh, *half*, sunny
And nature-tinct about Hymettian honey.

Well!—from Piræus in a trap jogged we
Bound for Athena's worst *hostellerie*,
Hight "*Des Etrangers*," and well-named, for none
But utter strangers would have thither gone.
That day, too late, th' Acropolis to scale,—
We made, O Jove, thy 'shuck' Cathedral,—
At least so Murray said,—(The '*Bifstek cru*'*
Of wandering England,—Meteor Ensign true!)
If not, what mattered it *Whose* marble groves
Of roofless thrunks they were—Mars', Love's or Jove's?—
Reckless of authenticity or guile
We drank *rosolio* near that ruined pile,
Of Mythie Somebody the blasted aisle!

The morrow's breakfast over before night,
We scaled the Propylæ's many a flight
Of steps to worship Wisdom on the height,—
Fane of the Heathen's Virgin, lapsed and rent,—
A scathed pomp of storied adamant!

An Inn at Megara.

We wended, after—as it did beseem us,—
Where wav'd once the woods of Academus:
Besides one saw—what everybody sees,†
The death-cage of the henpecked Socrates.
As sailors, too, 'gainst Fortune had we sinned,
Had we not sought the "Tower of the Wind,"
Where we right fervent oraisons addressed
To "*Vento Maistro*,"—Mister N.N.W,

* As the French call Mr. Murray's handbooks, doubtless from the colour of their cover, and their indissoluble association with British vagrance.

† Xantippe, to wit.

And, last, were duly lionized and shown
The light agrémens of the modern town
By Cicerone, Spiro.* The next day
To Megara we wended on our way.
He knows not misery who ne'er hath seen
A night of horror, Megara, in thine inn.
Behold the vision of experienced wretch,
Readers, remark the accompanying sketch.†
Once more Latraka! where with grateful mind
Our floating home and comforts we re-find.
So! under way for old Patras again
In thunder, lightning, squalls and rain!
Where, having left our lying, trembling pilot,
We shape for England's chief Ionic Islet:

Patras Pilot, (expressing ignorance but resignation.)

And, as,—well 'up' in Byron and Greek story—
We'd duly bade "farewell" to "the rock hoary,"
So,—though night-time, and blowing heavy—very,—
After Childe Harold,—that poetic Murray!
Coming on deck,—a sentimental tar!
I duly hailed "Lucadia's Cape afar!"
Passed was Ulysses' Isle, so blank and bare,
Where sad Penelope would stand and stare;
And—try-sail wing'd, with Samian feelings drunk,
One saw where "burning Sappho" sung and sunk:
But soon Albanian Albion hove in view—
Now for a rhythmic yarn about Corfù!

Seen from the sea, the town looms large and grand,—
A pomp of palaces, but, once on land,

* Spiro Mavrik, an Athenian guide, whom I promised to advertise, if not immortalise.

† See page 463.

One finds the lath and plaster stage-effect,
Masking Greek slums in national neglect.
But, inland, all is beauty,—hazel height,
And woods of olive, looped with chequering light,
Or fitful glimpse of laughing wave below,—
Far-flanked with iron hills of summer snows—
Charms, land of picture, with the island brood
Of eastern Greece that claims thy sisterhood.

The town amusements there are passing tame,—
A "lyric stage" that scarce deserves the name,
And barrack pastimes, every where the same!
Thus, when you ask one—"What is there to do?"
One answers "little" —yet one liked Corfù;
And what with scrambles upon mountain poney,
And *flanerings* in the *Quartier Spiridione*,
We whiled the time away, and, eke, by dint o'
Excursions to the Turks fleet at Butrinto,
Where paled the Crescent flag, and suffered loss
'Gainst Montenegro's brigands of the Cross.

Thus, with the gunner's mess, and, by-and-bye,
The dinners of Sir Henry, "The Lord High," *—
Who asked us over in his ten-oared gig
To see Albania, and to stick the pig,†
Besides th' amenities of certain Highlanders,
We bored ourselves but little 'mongst the islanders.

Three days from Corfù brought us to Valetta,
To stride once more the stones of Strada Stretta,
But which,—being fully pictured before,—
Of Melita, loquacious muse, no more!

Among the fleet, we knew the fated "Tiger,"
The "Arethusa" and well-sided "Niger,"
And Admiral, since a cause of some loquacity—
Of patience tried and negative sagacity,
For bright Despatches‡ famed, and great dundascity.

After, the men, by idlesse somewhat bored,
Got up a pretty mutiny on board,
Which quickly yielded unto prestige sheer,—
The moral force of twenty broadsides near!

At length from Malta, after much delay,
The ninth of April, got we well away;
And thence, the wind at W. a course we shape
For old Trinacria's South Eastern Cape,
And made which, 'thwart on ugly swell, that night,
Dreaming ourselves at Syracuse—all right!—
But, calmed when off that port, a Southern current
Back again swept us, helpless, vague and errant.
Suffice it that we made that place in time—
A place for which I scarce can find a rhyme,—
The local baptists fault; so, don't my lyre accuse
In that it knows no better rhyme for Syracuse.

* The Lord High Commissioner, conventionally thus abbreviated.
† Boar hunting—the Albanian Chasse.
‡ Compare with those of Admiral Hamelin, passim.

Ma,—che—importa?—there did we make stay,—
To see the lions, of a single day,—
Fountains and prisons, ruined streets of tombs,
Temples and pillars, caves and catacombs!—
And then we sought to sail upon a Friday—
A day assuredly that is not *my* day.

Weighing, we fouled a ketch, and thus sailed late,
Bound thro' the gorge of the Messina Strait.
Next morn, at dawn, when 'twixt which narrow channel
I felt a pitching fit to make a man ill,
And found that things looked anything but fine,
The sanguine glass being down to twenty-nine.
And then it blew till everything was blue,
Sicilia's craft bore up and we 'lay-to;'—
Then blow it did like marlinspikes and thunder;—
With close-reefed sails we put the lee-rail under;—
The sea one vexed white,—the sky as black,—
Tornadoes headed us on every tack.
The yacht did well; and it must be, I ween, a
Smart ship to then have thresh'd thy straits, Messina.
Baffling Messina, with thy choice of evils,—*
I here devote thee to a thousand devils!
'Twas Friday sailing p'raps, or *Chose* who boned
Some martyr's bones, for which we thus atoned.
Whate'er the cause, we share old Jonah's curse,
Getting each passage weather worse and worse—
O that the elements were less adverse,
If only to diversify the verse!

I beg no future "lop-raphist" will crib this
Exquisite rhyme of Whirlpool Charybdis;
Where in the water's still the slight gyration
That so perplexed Ænean navigation.
On th' adverse shore, bespecked with many a villa
Gleams a spruce town,—once formidable Scylla!
Thence, wafted by a slashing breeze and free,
Sought we the softest city of the sea,—
Supernal earth, divine Parthenope!†

We did at Naples as the natives do—
Nothing luxuriously, 'till all was blue—
Blue as the air, hills, waves or Mrs. Norton,—
But here the log-text I maun clip and shorten.

.....

We sailed!—but, hung within a three day calm,
We inly vented many a hearty 'damn;'
At length and 'bore up,' with a cordial curse
For the port christened from Æneas nurse: ‡
Where, there being nothing literally to eat,—
Soon did we backwards beat a wise retreat.

Another Naples sojourn!—till, one night
We weighed and plumed a second northern flight.
To Cape Circelle up, the wind was fair;
Then a head swell, and naught but adverse air.

* The Scylla and Charybdis alternative.
† Allusive to the old saying of Naples—"Un pezzo di cielo caduto in terra."
‡ "Tu quoque litoribus nostris, Æneia nutrix.
Æternam, moriens famam, Cayeta, dedisti."—Virgil.

Circelle left; an uphill course we shape
For Argentero of the Silver Cape.
Through calms and N.W. winds, thus, day by day
And inch by inch we won disputed way;
Till, as the climax of a tedious beat,
We made the Imperial Corsican's retreat.
In vain the waves still keep with jealous guard,
Elba, thy narrow patch of prison sward—
The grassy sod within the Eagle-cage,—
Once, deluge-girt* Ambition's hermitage!

A day of exile there we duly spent,
And then our fateful way we upward went:
But west and north are hateful points to steer—
The wind seems nailed there half the southern year:
N.W. by N., however up we tend—
The breeze inexorably "dead on end—"
Wherewith short swells and calms like *vacua* blend,—
Weather to wear out rigging and mar sails,
And thus we neared, but slowly neared Marseilles†
Indeed we scarcely got a slant of air
Up to the *salins* of the French Hyéres,
Where to bring up we came to the decision,
Being somewhat short of patience and provision.

From Hyéres, still headed by that luck of our's,
We did not reach Marseilles for fifty hours.
Where, we, such calms and adverse weather voting
Monotonous, declined all further floating;
And, true yacht lubbers,—took the route o'erland,
Leaving the ship to find her native strand.

Now, during such a cruize in waters new,
There always is or seemeth much to do;—
What with the seamanship and navigation;
Besides a course of mundane observation
Of men and manners in a stranger nation:
Still, on board ship, are always blanks of time—
Such I employed to limn in listless rhyme,—
(And thus oft scared the blue-devils,—the spleen!)
Familiar etchings of aquatic scene.

Thus, partly from a passion for Hydrology;
Or, from that Cacoëthes, mere Philology;
Partly, perchance, from——but, what matters why?—
The dream is substance; and, so. forthwith I,
For letter'd cavils, or for R. N. strictures,
Unroll the ensuing series of pictures,—
True portraits of the moments, as they came,
Set in hard "log-wood,"—realistic frame!
So, now, a truce to further Prolegomena—
Survey scene I. of nautical Phenomena!

END OF PROËM.

(To be continued.)

* Alluding to Napoleon's known saying, "Apres moi le deluge!"
† English pronunciation, S. V. P.

A REMINISCENCE OF SMUGGLERS.

BY A VETERAN YACHTSMAN.

VISITORS who may sojourn in any of the watering places or sea side hamlets with which the coast of England abounds, cannot fail, if they are early risers, to notice a number of weather-beaten looking fellows coming in generally in couples from "along shore;" these are the coast guard or preventive men whose duties are of the most fatiguing description: perhaps they have been twelve hours on the look-out, and we see them after their night's hard vigil staggering home under the accumulative weight of musket, and Mc'Intosh, swords and sou'-westers, bullets and blue lights, pistols and powder, &c., and certainly cutting a very different figure from that representation of them in highly coloured prints which usually adorn the interior of a "Kiddleywink or beer shop," these purporting to be a faithful picture of an affray at midnight with smugglers, invariable show the "Will Watch" of the party and his lass rigged out in their holiday suits, whilst their adversaries the coast-guard men are made to sport cocked hats, striped blue and white trowsers, and coloured dancing pumps.

That the reader may gather a tolerable idea of what is expected from these sons of midnight toil, we can state that when an officer is nominated to the coast guard service he is forewarned that it is one entailing great bodily fatigue and mental anxiety; and if at the expiration of a month's probation found unable to endure these, he is at once discharged from the service; with these preliminaries by way of introduction we pass on to state that:—

It was towords the close of a day in the beginning of October that that Lieutenant Farn, the chief officer of the coast-guard at ———, assembled his crew in the watch-house of the station and having read the journal of the past twenty-four hours proceedings; the men agreeably to the instructions, affixed their signatures or marks to the document in testimony of its truthfulness: they were afterwards dismissed to their respective guards, or as a soldier would say "posts" for the night, the lieutenant betaking himself to his home, intending after a few hours repose to proceed along the coast and ascertain that his patroles were on the *qui vive*. The extent of Lietenant Farn's command was, as the crow flies, a distance of nine miles, but as the shore was precipitous and rugged, and the beach abounding with inaccessible rocks and reefs jut-

ting out into the sea, it necessarily involved a distance of near twenty miles to any one who had occasion to visit all the practicable landing places of the station, seeing that although these might be within a couple of hundred yards of each other, yet to arrive at each of them it would be absolutely necessary to go up some extensive ravine into the main-road and down some other gorge before communication with the various patroles could be effected; when we add to this circumstance, that but nine individuals composed the force of the gallant lieutenant, there will be but small difficulty in comprehending that cargoes of contraband spirits were occasionally landed on his station; but whilst this fact is admitted we must in fair play entirely exonerate the officer from all blame in the matter, and give him full credit for zeal and ability as to the manner in which he disposed of his small party, and for the well devised stratagems which he planned with the view to entrapping the smugglers and their cargoes. Many a tub of spirits had been "called from the vasty deep," which otherwise would have been lost to the revenue, had the lieutenant gone to work incautiously, since the adverse party could command to watch his movements a force outnumbering by a hundred-fold that of the coast-guard crew. Hence the lieutenant was often induced to depart from the strict letter of the general instructions issued by the powers that be; but as success is the only justification that can be offered for such a procedure, he was running a fearful risk, and it is with much regret we have to state that in due time Lieutenant Farn became a victim to his system: this was brought on through the villany of a troublesome neighbour, who for two years or more had kept a private journal to the prejudice of the lieutenant, and had treated one of his crew, at a beer shop; and by his villanous arts made the man a creature of his own. The *animus* having arisen entirely from a dispute about the sharing of some flank prize-money, a portion of which was unjustly laid claim to by this base man, and because it was given against him by those to whom the matter was referred, he never forgot the fancied injury; and rested not until his vindictive spirit had worked out the means of victimising Lieutenant Farn. It is to such *denouement* that our story unfortunately tends, and in recording it opportunity will be afforded the reader of learning something about the ingenious manœuvres of the smugglers and their enemies, the "Philistines."

The lieutenant had snored just fifteen minutes, when a shower of gravel came pattering against the window of his bed-chamber, and being accustomed to this signal he speedily awoke, got out of bed, opened the casement, and learnt from the man on watch that a blue light had been burnt near the "Head." Having with all dispatch

dressed himself and proceeded to the watch-house, he commanded the man on duty there to accompany him. The night was an extremely dark one, and as the officer and his men proceeded to the eastward they had to feel their way with their sticks over dangerous and precipitous cliffs; high and rugged rocks had to be surmounted, these in turn gave way to knee-deep bogs,—then had they to pass through farm yards guarded by vicious dogs, and occasionally their steps were arrested by a keeper and his assistants, who would rush suddenly upon them from behind some hedge or thick cover, and by virtue of a double-barrelled gun at full cock pointed at their heads, would command a surrender in the "Squire's" name. Taking, therefore, into consideration these and a host of other difficulties, it will doubtless be conceded that life in the coast-guard is full of perils, and that a bed of sharp pointed rocks by the sea-shore in a south-west gale with rain, is a long way removed from a bed of roses.

In due time our party emerged into the main-road, and had not proceeded far when footsteps were heard to approach; they now concealed themselves amongst some bushes that skirted the road and awaited to discover the character and object of the new comer. Had he proved to have been a stranger, unless he evidently carried a suspicious burden on his shoulders, it would have been no part of the lieutenant's policy to have challenged the traveller, as the former knew well the "dodge" of the smugglers was always to send a scout in advance of their party, and should the coast-guard incautiously suffer themselves to be discovered by the advanced guard, his peculiarly expressed "good night" in loud tones, warned the smugglers of the danger, and like a flash of lightning they were over hedges and fields to some appointed rendezvous, to find which would have undoubtedly puzzled all the wise men who are in the habit of occupying that very large building not a hundred miles from Billingsgate. The footsteps, however, proved to be those of one of the lieutenant's crew; he was the bearer of a note from the officer of the next district, and on its receipt was informed that it was immediate and of some import. The man was accordingly on his way to the watch-house, and this accidental meeting of his chief officer had now saved him a walk of some four miles.

Every one will admit that it is easy enough to receive a note in a dark lane, of a still darker night, but some ingenuity is doubtless required to devise the means of reading it under such circumstances; but coast-guard men, like soldiers and sailors, are often thrown upon their own resources, and none prove the proverb more than they do, that, "Necessity is the mother of invention." Lieutenant Farn was fruitful in these when re-

quired, and on one of his party suggesting that a blue light might be ignited for the purpose of decyphering the contents of the missive, he replied, "No, no, that will never do, we should alarm the coast and withdraw the look-outs from their guards, besides exposing our whereabouts to our adversaries.—I have it!" Whereupon the active officer jumped over an adjoining hedge, and selecting from amongst some hundreds of others, a brilliant specimen of those little creatures, the glow-worm, he moved the luminous portion of its body along the paper under the several lines of writing in the note, and read as follows:—

"*Pilchard Cove Station,*
"*September 23rd*, 18—

"GENTLEMEN.—I beg to inform you that Johnny Tunweight has been missing from this place since yesterday, and as he is a smuggling character, he may be gone on a smuggling transaction.

"I am, &c.,
"*To the respective Chief Officers.*" "JONATHAN RUSTY, *C.O.*"

The date of this note being one week anterior to the time of its receipt, we account for the circumstance by stating that it had been brought from a place at one hundred miles distant, by foot patroles; and however unimportant the absence of Johnny Tunweight might appear to the reader, it was nevertheless sufficient to keep the *whole* force along the coast on the *qui vive* for some time, as in the event of a "run" taking place on their guards, on any night when the officer from down-right exhaustion and fatigue, consequent upon a series of sleepless ones, ventured to relax a little, there would then be an opportunity for a litigious fellow to bring against his brother officer a charge, that he had in the face of an *important* information neglected to prevent a run on his station; or, he might have even been charged with collusion, and Johnny Tunweight's visit to some country fair or other festivity, be made the pretext for crushing him:—such things have been.

We must not however forget the blue light which was burned just now: this signal informed Lieut. Farn that smuggling galleys had left the beach at——, and no one doubted that the object of their crews was to "creep" up tubs from the bottom of the sea, and afterwards land them on some part of the coast; but for any save these sea poachers, to determine the precise spot where they were to be "run" was not so easy a matter, and knowing as the lieutenant did that his exposed and difficult station was vulnerable, from the insufficiency of his force, he choose stratagem rather than pertinacious adherence to rules laid down by *theoretical* men. Acting upon his own views, whenever himself and men came to a gate

leading towards any part of the beach, he cautiously placed along the bars a number of small flat stones, so that on a revisit to the said gate, the displacement of these stones would indicate if any person had passed through it; and as none but his crew, or smugglers, were likely to do so at that hour of the night, a significant indication was thus afforded, and which enabled the lieutenant to know that a landing on his guards was meditated. He also carefully noted spots where breaches in the hedges occurred, and wisely foreseeing that a large body of men assembled for an illicit purpose, would on their way to the sea coast naturally enough go over the fences by these practicable breaches, in preference to going by the main road for the purpose of finding a gate, he planted with his own hand in the gap-way sundry pieces of decayed sticks, so that it would be impossible for the smallest boy to go over without tearing these indices away. Strange to say, that this evidence of zeal and ability for the service on the part of the officer should have eventually been considered to his prejudice, marvellous is it that men could have been found to support the wretch who brought it about, but so it was, as we shall in the sequel see.

The precautions we have related having been made, the lieutenant and his men trudged on through the mud-covered lanes, contracting at each step additional weight, as their beach-tramping shoes raised as they walked some half-pound of the tenacious clay. In due time the eastern extremity of the station was reached, and a conference with the patrole belonging to the next district having taken place, Lieut. F. learnt that at some hour during the past night, a vessel had arrived at a port to the eastward, which on being boarded, presented all the appearance of having recently brought over and sunk a cargo. That the reader may know how these inferences were arrived at, we propose to shift the scene to on board a "duffer" or smuggling craft in the offing, he will by these means be let into a little of the mytery of their craft.

The "Polly" was an old sloop of thirty tons burden, and manned by five as smart fellows as ever stepped a deck; she had in her hold 200 tubs of spirits of brandy, and one-fifth that number of stones, mostly weighing thirty or forty pounds each; a hole having been bored through these, a lanyard one fathom in length, was spliced into each stone,—the purpose for which they were required will become apparent by-and-by. The skipper of the Polly, named Stepout, was a stout black-whiskered fellow, and from having been many years in a coasting vessel, was thoroughly acquainted with every part of the English coast, a qualification which is absolutely requisite for the captain of a smuggling craft. He had sailed just sixteen hours before our introduction of him to the

reader from a little port in France, a few miles to the eastward of Cape Barfleur, and had hoped to have reached the place intended for the landing about midnight; he was however baffled in these views by the wind falling light, and that circumstance also rendered it a matter of great risk to venture inshore, seeing that the coast-guard boats could, now that it was moderate, lay along the coast on the look-out. As for the revenue cruizers, Captain Stepout declared he "Didn't care a d—— for fifty of them:" for the simple reason that the Polly, being one-third the size of a cruizer, the latter could always be seen from the former at a sufficient distance to enable him to get away; but with row boats it was a very different thing, they were alongside before you could see them: these were painted white, and the crews had white hats, frocks, and trowsers, looking for all the world like fellows just emerged from a snow storm. These dodges made it next to impossible for the smugglers to see them until too late to escape. Having premised this much, we must now allow the conversation on board the Polly to further enlighten the reader. "Confound it how unlucky," remarked Stepout, "that the breeze has taken us short, we shall be obliged to sink the goods."

"What does our signal book say," asked Collings."

Stepout in reply to this question, pulled out a small pocket-book, and by the light of the binnacle read as follows, viz.—

"The Polly must leave France as soon as a gale of wind from S.E. to S.W. blows; sixteen hours after the breeze has set in on the English side, the "company" will be assembled at Fidler's Cove awaiting her arrival, in order to effect if possible an immediate landing of the goods; but should danger be discovered, the following signals will determine future proceedings.

"One blaze.—To signify that the Gorbolues * are on the look-out to Fidler's Cove, and that the landing must be attempted at Hopper's Creek.

"Two blazes.—Sink the goods where most convenient.

"N.B.—Do not risk an attempt to 'run the tubs' before eleven at night or 4 o'clock in the morning; and destroy the signal book before coming into port."

As Captain Stepout finished reading the above instructions, and was about to take counsel as to what was best to be done under the present circumstances, the man having the look-out exclaimed, "Two fires skipper, on the starboard bow."

"That's a clencher," said "Stepout." its all up for the night we must sink."

* Gorbelus, is a name often applied to the coast-guard men.

"I say Bill how far d'ye think we are from that there land?"

"Well I can't say exactly, skipper," replied Bill; "but I should think it a matter of more 'nor ten miles.—What do you say Josh?"

"Why say as I thinks, we are a precious sight to far off for sinking, besides the ground is so foul here, the rocks be sure to cut the stones from the 'things,' and they will be 'awash' the first breeze of wind."

"Josh is right," said happy Jack, "its very hard to take sinking marks so far off, and we should be puzzled to find the raft again, and more nor that, the tide runs too strong in this deep water."

"I'll tell you what it is my lads," chimed in Stepout, "lets belay the jawing tack, and get into a clean spot as fast as possible, before the breeze dies away and leaves us in the doldrums: shake out the reef of the main-sail, run up the gaff top-sail, and then let us get the warps and anchors ready. Keep a good look-out Bill, don't let us be caught napping. I'll soon get the craft into better sinking ground."

In obedience to these orders the Polly was soon made to "put her best leg foremost," and having reached towards the land for about three miles, the lead was put over and twenty-five fathoms of water obtained.

"Them there soundings will do very well," said captain Stepout, "haul down the fore-sail and stand by the anchor."

The sloop's head was next made to coincide with the bearing of the E—— lighthouse, by the compass, while at the same moment the polar star was brought to appear exactly midway between two remarkable hummocks on the summit of some high and distinctive land.

"Let go the anchor!" commanded Stepout; and down went the "mud hook" in a spot most accurately marked as we have seen: the rope or cable attached was thereupon veered out to 100 fathoms, then came the warp to which the tubs of spirits were secured, and as every ten of these passed over the bow, a stone was lashed on: when one half the illicit cargo had thus been run out, another anchor was bent to the end of the warp, which on being let go the Polly was again underway, and she at once proceeded to another spot convenient for sinking the remaining moiety of the cargo, these by the process we have explained were soon stretched like the others some 400 yards taut along the bottom of the sea. There being now no risk of capture the smuggling craft stood boldly into port, where she was boarded by the chief officer of the coast-guard station, who on finding her without ballast, her anchors and warps gone, a bundle of French manufactured matches, and some biscuits of that country, came at once to the conclusion that the vessel had recently brought over "goods" and sunk them on some part of the coast, until a favourable opportunity should present itself for them to creep up, and

run the tubs; as had the Polly managed to have landed them at once as was intended, until baffled by the wind, the warps, anchors, and stones would as a matter of course have been discovered on board her.

On learning the aforesaid intelligence it appeared more than probable to the lieutenant that the blue light which had been burned in the early part of the evening, had reference to the galleys which were doubtless afloat for the purpose of finding and creeping up the sloop's cargo, and as he was aware that the latter had been fired off from Fidler's Cove on the previous night, there was abundant reason for believing that the goods were destined to be run upon his station; acting upon these views he lost no time in communicating with the patroles and giving sundry instructions which were considered to best suit existing circumstances, and whilst the lieutenant is engaged in devising plans and doing his best to prevent his guards from invasion, we will request the reader to accompany us on board one of the galleys and thereby gain an insight into their method of creeping up tubs and afterwards landing them.

These fine boats had put off from the shore a little before nine o'clock, and were each manned by ten stout rowers, and a coxswain; and were on this occasion commanded by Stepout; Collings and Josh, being also of the party. In order to elude the viligance of the coast-guard, the galleys had been for several days before they were required for an illicit purpose, stowed away amongst the thick gorse growing near the banks of an unfrequented creek of the river; but the chief officer of the station to which the boats belonged was, as the smugglers said of him, "a cunning old fox," and had been aware of the hiding place; and having consequently set a watch upon the spot, the boats were no sonner launched than the blue light of the coast-guard informed their brother officers that it was high time to keep their weather-eye open.

"D—l take it," said Stepout as they cleared the head, "there's that infernal rocket and blue light of the old fox has humbugged us again."

"Never mind skipper," replied Josh, "they can't be everywhere, and unless their boats find out where we are to creep, it's devilish queer if we can't make our landing good: there's twenty good spots on Farn's station, and if all his men be out they can't be but at five places out of the twenty."

"That's plain sailing," said Collings, "but what I think's most about is that some d——d snake in the grass gives Farn information, and then there's no telling how soon a fellow may be sent to turn a squirrel's cage for six months."

"There's no fear of that bo', them there beaks never sends us sea-dogs to the mill, it's only the long-shore fellows that is in for the grinding match if they are nabbed a 'duffing!" rejoined the skipper.

Whilst this conversation was being carried on, the galleys were slowly pulling in a different direction from where the tubs were reposing at the bottom of the sea, which induced Josh to remark that they were not on the right scent.

"Don't learn your granny how to suck eggs," said Stepout, "I am going to make a sham 'creep' for half-an-hour."

"That's good Latin," chimed in Collings, "we shall soon see by that plan whether we're dogged or not."

Stepout now ordered the crew to cease rowing, and having arranged the galleys abreast of each other, they commenced pulling slowly but making noise enough with the oars to attract the attention of any coast-guard boat on the look-out. This *ruse* succeeded, for in less than ten minutes, the six-oared gig of the "Cunning Old Fox," was ranging up alongside of Stepout's boat; but it was not that worthy's intention to permit personal communication with the former, and having (as the smuggling galleys had,) the heels of the six-oared boat, they simultaneously stretched out, leaving behind them, floating on the surface of the water a small bundle of corks, to which was attached a fathom or two of fishing line. Whilst they are now pulling away in the *true* direction for finding the goods, we must give the reader an idea of what was doing on board the gig of the preventive officer.

He had been attracted towards the spot where the galleys were, by the noise of their rowing, and having sighted the boats, his crew "laid on their oars" to watch the movements of the smugglers, his party being unseen, from their boat and crew presenting no relief against the horizon, being as we have before remarked entirely white. The "Cunning Old Fox" having ascertained that the galleys were pulling *slowly in line abreast*, he decided that they must be creeping for the "goods;" and having placed the "mark keg" within his reach and otherwise prepared it for service, he said, "Now, my lads, stretch out." Accordingly they were in a few moments on the spot, but Stepout had the start and was now fast distancing his pursuers: the latter promptly threw over the mark keg that they might return at convenience and creep up as they expected the Polly's cargo, little dreaming it was at least four miles from the place where the galleys had been fallen in with.

As it is not likely that every reader may understand the use of a mark keg, we explain that a barrel about the size of a butter firkin, has wound round it twenty or thirty fathoms of a small line, to which a stone of six or seven pounds weight is attached; the keg on being thrown overboard therefore becomes moored to the spot by the stone, which as a matter of course unwinds the line and goes to the bottom.

The chase after the smuggling galleys was not of long duration, for independent of their being light from not having goods on board, they were not so easily caught; and it might be a matter of some difficulty of a dark night for the coast-guard men to again find their mark. So they determined not to be drawn away from the place, and accordingly returned and proceeded to creep, for what was not there, which proceeding was the very thing that "Stepout" wanted; whilst therefore his adversaries were thus decoyed out of his way, he was soon at the right place and busily engaged in weighing the goods, cutting off the stones, and boating the tubs for the landing: these having been stretched taut along the bottom by the Polly and extending nearly the length of a quarter-of-a-mile, the creeping irons of the three galleys very soon overlaid the warps, and one half the cargo was speedily divided amongst them. Stepout now pulled out his watch and ascertained that it was half-past one, they were six miles from the place appointed for the landing, and as the hour for beaching the boats was to be at three o'clock precisely, they pulled silently and slowly in for the shore and whilst they are so doing, we will revert to the proceedings of Lieut. Farn and his crew.

By a curious coincidence that officer was (by the aid of a glow worm) ascertaining the time by his watch, at the precise moment when Stepout was looking at *his* time-piece. The lieutenant being then close to the gate and hedge which he had marked as before related; on examination of these it was plain that no one had passed that way to the sea shore, he therefore proceeded to the western guards of his station, towards Fidler's Cove, and not having seen a vestige of any thing suspicious during the night, he got home at daylight excessively fagged, and on turning in was soon as the sailors say, "in the arms of *murphy*." The proverb says "there is no rest for the wicked," the gallant officer thought the adage should be altered to "there is no rest for the weary;" as a tremendous crash came against the glass of his window, caused by an unusual quantity of gravel, thrown by an apparently angry hand, and so indeed it proved, as he jumped out of bed after a short half-hour's repose and lifted the window, underneath which stood one of his crew, the picture of woe, covered as he was with mud, and wearing that haggard look, which tells of "bodily fatigue and mental anxiety:" there was the inflamed eye, which had been for twelve hours peering through the black horizon of night; there was too the shambling gait and round shoulders, fast merging into a humpback: all these contracted by the arduous nature of the service, and now was added to these the bitter feeling of anger and disappointment, to say nothing of what was "looming

in the future," in the shape of a court of Inquiry—but we must be explicit.

"Well Jenkins," sung out the lieutenant, "what the d——l's the matter now."

"We are done by G—d, sir," was the reply.

"The d—l we are," was the rejoinder, and the officer jerked out in rapid speech, "How, where, when, how do you know? but wait a bit, I'll dress and come down."

Lieutenant Farn made a hasty toilet, he was not very long in "putting in pins and buckles," and on joining Jenkins, he learnt to his sorrow that the beach at guard, No. 2, presented the certain evidence of a landing having been effected, and at the very spot to where the marked gate and hedge would lead.

Before we enter into further particulars about this "run," it is necessary the reader should be informed that previous to the lieutenant going to bed, which he did not do until five in the morning, he left word that the day watchman should be sent forthwith to examine the eastern guards, and had said to the man, "*If anything has been done at No. 2, you will find the gate open and hedge broken down.*" This would be but a natural consequence, seeing that the sticks placed by his own hands could not remain if a body of men passed over the hedge; and in reference to the gate, it is well known that smugglers would previously contrive to unlock any which it was their intention to pass through with tubs. Yet such was the rancorous hate of the lieutenant's troublesome neighbour, that this very speech made to the man sent to examine the guards, was logged in the private journal of this wretch, and subsequently brought in evidence against Lieutenant Farn. Three long miles did the weary officer trudge as he retraced his steps to the watch-house, and having roused out the crew who had but just turned in after their night of toil, these were divided into pairs, and directed to proceed in various directions into the woods and thickets, examining as they went every thing likely to bear upon the case. As for the lieutenant, he followed up the footmarks from the beach until having lost all traces at the mouth of a rivulet, he concluded that the smuggling party must have walked through the stream of water in order to baffle their pursuers.

Whilst these measures on the part of the coast-guard are in operati we once more return to the adverse party, whom we left in the galle pulling in towards the appointed place of landing, which happened to l in a cove a mile to the eastward of No. 2 guard.

"Keep a sharp look, my lads," said Captain Stepout, "for the signal and out knives to cut away as soon as we beach her.

The night was intensely dark, and the roar of the heavy surf as it rolled in on the shore also favoured them, as the noise of their oars was overpowered by it.

It happened, however, that two of the "Philistines" were snugly esconced in a furze bush just above the destined landing place; they were it appears discovered through the medium of a dog, whose barking induced one of them to say in rather too loud a tone, "There's some one astir, Bill!" Bill replied he thought so too; and in three minutes afterwards, a sheet of paper which had been dipped in spirits of wine, was blazing on the hill over their heads. This warned the smugglers of danger, and agreeably to the preconcerted signal, they now made for the guard No. 2, and after giving the "company" on shore time to find their way to that place, they plumped the galleys ashore, when down rushed seventy men with their faces blacked, and seizing a pair of tubs, each proceeded with them up the precipitous cliff, over the hedge, and through the very gate which Lieutenant Farn had marked in the early part of the night, and which on his passing the spot at half-past one presented no indication whatever of a number of men having gone that way.

On examining guard at daylight, the beach appeared to have been raked over, as if to lull the suspicions of the officers, but on a close scrutiny a piece of spunyarn about three or four inches long, and some portions of the bark of a hoop were picked up; these left an unmistakeable proof that a "run" had taken place. A portion of this cargo was after some time captured, they were concealed in a very ingenious and singular manner which we shall describe: In the centre of a field of potatoes one of the coast-guard crew picked up a small piece of re-manufactured cordage, such as is used by smugglers for slinging their tubs: this led to a strict overhaul of the neighbourhood; and footmarks observed which were traced to the centre of the field: these indications induced the revenue officers to bore the ground by means of sharp pointed irons, termed gravel spits, one of these suddenly penetrated into a cavity, the soil was thereupon cleared away, and a hole discovered containing fifty kegs of spirits, it was planked over about three feet from the surface, and its entrance filled up by a large wooden tray, wherein the potatoes were planted in strait lines to correspond with the others growing in the field: the box was lifted up after the manner of the till of a chest, and when in its place, presented no appearance of being the means of ingress or egress to or from a place of concealment.

We would gladly wind up our story here, but we have unfortunately to add that two years and a half subsequently to this occurrence, the

lieutenant was arraigned before a Court of Inquiry on charges of neglect of duty. These were concocted by his deadly enemy whom we have before alluded to, and amongst other perjured evidence adduced, one man swore that the lieutenant was in collusion with the smugglers, because "*He told him to go to a certain place, and if any thing had been done he would find the gate open and the hedge broken down;* that having gone there, *he did find as his officer had predicted, and that a run had taken place.*" At this enquiry one of the prosecutors, (for there were two,) sat as president of the court, and actually damned a witness and sent him out of the court, because his evidence was in the officer's favour; what result could be expected? what was the use of going to law with the d——l, when the court was held in the satanic dominions? Lieutenant Farn was dismissed, afterwards rejoined his legitimate service, a man-of-war, had the pleasure to serve with honourable men, got his promotion to a higher rank, and may often be seen cultivating his little garden in peace, not far from the potatoe field where he found the cave. As Mrs. Gamp says, "sich is life." We add that his persecutors have long since been summoned for their misdeeds, and hope that they have found more mercy than they meted out to their brother.

TORQUAY ROYAL REGATTA.

TORQUAY has been the first this season, among the towns on the southern coast, to have its regatta; and it has led the way in admirable style. The wide, wide sea and the brave barques it bears on its bosom, ever inspire a joyous freshness and freedom from the tangled cares of business and the tortuous mazes of fashion. What more delightful than the sound of a brisk breeze playing among the sails of a fleet of yachts. The sea has its charms despite of all its winterish freaks. Passing strange, in our day, and in the happy land in which our lot has been cast, does it seem to look back to the acts of the Doges of ancient Venice, when with "pomp and antique pageantry," they wooed the fickle bride who encompassed them on every side. Still the ceremony indicated the importance attached to the vast encircling element, which in our times has been dignified with the sounding name of "the highw— of nations," a highway indeed that requires no surveyors and no repai By landsmen the breeze which accompanies the sea is no less appreciat than the briny waves themselves. Patients, haggard and forlorn, fro the insidious advance of consumption, inhale it with an effect almc magical. But apart from all its curative qualities, which cannot b

suggest melancholy considerations, the sea never fails to produce an exciting effect even upon the most accustomed watermen. Always the same, it is still ever changing. Now huge waves envelope the frail bark with the foam of its tempestuous rage; again the boat glides lightly o'er its surface, and scarcely leaves a trace of its progress.

Aquatic sports are certainly characterized by excitement, especially to those acquainted with nautical tactics. The latter class, in a large and fashionable watering-place like Torquay, are by no means few. The natural attractions of the place are considerable. Not a bay in the South of Devon possesses the advantages of Torbay. The heights of the suburbs command extensive views in every direction, and the harbour is well sheltered. Yachts of every class and tonnage seek it as a refuge.

The day fixed for the annual regatta was Friday, August the 4th, and the gentlemen who acted as honorary secretaries on the occasion were Mr. H. Kitson and Mr. W. S. Stark. The sports did not commence till noon, but early in the morning a large number of persons from the surrounding neighbourhood entered the town attired in their Sunday garb. The scene presented in the harbour at mid-day was magnificent. Yachts of every build and tonnage were anchored in the bay, and their rigging was ornamented with flags and streamers of every description. The view from the surrounding heights was indeed enchanting. The chafing of the sails was commingled with the pleasant strains of music, while at intervals the scene was enlivened by the presence of two steamers which gave visitors an opportunity of testing the *bona fide* racing of the yachts round the marks fixed by the committee. The weather, that important element, was everything that could be wished. The sun did not pour forth its scorching summer rays, but it shone at times, and its heat was tempered by a pleasant breese. All the inhabitants seemed to have concentrated themselves upon the Strand, and the positions which commanded a sight of the bay. Thousands of spectators lined every available spot, and the greatest interest was manifested in the proceedings.

The Strand was densely crowded. To obtain a passage involved no small amount of jostling; but all appeared in good humour, and the squeezing through the crowd seemed only to rub off those excrescences of occasional bad temper, which men are at times inclined to display when they are opposed at every turn. There was no end of booths, peep-shows, and small theatres, or at least it seemed as if there would have been no end to them had not the sea wall peremptorily prevented their further progress. The pier was equally impassable; but in spite of every difficulty hundreds of persons contrived to thread their way along

it, and embark in the Emperor and another steamer, in which they had an opportunity of enjoying a cruize round the course.

The first prize offered was a purse of £30, for yachts from 25 to 35 tons; but strange to say the Thought, cutter, 25 tons, G. Coope, Esq., was the only entry although the following were present:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
49	Ariel	schooner	118	T. Littledale, Esq.
85	Beatrice	schooner	208	Sir W. Carew, Bart.
149	Chase	schooner	46	A. B. Wilkinson, Esq.
341	Fancy	schooner	104	Rev. R. P. Hartropp
415	Georgiana	schooner	110	Capt. Thellusson
547	Lady Rowena	schooner	10	R. Hillman, Esq.
937	Sylph	schooner	44	Capt. Boardman
863	Shark	schooner	150	W. Curling, Esq.
134	Caprice	yawl	56	H. B. Baring, Esq.
901	Sparrow-hawk	yawl	17	Capt. W. Barker,
35	Annie	Ber.	16	S. Triscott, Esq.
13	Albatross	cutter	18	A. R. Sutherland, Esq.
76	Bacchante	cutter	15	H. J. Waring, Esq.
108	Bonita	cutter	30	T. Barnes, Esq.
243	Dolphin	yawl	22	Capt. Sfory
257	Drift	cutter	41	J. Shapland, Esq.
269	Eclipse	cutter	50	H. Fearon, Esq.
307	Eulalie	cutter	20	C. Hill, Esq.
350	Fawn	cutter	25	H. Fillis, Esq.
461	Hannah	cutter	15	Messrs. Tyler
501	Isabel	cutter	45	H. O. Rose, Esq.
619	Marina	cutter	52	W. J. Foster, Esq.
675	Mona	cutter	82	J. F. Buller, Esq.
723	Osprey	cutter	59	Lieut-col. Huey
736	Paragon	cutter	40	H. Gunston, Esq.
852	Sea Flower	cutter	35	H. Moore, Esq.
1023	Vampire	cutter	15	C. Wheeler, Esq.

Swan of the Warren, Margaret, (revenue cutter), Saucy Jack, Paul Pry, Lily of the Valley, &c.

The cause of the non-entry of some of these yachts seems a mystery; surely when sport is the object of yachtsmen generally, combined with pleasure, one or two others could have been found, for although the Thought *might* be looked upon as "the crack," it should be remembered "the race is not always with the swiftest."

To give encouragement to yacht owners to enter, the committe passed the following liberal resolution:—

"That no entrance fee be charged for either class, and that the winner the first prize pay £3, towards the regatta fund; and the winner of the seco prize £2.

We hope some one will enlighten us as to the cause of this failure.

The next prize was for a purse of £30, for yachts from fifteen to twenty-five tons, *bona fide* the property of gentlemen, and kept for pleasure only. The following entered for this race :

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Ton	Owners.
35	Annie	Bermdn.	16	S. Triscott, Esq.
243	Dolphin	yawl	22	Capt. Story, R.N.
1023	Vampire	cutter	15	C. Wheeler, Esq.

At 1h. 38m., the signal gun for starting was fired, the Vampire having rather the best station was first underway, followed closely by Annie and Dolphin. The Vampire increased the distance, and on her arrival off Paington Sands, at 2h. 3m., she had the lead of Annie by about five minutes, and ten ahead of Dolphin. In working into the bay from the outer mark boat the wind was baffling, and the Vampire was impeded in her course to the mark boat off the pier by several small craft cruizing about. The first round was finished in the following order:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Vampire	3 26 0	Dolphin	3 37 0
Annie	3 28 0		

In the second round the Vampire's top-mast betrayed symptoms of giving way, and she took in her large top-sail to save the spar, but in doing so experienced some difficulty, a smaller top-sail was afterwards set, and the round was finished thus:

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Vampire	4 56 30	Annie	5 5 0

The Dolphin was not timed.

The Vampire became the winner, rather against the opinion of many "knowing men." The Annie has been lengthened since last year upwards of six feet by the stem, and in consequence of her beating two cracks at Plymouth great expectations of her powers over the Vampire were indulged in. A challenge has been inserted in *Bell's* to which we shall hereafter allude.

For the prize of £10, for yachts not exceeding fifteen tons, the Bacchante, H. J. Waring, Esq. was the only entry, consequently no race. The Bacchante has been a winner of several prizes, and we should think her owner was disappointed in not meeting with a competitor at Torquay.

Sailing match for a purse, for the Torquay fishing boats. The following started :—

Name of Boats.	Owners.	Names of Boats.	Owners.
Venus	Mr. J. Lear	Deceiver	Mr. E. Harley
Coquette	Mr. H. Hockings	Vulcan	Mr. W. Bowden
Dreaton	Mr. S. Harley	Why-not	Mr. T. Harvey
Little Goliah	Mr. S. Bowden	Jack	Mr. R. Webber
Star	Mr. T. Lear	Fawn	Mr. G. Turner

A good start was effected, the whole getting away in one compact body. The Jack, which was the weathermost boat took the lead, but she was soon headed by the Star, closely followed by Venus, Goliah, Dreaton, Vulcan, and the others. The Star maintained her position throughout, and after some little manœuvring and dodging, the boats came in as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Star	4	37	0	Goliah	5	40	0
Dreaton	5	3	0	Coquette	5	45	0

Venus, Jack, Vulcan, Deceiver, Fawn, and Why-not arrived in the order we have placed them.

Coming from the sailing to the rowing, there was a match, the novelty of which attracted considerable attention. It was described as the

Trades' Rowing Match.

There were four entries, and, as will be seen, by the subjoined list, the race was one of a most humorous description. The following started:—The Bakers', Craft; the Gardeners', Gig; the Coal Heavers' Drag; the Malsters'.

The peculiarity connected with this match was that the bakers propelled their boat with their "peels," wherewith they remove their bread from the oven; while the gardeners used their spades; the coal heavers their wide shovels; and the malsters their curious instruments employed in stirring the boiling beer. This as may be imagined was a novel and exciting sight; and the eyes of the spectators were constantly fixed upon the competitors, who passed the committee boat on their return in the following order:—The Bakers' craft, the Gardeners' gig, the Malsters', and theCoal Heavers' drag.

Following the above was another laughable affair, described as the

Kilderkin Race.

For which the undermentioned entries were made:—Swipes; XXX; Barclay and Co's Entire; Heavy Wet; Old Tom; Gin and Bitters; Hot Coppers; Water Bewitched.

The competitors got astride of their kilderkins, propelling them with paddles, but they could retain their seats only a short time. Almost as fast as they got up, the kilderkins rolled over, precipitating their crews headlong into the water, amidst roars of laughter. *Swipes*, however, proved the strongest, leaving *XXX*, *Barclay & Co's Entire*, and all the others far in the rear.

Rowing Matches.

1st Prize.—A Silver cup value £5.5s. The following entered:—Constance Mr. Godfrey, Dartmouth; Success, Mr. Madan, Totnes; Flirt, Mr. Reed, Torquay. There was some dispute between the Constance and the Flirt, and we believe the match has not yet been decided.

2nd Prize.—£4, for four-oared Gigs, First boat, £3; second, £1.

The same boats started and came in the following order:—Flirt, Constance, Success.

3rd Prize.—£3, for Four-oared Yacht Gigs. First boat, £1 10s., seco

17s. 6d., third, 12s. 6d. The match was won as follows:—Osprey, Eclipse, Georgiana.

4th. Prize.—£3, for Four-oared Gigs, rowed by Women. Flirt, Success, Constance.

In addition to these matches, there was a variety of amusements, which, with one exception, were of a harmless and amusing character: in the instance to which we allude a man jumped from the yard-arm of the Committee's vessel, holding a pig by one of its hind legs, and the animal was to become his property on his swimming with it a certain number of yards. As may be readily imagined both man and beast sunk at the first plunge, and for scarcely a single second after was the poor animal's head kept above water until it was nearly drowned. This disgusting exhibition was very properly ordered to be stopped by the committee, who directed the animal to be placed in a boat, some time before the man had swam the required distance.

At nine o'clock at night a novel display of coloured fires was exhibited, which being placed on the most elevated rocks round the bay, had a pleasing effect, illuminating the entire town, and for some distance round.

The whole concluded with the regatta ball, at Webb's Royal Hotel, which was very numerously attended.

ROYAL SOUTHERN YACHT CLUB.

On the 8th of August last, at Southampton, the head-quarters of the R.S.Y.C., we were somewhat surprised to find the town so *very* quiet on a regatta day. Indeed it was so divested of that bustle, excitement, and show, usual on aquatic meetings, that before we came within hail of the club-house, we were induced to ask "Is your regatta postponed?" "Oh! dear no," was the reply. We accordingly proceeded along the quay—the club-house was "dressed with bunting." But where were the *elité* that usually assembled on the Royal Pier on these occasions? *There* no comfort could be obtained, and that for the following reason: most persons are desirous of making their property as lucrative as possible, but not *all*, for the authorities of the Royal Pier with that indepedent spirit of "doing as you please with your own," found it *most convenient*, but not profitable to the lessee, to place the pier in the hands of the painters, and the consequence was it was literally deserted, and the new pier (the town pier,) fully occupied (gratis,) by those who would have paid for the accommodation of the other.

The weather was delightful, with a good stiff breeze from the westward, and an anticipation of three splendid matches filled every mind. The water of Southampton on this day presented a numerous fleet, and

availing ourselves of the kindness of the harbour-master, accompanied by our "Manila friend of Cowes," were rowed alongside the following, in order that we might be correct in our statement :

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners
1	Acorn	schooner	102	Captain Wigsell
10	Alarm	schooner	248	J. Weld, Esq.
69	Avalon	cutter	35	J. Geodson, Esq
85	Beatrice	schooner	208	Sir W. P. Carew, Bart.
269	Eclipse	cutter	50	H. Fearon, Esq.
419	Gipsy	cutter	36	J. Taylor, Esq.
451	Grand Turk	cutter	29	Captain T. Williams
460	Hawk	cutter	30	T. Mackenzie, Esq.
490	Irene	cutter	98	J. Reynolds, Esq.
549	Lancashire Witch	schooner	94	L. Palk, Esq.
758	Phantom	cutter	25	S. Lane, Esq.

This does not include those entered in the various matches and underway before we could hail them. The answer from one yacht caused us much merriment; she was just starting on the starboard tack as we passed under her stern.—"What's the name of your vessel ?" cries our "Manila friend" to the skipper at the helm? "I don't know," was the reply.—"What's your tonnage?—"I don't know!" Do you know where you hail from?"—Yes! Gosport!" Who's your owner!"—"Mr. Camper!" And after a hearty laugh my friend logged her as "I don't know," and so she is inserted in his report to *Bell.*

The first match was for a prize of £40, for schooners the property of members of the club. Time Race .—Ackers' scale.

The following yachts entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig.	Tons.	Owners
40	Aquiline	schooner	55	J. Cardinall, Esq.
279	Elizabeth	schooner	75	R. Wright, Esq.
417	Ginevra	schooner	142	Sir P. Shelley, Bart.
631	Mayfly	schooner	140	G. P. Bidder, Esq.
1069	Wasp	schooner	25	T. Fleming, Esq.
1	Acorn	schooner	102	Captain Wigsell

This latter vessel uid not start.

The course.—From Southampton down the Southampton. W. thence round the Calshot light vessel to the westward, round a flag- off Yarmouth, leaving them both on the starboard hand, return through the Solent to the eastward, round the Warner light ves leaving it onthe port hand, returning to pass between the flag b and Southampton Quay.

At 11 A.M., the starting gun was fired and they all went away without a "hitch." We will blend our account of the 1st and 2nd matches, as the following cutters were entered for the prize of £40. The same course as schooners. Time race. Ackers' scale.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig.	Tons	Owners.
58	Arrow	cutter	102	T. Chamberlayne, Esq.
108	Bonita	cutter	30	T. Barnes, Esq.
1208	Wildfire	cutter	57	F. Thynne, Esq.
960	Thought	cutter	25	G. Coope, Esq,
619	Marina	cutter	52	W. J. Foster, Esq.

The two latter did not start. The formidable Phantom, S. Lane, Esq., we were informed arrived at Southampton too late to enter.

At 11h. 30m. precisely, the signal gun was fired, and the start was most admirable with the exception of the Wildfire, who laboured under some difficulty in setting her canvas. We fancy this craft, and think if more attention was paid to her starting she would show in front. We have every confidence in the integrity of her Captain and crew: she should be overhauled carefully every time previous to her start For now its becoming a common saying, "The Wildfire will carry away this or that before she is fairly off."

The whole fleet of schooners and cutters had a spanking breeze from the westward, with every chance of an increase. On the starboard tack they led down the Southampton water, to the Calshot Light Vessel, which they rounded as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Elizabeth	12	4	30	Aquiline	12	16	0
Ginevra	12	2	15	Arrow	12	42	0
Wasp	12	13	30	Wildfire	12	44	0
May-fly	12	13	35	Bonita	12	48	0

The Elizabeth had the start, after passing the light vessel, carrying with her the first of the ebb, the others continuing their reach, according to the opinion of their respective pilots. The Elizabeth went about and was reaching across the Solent from Englehurst to Egypt, while the others were on the port tack.

At 12h. 22m. the Ginevra tacked off Englehurst, the Elizabeth being a good mile ahead. In a few minutes the Mayfly put about, and the match was now exciting, and the schooners rounded the flag-boat off Yarmouth as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Elizabeth	1	29	45	Aquiline	1	42	0
Wasp	1	38	30	May-fly	1	43	30
Ginevra	1	39	0				

Here again was an interesting sight, as between the Wasp and Ginevra it being difficult to judge which would be the first of the two to round the mark-boat; the former having overreached herself by standing too near the

island, had to keep away considerably while standing off on her last tack, and just weathered Ginevra, which fetched her course with more exactitude; and thus the Wasp succeeded in getting round by half a minute ahead of her adversary. Having passed close under the stern of the flag-boat, each of the schooners gibed over and returned to the eastward to pursue that portion of their course, the struggle appearing to be between the Elizabeth and the Wasp, both keeping for the north shore, out of the ebb, as far as Lepe, when they stood across for the island; the former passed Egypt point at 2h. 50m. and Old Castle point about three o'clock, Elizabeth having apparently increased her distance in running up.

Returning to the cutter match, we observed the yachts round the flag-boat as follows:—Arrow seven minutes in advance of Wildfire, and the latter ten minutes ahead of the Bonita. Off Cowes, the position of the whole fleet was materially altered, Arrow bidding fair to reach the goal the first in both matches. About 3h. 40m. off the Pele buoy, Elizabeth leading, followed by the Wasp and Mayfly nearly abreast off Norris, the remainder being to the westward of Cowes, and not sufficiently within the compass of our observation to denote their positions with precision. At 4h. 20m. the Arrow (of the second match,) when in the vicinity of the Sandheads, had overhauled the Elizabeth (the leading vessel of the first match,) eventually the Warner was rounded in the following order:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Arrow	4	41	0	Mayfly	4	57	0
Wildfire	4	59	0	Wasp	5	5	0
Bonita	5	5	0	Ginevra	5	15	0
Elizabeth	4	45	0	Aquiline	5	16	30

They now continued their course to Southampton, and the breeze having nearly "died away," they arrived in the following straggling order at the goal:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Arrow	7	0	0	May-fly	9	11	0
Wildfire	7	44	3	Wasp	9	27	0
Elizabeth	7	55	0	Ginevra	9	28	0

Aquiline and Bonita were not timed.

In the schooner match the Mayfly came in second and saved her stakes, she having according to Ackers' scale, to allow the Wasp for difference of tonnage only 11m. 25s., and as the difference of time in their respective arrivals was 16m., the Mayfly became the winner by 4m. 25s.

Third prize of £20, for cutters, the property of members belonging to any Royal Yacht Club, not exceeding 20 tons. The following entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners.
1023	Vesper	cutter	15	P. Roberts, Esq.
348	Fawn	cutter	15	F. T. Biddle, Esq.
632	Mazeppa	cutter	12	C. Bromley, Esq.

Course—From Southampton round the Brambles and home, leaving all the buoys on the starboard hand, returning to pass between the flag-boat and the Southampton Quay, twice round.

This match created great interest among the spectators, and the Vesper was the favorite, she led throughout and came in a winner considerably ahead of Mazeppa.—Fawn gave in.

Wednesday the 9th.—The day broke with a thick fog, and with very little encouragement for any sport. As the sun, however, advanced, the fog or haze cleared off, and a light breeze from the eastward sprang up which afterwards veered to the southward and eastward previous to the hour of starting. The only match was for the Vice-Commodore's cup, value £50. It being the intention of the Vice-Commodore, Lord Fitzhardinge, to be present at the regatta, the officials anxiously waited his lordship's arrival, in order to welcome him with the accustomed salute. Shortly after ten o'clock his lordship's yacht, the Imogene, was descried through the haze coming up the Southampton Water in tow of a steamer. The club-house guns were thereupon got out and placed on the quay, and at 11 A.M., the yacht, bearing the Vice-Commodore's burgee, having dropped anchor abreast of the Royal Pier, his lordship was saluted from the battery with nine guns, which was instantaneously returned from his yacht.

Preparations were then made for starting the yachts which had entered for the cup, being the only match of the day. The following were the entries:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig.	Tons	Owners
279	Elizabeth	schooner	75	R. Wright, Esq.
980	Thought	cutter	25	G. Coope, Esq.
58	Arrow	cutter	102	T. Chamberlayne, Esq,
74	Antagonist	cutter	25	Lord W. Lennox
632	Mazeppa	cutter	12	C. Bromley, Esq.
1023	Vesper	cutter	15	P. Roberts, Esq.
895	Somnambula	cutter	20	J. A. Wake, Esq.

The latter vessel, though entered, did not start. The course was the same as for the yachts in the first and second match the previous day.

At noon the signal gun announced the departure of the yachts. All the yachts immediately got their canvas up, and a good start was effected, getting well away together. The wind was so light as scarcely to fill their sails, and shortly afterwards it fell calm, insomuch that for two hours after the start there was scarcely a breath of wind, not even a catspaw, to be discerned, and in this anxious state the whole fleet lay off Hythe, within a mile from the starting point.

About 2 P.M., a light breeze sprang up from the southward and eastward, which became "dead an end" for the yachts to work out of the Southampton

Water. About half-past two o'clock they succeeded in getting clear of the Southampton Water, and some of them were observed off the spit in the following order :—Vesper, Thought, and Arrow. Shortly afterwards their positions were again changed, and the Arrow got the lead. It may henceforth be said to have become a drifting match, for it was not until our return across the Solent that we were enabled to make out any of the yachts. About seven P.M., we observed them proceeding in the neighbourhood of the Motherbank Arrow leading, followed at a short distance by Vesper, and, what we judged to be the Thought and the Elizabeth, close together off Osborne. During the night the Arrow succeeded in reaching within 400 yards of the goal, when it fell calm, and owing to the ebb tide, she was drifted considerably back, and then to avoid losing more ground she dropped anchor. We understand that the Vesper succeeded in the morning, between five and six o'clock, reaching the goal in safety, and became the winner of the cup. The match was devoid of interest, owing to the weather.

ROYAL VICTORIA YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

RYDE has now become so well-known that it is needless to expatiate on the beauty of the scenery, or the pleasing appearance of the town when seen from the deck as it is approached from Portsmouth. The facilities of that well-managed line, the South-Western, by its cheap fares and speedy transit, enables all classes to be acquainted with the "Wight."

On the present occasion, August the 10th and 11th, a numerous company attended, and the people of Ryde can boast of having assembled on the pier, some of the most beautiful daughters of Eve that ever graced an Almack's, or the court of St. James.—"Beauty unadorned is adorned the most," the poet says; such was the case here, for we might fearlessly challenge the world to produce a more enchanting assemblage of the *elité*, who enjoyed the fun and amusements with freedom and hilarity, untrammelled by affectation and fashion.

The weather was remarkably fine, and although Old Boreas did not favour the *nauticals* with a *stiffener*, still there was a pleasant breeze from the westward, which occasionally became baffling.

The card announced that the prize to be contended for by yacht all rigs and tonnage, and of any Royal Club, being a silver salver, a purse containing £75. The conditions (as stated at 447 of our number) were that one yacht might "walk over" the course, bu five started the second yacht would receive £25. The follo entered, viz :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners
58	Arrow	cutter	102	T. Chamberlayne, Esq.
305	Eugenie	schooner	90	J. Wardlaw, Esq.
417	Ginevra	schooner	142	Sir P. Shelley, Bart.
1208	Wildfire	cutter	57	F. Thynne, Esq.
953	Themis	schooner	100	J. S. Russell, Esq.

The latter vessel did not start, therefore the second prize was not given.

The white ensign was hoisted on board the Commodore's splendid vessel the Brilliant, which denoted the yachts were to go to the eastward, and at 10h. 30m. precisely the starting gun was fired, and the Arrow with the smartness highly creditable to her captain, was speedily underway. The Eugenie was also much admired for the celerity with which her crew had her covered—mainsail, fore and aft fore-sail, fore-sail, jib, and both gaff-top-sails, the whole affair occupying only six minutes. The Wildfire in starting seems unfortunate, for it was stated that on this occasion she carried away her jib-halliards.

The Arrow had most decidedly the advantage in starting owing to her advanced position, and many were the comments it occasioned. The Ginevra was second, the Eugenie third, and the Wildfire for some minutes the last. At this time the breeze was steady, but shortly after it so much decreased that the balloon-jib of the cutters dragged in the water. The Arrow having taken the lead kept it throughout, thereby entirely divesting the match of all interest. The first round was finished as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Arrow	2	43	0	Ginevra	3	28	0
Wildfire	3	0	0	Eugenie	3	43	0

The Arrow shortly after opened off Nettlestone Point on her return from the Nab, the others proceeding slowly to round the same. The wind fell light, and after a considerable void in amusement were observed standing through Spithead, in the same order and apparently about the same distance from each other as above noted.

The cutters were under the north shore, and the Arrow having caught a slight increase of breeze from out of Southampton Water, succeeded in weathering the middle buoy about 5h. 58m.; the breeze now freshened and the Wildfire meeting her opponent and finding her chance completely "gone," put about and followed the Arrow close to the finish. It not being generally known that the Wildfire had not rounded the Middle buoy great excitement was manifested, and "Bravo Wildfire!" might be heard. This feeling is easily accounted for when the time of the cutters arrival at the goal is noticed, which was as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Arrow	6	28	0	Wildfire	6	29	30

"The Wildfire wins!" was the general cry; but as we were leaving the pier, an old "salt" declared that neither of the cutters would be the winner, as they had not passed round the *Warner*. Enquiries were immediately instituted and the card consulted. The rumour gained publicity, and it was not until the following morning, in an interview with the worthy and obliging secretary, (Capt. Helby, R.N.,) that we were in possession of the fact that the cards *were wrong*, it should have been round the Noman Buoy, instead of the Warner Light Vessel. The Arrow having the chart and instructions on board, sailed the true course, and became the winner. With a spirit worthy of a better fate the Eugenie and Ginevra went the whole distance although their chance of winning was totally out of the question, except a mishap had befallen the Arrow.

In addition to the five entered for the match, the following were about the station, either anchored or underway.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons.	Owners.
1	Acorn	schoone	102	Captain Wigsell
24	Amazon	cutter	75	Sir J. B. Walsh, Bart.
40	Aquiline	schooner	55	J. Cardinall, Esq.
49	Ariel	schooner	118	T. Littledale, Esq.
63	Aurora	cutter	63	Le Marchant, Thomas, Esq.
69	Avalon	cutter	35	J. Goodson, Esq.
108	Bonita	cutter	30	T. Barnes, Esq.
125	Brilliant	schooner	482	G. H. Ackers, Esq.
132	Camilla	schooner	147	J. E. W. Rolls, Esq.
196	Cygnet	cutter	35	H. Lambton, Esq.
213	Dawn	schooner	70	T. Broadwood, Esq.
269	Eclipse	cutter	50	H. Fearon, Esq.
289	Emetic	yawl	23	Major F. M. Martin
341	Fancy	schooner	104	Rev. R. P. Hartropp
361	Fleta	yawl	13	Rev. F. H. Pare
374	Flower of Yarrow	yawl	212	Lord J. Scott
415	Georgiana	schooner	110	Capt. Thullusson
490	Irene	cutter	98	J. Reynolds, Esq.
501	Isabel	cutter	45	H. O. Rose, Esq.
591	Lucifer	yawl	40	W. J. Williams, Esq.
615	Margaret.	cutter	265	J. Mann, Esq.
614	Mariquita	schooner	105	F. B. Carew, Esq.
619	Marina	cutter	52	W. J. Forster, Esq.
705	Novice	schooner	79	A. Arcedeckne, Esq.
719	Oriana	schooner	60	S. Tritton, Esq.
736	Paragon	cutter	40	H. Gunston, Esq.
824	Ripple	sloop	53	J. D. Dickinson, Esq.
931	Surprise	schooner	209	E. H. Shenley, Esq.
932	Susan	yawl	212	Earl of Hardwicke
945	Syren	yawl	60	Sir T. M. Wilson, Bart.
1045	Violet	schooner	58	G. Hobson, Esq.
1069	Wasp	schooner	25	T. Fleming, Esq.

A ball took place in the evening of Friday, which was numerou attended.

Before closing the account of this regatta we must notice the splendid yacht, belonging to Commodore Ackers, which was moored to the westward of the pier, gaily dressed with bunting. She is now the largest sailing yacht in the world, and is fitted up with every comfort and convenience that is desirable in the mansion of a gentleman. She is amply manned, and carries six twelve-pounders on her deck, and on this occasion looked like a man-of-war among the pleasure yachts. We are not surprised at the disbelief of the inhabitants of Cherbourg, on his late visit, that she was the property of a private gentleman, and our friend of the *Isle of Wight Observer*, states, "that the Frenchmen addressed their letters to H.M.S. Brilliant."

ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON REGATTA.

In our introductory notice of the Royal Yacht Squadron regatta of 1853, (vol. II. page 280,) we had occasion to observe "that this distinguished club stood-pre-eminent above all other clubs formed for kindred objects," not merely for the superior quality of the yachts which adorn its list, and grace the waters of the sea-god, but for the systematic arrangements which invariably direct its proceedings; and for the encouragement which it has uniformly given to any improvement that could be suggested in the science of naval architecture, whether emanating from at home or abroad. It is with pleasureable recollection that we can, during the past twenty years, "since yachting was yachting," associate with this club the many important revolutions which have followed both in the royal navy and mercantile marine, what but yacht architecture led to our improved gun-brigs? The encouragement given to our merchant builders resulted in vast improvements in our naval schools and arsenals. Science still pursued its onward course, and the "giant horse," as an auxiliary power, has been applied to the lengthened and otherwise improved models of our "wooden walls." To the Royal Yacht Squadron are we indebted for the entire revision of our yachts—the result of the cordial invitation given to our trans-atlantic brethren, and their introduction of the America in our waters.

> "Encourage then 'Yarborough's' fleet,
> Though slight in its structure it be,
> For that will do much that is mete,
> To keep thee the Queen of the Saa."

As a monthly serial devoted to that particular pastime, the calls on our space necessarily remind us that we have other duties to perform

than enter into an elaborate history of a field often trodded upon, and therefore we must be content by merely taking an introductory glance of this princely club, which we find dates its origin from the 1st of June, 1815. It was, it appears, designed immediately after the peace, to commemorate the victories which had been achieved. At first it was established under the name of the Royal Yacht Club, and continued under that title until 1834, when it assumed its present name by command of his late Majesty King William IV. (then Duke of Clarence.) Ever since its formation it has been countenanced by the patronage of the reigning sovereign, and by the *elité* of the land as its members. It is the only one of those aquatic institutions which are privileged to bear the title of "Squadron."

Having introduced our subject thus far, we have to state, that its annual regatta occurs during the middle of August at its rendezvous—Cowes. During that month the waters of the Solent are studded with numberless yachts of the different clubs which flock to the station, and present a pretty effect as they are viewed either from the beach or from the romantic and picturesque walks which environ the town, offering the most lovely panorama which it is possible for the pen or pencil to depict. It cannot therefore be wondered at that all London, and the "world" besides, hasten from their parliamentary labours to seek relaxation on our southern shores.

——"Lusus animo debent aliquando dari.
Ad cogitandum melior ut redeat sibi."

For as its interpretation implies,—"The mind ought sometimes to be diverted that it may return the better to thinking."

The month of August, 1854, has truly been a regatta month, inasmuch as the regattas of the Solent have passed off with more than usual *eclât*, and generally speaking under very auspicious weather. The opening of the season commenced on the 8th, with the Royal Southern at Southampton. and scarcely had the match of the second day concluded when that of the Royal Victoria at Ryde followed, the particulars of each appear in our present number. The following week that of the Royal Yacht Squadron took place, and prolonged its existence for an entire seven days, commencing with the match for Prince Albert's cup on the 15th, and terminating on the 21st, with the adjourned match for the Queen's cup, which had been sailed for on the 17th, but which had not been decided in consequence of the yachts in the match not having returned to the goal within the stipulated time, 9h. P.M.

Tuesday, the 15th of August, opened with a fresh breeze from W.S.W. with squalls. Every *nautical* in Cowes, in fact in the island, we be-

lieve, were astir on this "momentous occasion," for two celebrated clippers were entered to contend, not merely for the prize, but what their respective owners valued far more than "dross," *fame and honor.* The odds were in favor of Julia, and although the Arrow had been victorious in her late matches, still it was considered that she had not this season met an *opponent* till this day.

The first prize was a cup of the value of £100, given by His Royal Highness Prince Albert. Open to all cutters and yawls belonging to the R.Y.S. The Queen's cup course, viz., from Cowes Roads to the eastward round the Nab, thence returning through Cowes Roads to the westward, passing round a vessel moored off Yarmouth, and back to Cowes.

The following cutters entered for the prize:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
58	Arrow	cutter	102	T. Chamberlayne, Esq.
517	Julia	cutter	111	W. Peareth, Esq.
723	Osprey	cutter	59	Col. R. W. Huey
63	Aurora	cutter	60	Le Marchant Thomas

They took their stations as placed above, No. 1 Arrow, being nearest to Cowes Castle. At 10h. 10m. the starting gun was fired, and away with the lead shot the Arrow closely followed by the Julia, which showed most alacrity in getting under canvas, Osprey third and Aurora last. A shower of rain descended at this time, and the yachts could be dimly seen threshing through the Roads under their lower sails only: Julia close up to Arrow in her wake, was the first to set her gaff top-sail, which the others soon followed. Off Old Castle Point they had a spanking breeze, and the Julia tried to edge in on the Arrow's weather quarter, but she contrived to shake her off. The Osprey steered a straight course, and carrying with her the strength of the flood, passed Ryde a minute a-head of the Arrow, the Julia two minutes, and the Aurora five minutes. This was a very pretty contest, and afforded a rare treat to the promenaders of the pier. They continued to the Nab, which was rounded, first by Osprey, several minutes a-head of Arrow and Julia; the Aurora some distance astern.

At 11h. 30m. the yachts on their return to the Noman opened off Nettlestone Point, and rounded the Noman.

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Arrow	11	49	0	Julia	11	51	0
Osprey	11	49	30				

A strong breeze was still blowing, and as they passed the buoy, luffed up for the Sandheads. The Arrow stood well up to her canvas, while the Julia heeled considerably over. Away went Arrow close to the wind, Julia to leeward. The Osprey after rounding the Noman, made a short tack between the buoys, evidently overreached herself, and had to keep away to pass the

Sandheads buoy. 'All this time the Arrow was lying well up, and without making a tack fetched into the Cowes Road, passing the Castle at 12h. 52m. whereas the Julia, who had since leaving the Noman, obtained the second position, did not pass the Castle until 1h. 1m., an interval of 9m., Osprey two minutes afterwards, and Aurora at 1h. 15m. 45s. They each kept their reach to get down the West Channel, having both wind and tide to contend against, and fetch Lepe; from thence they worked down under the north shore until they reached the flag-boat off Yarmouth, which was rounded as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Arrow	2	46	0	Osprey	3	0	0
Julia	2	58	0				

After fetching round this mark they bore away up channel, making the best of their way to Cowes, where they arrived in the following order.—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Arrow	3	35	50	Julia	3	49	45

Osprey not timed. Aurora gave in off Yarmouth, finding all chance hopeless.

Thus terminated, much to the chagrin of many, this most interesting match. The Cowes folk would have it, *the Julia must win*, and when they found the Arrow "at the fore," they could scarcely believe it. The Arrow has been successful in her matches hitherto but never achieved a greater honor than on this occasion.

Thursday, Aug. 17th.—The prize for this day, was Her Majesty's Cup, value £100. Course as before. The following entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
10	Alarm	schooner	248	J. Weld, Esq.
417	Ginevra	schooner	142	Sir P. F. Shelley, Bart.
863	Shark	schooner	150	W. Curling, Esq.
961	Titania	schooner	181	R. Stephenson, Esq.

At 10h. A.M., the starting gun was fired, and with a slight westerly breeze they got under-way, the Alarm taking the lead, they set all their canvas but still it was sad sluggish work, and after various manœuvres they passed the Sandheads as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Alarm	11	46	0	Titania	11	53	0
Shark	11	48	0	Ginevra	11	54	0

A heavy shower of rain soon after passing the Sandheads obscured their positions, but about 4h. 40m., the Alarm passed Cowes Castle on the port tack, and kept her reach towards the life buoy, or rather the northern shore, while theShark and Ginevra were reaching across to the eastward of the Brambles; the Titania closed by the Old Castle Point.

The whole of the yachts laid their course to the westward on the starboard tack, and had the breeze continued, another two hours would have brought them to the goal; but, as it was, the wind shortly died away, previous to

which, we should have stated, the Titania (the last in the match,) about half an hour astern of the leading vessel, passed through the roadstead with the full contents of the squall.

The yachts did not succeed in rounding the mark vessel until "too late upon tide," as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Alarm	6	6	0	Shark	6	23	0

The others not timed. The ebb tide had now come down and the wind had dropped, and the last glimpse we could obtain of them was about 7h. 30m., the Alarm off Pitt's Deep, and the second vessel rather to the eastward of Lymington—the Alarm set her big top-sail, but seemingly to no purpose, for nine P.M. arrived, the Squadron's determination gun was fired, and an end was put to the contest. The match has to be sailed over again.

Saturday.—The Royal Yacht Squadron cup of £100; open to all yachts of the Squadron, course, round a steamer stationed off the Nab light vessel, three to enter and start, or no race; to start at 10 A.M. Station one will be next the castle.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
417	Ginevra	schooner	142	Sir P. F. Shelley, Bart.
517	Julia	cutter	111	W. Peareth, Esq.
10	Alarm	schooner	248	Joseph Weld, Esq.
863	Shark	schooner	150	William Curling, Esq.
961	Titania	schooner	181	R. Stephenson, Esq.
58	Arrow	cutter	102	Thomas Chamberlayne, Esq.
723	Osprey	schooner	59	Lieut.-Colonel R. W. Huey

The Shark did not start.

As the time approached for the contest there was much bustle and excitement, and a pleasant breeze from W.S.W. At 10h. 45m., the starting gun was fired, and with the utmost alacrity they were all soon under canvas. It was an excellent start, none having the "best." Julia soon drew out from the rest, and took the lead to windward, closely followed by Ginevra on her port quarter.

On rounding Old Castle Point, the Julia was ahead and to the windward. Between this and Ryde Pier the Arrow did her best to pass the Julia, without success. These manœuvres left the Alarm a clear course, which she took advantage of, and successively passed the Arrow and the Julia, and she passed Ryde Pier slightly ahead, having the former on her lee and the latter on her weather quarters; the Osprey and Titania closely pressing them The fleet could have been covered over with a blanket; the Ginevra astern, where she remained all day without a chance, and requires therefore no further notice, beyond saying that her owner, Sir Percy Shelley, Bart., deserves the thanks of all yachtsmen in kindly competing in such a match to give it a full quota of interest. After passing the pier the wind dropped a little, and the Julia being the weather vessel regained her advantage, and they passed the Noman as under :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Julia	11	55	0	Osprey	12	1	0
Alarm	11	56	0	Titania	12	1	15
Arrow	11	58	0				

Breeze freshened, yachts hauled for the Nab Light, Julia stowed top-sail, and closely housed top-mast; Arrow also stowed top-sail; Alarm overhauled Julia, and passed her, Osprey took in jib-top-sail; Alarm cracking on in splendid style, and increasing the distance between her rivals. They passed the Nab in the following order :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Alarm	12	21	0	Osprey	12	27	0
Arrow	12	23	30	Titania	12	28	0
Julia	12	23	30				

Thus, in two-and-a-half hours' run, the Alarm of 248 tons had beaten the Osprey of 59 tons, only six minutes! The Arrow set her jib-headed top-sail, and in her first reach overhauled the Julia, and took the second position. The match now became exceedingly interesting, each vessel marking out a course of her own. The Alarm made a long board to the south-east, went about, and made a short reach towards Shanklin; about again, she stood off for a long distance to south-east, then by one reach she weathered Dunnose. The Arrow made many short tacks, and when the Alarm came round Dunnose, the Arrow passed her just to the leeward. The Osprey, after rounding the Nab, made a long board off Shanklin, worked up under shore. The Julia, after one reach to south-east, followed the Osprey, as did also the Titania. Just before rounding Dunnose the Osprey weathered the Julia in beautiful style, amidst the shouts of "Well done, Osprey." The yachts were now in the following order:—Alarm on the starboard tack, reaching south-east: Arrow on the port tack, reaching towards Bonchurch; Osprey on the starboard tack, to the leeward of Alarm; Julia on the starboard tack, to the leeward of Osprey; Titania on the starboard tack, to the leeward of Julia. The three latter hugging the shore, apparently for a board off St. Catherine's.

The mark steamer which had suddenly steamed away from south-west, (or dead to windward) to S.S.E., and then hoisted signal for the yachts to follow. We own we were fairly beaten by "the move," and the general exclamation was "Jockeying!" This sudden alteration of the course gave an advantage of five or six minutes to the Alarm over the Arrow, which latter had kept her reach towards Bonchurch two miles further than was necessary had she dreamt her course from Dunnose was S.E., or S.S.E.

The mark vessel was rounded as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Alarm	2	52	40	Julia	3	6	0
Arrow	2	59	0	Titania	3	15	0
Osprey	3	4	24	Ginevra	3	42	0

After having rounded the steamer, they bore away for the Nab, having to pass between that and the yawl Pandora, belonging to Captain Smith Barry, who had kindly stationed his vessel there for that purpose. In running to-

wards the Nab the Alarm set her huge top-sails, and had it all her own way to the goal, which was passed as follows:

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Alarm	3	57	0	Julia	4	11	5
Arrow	4	4	0	Titania	4	20	0
Osprey	4	11	0				

Ginevra not timed.

We understand that the committee steamer brought up with the following bearings at 2h. 15m. (by their time):—Culver Cliff, N.E.b.N.; Needles Rock, open with St. Catherine's, N.W.¾W.

The match throughout was well sailed, and the laurels of the day undoubtedly belong to the Osprey, which was beautifully handled. The Julia, notwithstanding great efforts appeared to be made, would not sail at all.

On Monday, the 21st, the match was renewed for the Queen's cup, which was left undecided on the Thursday previous. In consequence of a little "childish nonsense" on the part of the crew of the Alarm, who exhibited on their return to her moorings, the effigy of a game cock from her bowsprit end, which was deemed insulting to her competitors, who severally withdrew from the contest, and the Alarm proceeded over the course by herself, in order to claim the "stakes." Thus has terminated the R.Y.S. regatta, which for the presence of the court, and the assemblage of noble and illustrious personages has seldom been surpassed. The season, however, has been a very short one, and most severely felt by the public at large; the noble commodore not having hoisted "his" flag until the 2nd August, whereas in former times the "head and chief," the ever to be lamented "Yarborough," invariably hoisted his flag previous to the 1st of June; and as our readers may recollect with painful remembrance, that with the Squadron's burgee floating aloft, he ceased to breathe on board his favorite Kestrel at Vigo, on the 5th of September, 1846.

In conclusion, as we desired to place all the racing consecutively, we deferred mentioning that on Wednesday, the 16th, a dinner took place at the club-house, and on Friday the 18th a ball, both of which were numerously attended.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

By letters received per the Hermann, U.S. mail steamer which arrived at Cowes on the 26th, we have advice from New York, in which brother Jonathan informs us that the annual regatta of the New York Yacht Club came off at Newport, Rhode Island, on Thursday, August 10th, with considerable "steam," so great indeed, that from the flourish of trumpets which had been made about it, that a few people were induced

to believe that some good might "come out of Nazareth."—The announcement was as follows :—

"Regatta at Newport, R.I., Thursday, August 10th, 1854. The New York Yacht Club offer a prize cup of the value of 500 dollars, open to all sailing vessels of over fifteen tons; Customs measurement. No allowance of time to be given for difference of tonnage. The entrance money will be paid to the second boat in the race, but so far as this money is concerned, the yachts of the club will not be placed.

"The race to be from Fort Adams, starting at ten o'clock A.M., out to sea and back, turning stake boats, so placed as to make the race as nearly as possible forty miles. Sloops to sail under jib and main-sail only, and schooners under jib, main-sail, and fore-sail. Entrance money ten dollars. The sailing regulations of the New York Yacht Club to govern. If the race be not finished in eight hours, then to be sailed over again, and be postponed from day to day until decided."

It appears therefore that the usual allowance of forty seconds to a ton was not made, and as our correspondent adds, a great many ill-natured people "riled" that this departure from the usual custom was caused by the fact, that the Commodere of the squadron feared that his boat, the Maria would be beaten by the new boat, the Julia. The Julia measures 80 tons, and the Maria 170. This is probably "pure slander," but there is no doubt Commodore Stevens wanted the cup, and that he had the luck to get it.

The next point was the second prize, "the entrance money" for the second boat; and as the New York club yachts were not placed, that is, members of the club would not compete for the money, it was to be paid to the fastest boat entered outside the club. But even this dazzling prize of 110 dollars did not secure the attendance of any of the eastern boats. The outside entries amounted to the sloop Ellen Jane, of 89 tons, and sloop America, of 29 tons; the former belonging to Harlem, and the latter to Philadelphia. The following were the entries :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig:	Tons.	Owners.
1350	Maria	sloop	170	Com. J. C. Stevens
1352	Cornelia	schooner	90	Vice-Com. W. Edgar
1354	Haze	schooner	105	W. B. Duncan, Esq.
1356	Spray	schooner	40	M. H. Grinnell, Esq.
1360	Una	sloop	90	L. M. Rutherford, Esq.
1362	Gertrude	sloop	80	J. M. Pendleton, Esq.
1369	Julia	sloop	80	J. M. Waterbury, Esq.
	Irene	sloop	48	T. B. Hawkins, Esq.
	Mystery	schooner	46	J. T. Stagg, Esq.
	America	sloop	29	R. F. Loper, Esq.
	Ellen Jane	sloop	89	W. H. Colwell, Esq.

Nearly all the boats in the club are included in this list, and as this is the height of the Newport season, it was expected that the attendance at the regatta would be very large.

At 10h. 45m. the Blackstone steamer hove in sight, filled up with a large party that she had brought from Providence, but no committee. There was a great rush, several delicate ladies got tremendously squeezed; two ladies screamed and said their pockets had been cut off; everybody trod on everybody's toes, and there was any quantity of severe remarks, as well as no little disappointment at the "missing gentlemen having made different arrangements," and had gone on board the Fire-fly, a little steam-tug looking affair, dignified with the name of a yacht, owned by Aspinwall of New York.

The Union harbour presented a most beautiful appearance, in addition to the club yachts there was more than a hundred other yachts underway, their white canvas glistening in the sun as their sharp bows dashed the waves. The Little Firefly went sputtering about, the steam boat glided majestically out towards the sea, and the interest was heightened by the merry songs and jocund laughter of the gaily dressed parties which were to be seen on board of all the boats. Such an array of beautiful models, sharp bows, raking masts, and white canvas was never seen here before. Amongst others there was George Steers' new pilot boat 21, which attracted attention by the beauty of her model, also the fine new yacht Starlight, of New York; the Eclipse, the Minna (of Boston,) and the Humming Bird of Salem. On the left could be seen the shore, with the rocky road to Fort Adams, filled with a never ending line of vehicles. Some idea of the show may be gained by a knowledge of the fact that 600 vehicles passed through the toll gates during the day, and every available animal of the horse species in Newport was engaged before ten o'clock.

Towards the sea you might descry the Castle Point, covered with an expectant crowd; far out to sea, the vision was saluted with hundreds of crafts of all kinds, while in the rear the village seemed more quiet than ever, by contrast with the bustle in the harbour.

Well, now for the race. the committee having given the signal for starting, at 10h. 15m. the Gertrude was the first underway, for you must bear in mind that when the signal is given to start, our yachts don't slip from their buoy ropes but weigh their anchor and set their canvas, as any other sea going vessel does, I shall therefore give you the time that each of the yachts were underway, viz.—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Gertrude	10	15	0	Irene	10	24	10
Maria	10	19	30	Haze	10	26	10
America	10	19	40	Cornelia	10	29	46
Julia	10	21	40	Una	10	30	50
Mystery	10	22	0	Spray	10	31	10
Ellen Jane	10	23	45				

The Gertrude being the first yacht underway shot past the stake boat and stood out to sea with a fair wind, the others followed in the order mentioned, wind was E.N.E. and presented a most beautiful appearance. The Maria and Julia soon took the lead, but just after they had passed Castle Point the breeze died away, and it was feared the race would be a failure after all. But as the yachts got further seaward the breeze freshened, and hauled E. S-E., so that it became fair for them to lay their course for the stake boat, which was moored twenty-one miles from Fort Adams, off the north point of Block Island.

After this hour (twelve) there was a good stout eight knot breeze, and the yachts catching it abeam bowled steadily along. There was a heavy swell outside which made those of the passengers, male and female, who could not boast of much nautical experience, disgorge the salt ham, sponge cakes, berry pies, and other edibles of the same sort, facetiously called on board of steamboats and at railway stations, "refreshments;" so that when we were fairly at sea the "Blackstone" not being very "stiff", rolled, pitched and plunged, and shrieked in a most extraordinary manner. This unruly conduct of the boat caused a pretty considerable commotion in the interior arrangements of many of the passengers, the refreshment tables were soon deserted, the promenade deck was almost desolate of beauty, and the ladies' saloon was filled with fair critturs in the most extreme state of distress. The stewardess was almost frantic in her endeavours to answer all calls, and the ladies did not look quite so beautiful as when they left the wharf. Nor were the men altogether free from the attacks of Neptune, and many of them paid tribute with the most woe-begone countenances.

Half past twelve came, the vessel pitched and rolled, and still the ladies groaned and the men looked "uncertain." They had a sort of peculiar expression which precedes a declaration that the victim "never felt better in his life;" and then you might see him rush mysteriously to the bulwarks, not to pour out his devotions; oh, no! only to see which boat is a-head! but ah! something "must come out of Nazareth."

We were now so far from the yachts that we could see but little of the race, and the jolly, good, kind, accommodating old soul, the captain, was prevailed upon by some of the sick passengers to go about, and the boat's head was put homeward-bound. This did not please several of the gentlemen who claimed that the boat was advertised to go to the stake boat, and they had paid their money, and they insisted upon going, so the boat was put about again, and her head pointed to the stake boat.

With a glass we described the Maria rounding the stake boat, at half-past

twelve followed by the Julia, and the remainder of the yachts in about the same order in which they started, with the exception of the Mystery and Spray, they were so far behind that they returned without rounding it. Meantime the wind hauled a little, so that the Maria laid her course up, without the necessity of making a tack. However it is the general opinion had the passage home been a "dead beat" to windward, the Julia would have been victorious; with the wind abeam, the Maria's length saved her, and her success only proves her superiority in this point of sailing.

The return of the yachts was almost as pretty as the start. As the Maria rounded the stake boat (the Firefly) at 3h. 12m., the band on board struck up "Hail Columbia," in a very consumptive style. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and the race was over. Julia came in second and the rest in the following order.

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Maria	3	12	20	Irene	4	1	11
Julia	3	24	54	Ellen Jane	4	6	13
Haze	3	46	35	Cornelia	4	20	38
Una	3	47	33	America	4	23	55
Gertrude	3	49	39				

The contest for the entrance money 110 dollars, was only between the Ellen Jane and the America, and was given to the former.

So ended the grand regatta at Newport and every thing in that quiet village "returned into its accustomed place." Probably affairs in the rest of the world went on in precisely the same manner as if it had never occurred.

The Maria as it will be seen had a narrow escape from defeat, even with every thing in her favour. Had the wind been different the race would have been more exciting. We learn the Julia is ready to sail with the Maria, for 1,000 dollars aside, twenty miles, one way before the wind and the other a dead beat to windward.

And now according to my promise I have sent to your Magazine the account of our regatta, which I dare say you will find to be pretty much the same as yours.

REGATTAS AND SAILING MATCHES IN SEPTEMBER.

Sept. 2nd.—Birkenhead Model Yacht Club Challenge Cup Race (value £50,) open to all the world.

" 4th.—Mersey Yacht Club Regatta.

" 4th.—Swansea Regatta.

" 4th.—Medway Regatta.

" 16th.—Royal London Yacht Club give £15 to the first boat, and £5 to the second, to be sailed for by yachts not exceeding seven tons, belonging to any Club. Distance to be sailed is from Erith round a boat moored off Rosherville and back to North Woolwich.

HIGH WATER TIDE TABLE FOR SEPTEMBER.

D of M	High Water Lon. Bridge morn.		High Water Lon. Bridge after	
	h.	m.	h.	m
1	6	28	6	50
2	7	12	7	37
3	8	2	8	36
4	9	13	9	48
5	10	26	11	8
6	11	47	—	—
7	0	23	0	53
8	1	24	1	51
9	2	18	2	45
10	3	9	3	34
11	3	55	4	17
12	4	36	4	58
13	5	18	5	38
14	5	57	6	18
15	6	39	7	0
16	7	22	7	47
17	8	15	8	49
18	9	29	10	9
19	10	48	11	27
20	—	—	0	4
21	0	35	1	0
22	1	22	1	44
23	2	3	2	21
24	2	28	2	55
25	3	10	3	27
26	3	41	3	56
27	4	12	4	28
28	4	45	5	1
29	5	18	5	37
30	5	55	6	14

The time of high Water at the following places may be ascertained, by adding to, or subtracting from, the time at London Bridge.

		h.	m.			h.	m.
Aberystwith	add	5	23	Aberdeen	sub	0	56
Alderney		4	38	Aldborough		3	23
Bantry Bay		1	39	Belfast		4	2
Bridlington		2	23	Brighton		2	29
Carmarthen		4	3	Carnarvon		4	47
Cork Harbour		2	23	Cowes		3	22
Dartmouth		3	58	Dublin Bar		2	55
Dudgeon Light		5	23	Dungeness		3	17
Eddystone		3	8	Folkestone		3	37
Exmouth Bar		4	18	Foreland, North		2	22
Falmouth		3	8	Foreland, South		2	47
Flamboro' Head		2	23	Gravesend		0	37
Guernsey Pier		4	23	Greenwich		0	20
Hartlepool		1	38	Harwich		2	37
Humber Mouth		3	23	Howth Harbour		2	59
Kinsale Harbour		2	23	Ipswich		2	7
Land's End		2	23	Kentish Knock		2	37
Leith Pier		0	15	Lowestoft		3	37
Lynn Regis		4	38	Margate		2	2
Plymouth		3	26	Nore Light		0	58
Swansea		3	48	Portsmouth		2	27
Torbay		3	58	Sheerness		1	28
Waterford		3	43	Southampton		2	27
Weymouth		4	23	Spithead		4	37
Whitby		1	38	Yarmouth Roads		5	27
Amsterdam		0	53	Calais		2	12
Antwerp		2	18	Dieppe		3	2
Bordeaux		4	45	Havre de Grace		4	15
Cherbourg		5	23	Ostende		1	12
Hamburgh		3	53	Honfleur		4	37
Brest		1	39	New York		5	7

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We return our thanks to our New York and Torquay friends; and also to several others who have sent us information, which, with other valuable documents stand over.

The Prince of Wales, London Model, and other Club Matches, which are in type, will be given in our next number

A new yacht club was commenced on the 29th ult., at the Craven Hotel Strand, to be called the Anglesey Yacht Club, the particulars of which will be given in our next.

All communications for the Editor must in future be addressed to Hunt's Yachting Magazine Office, 291, Strand.

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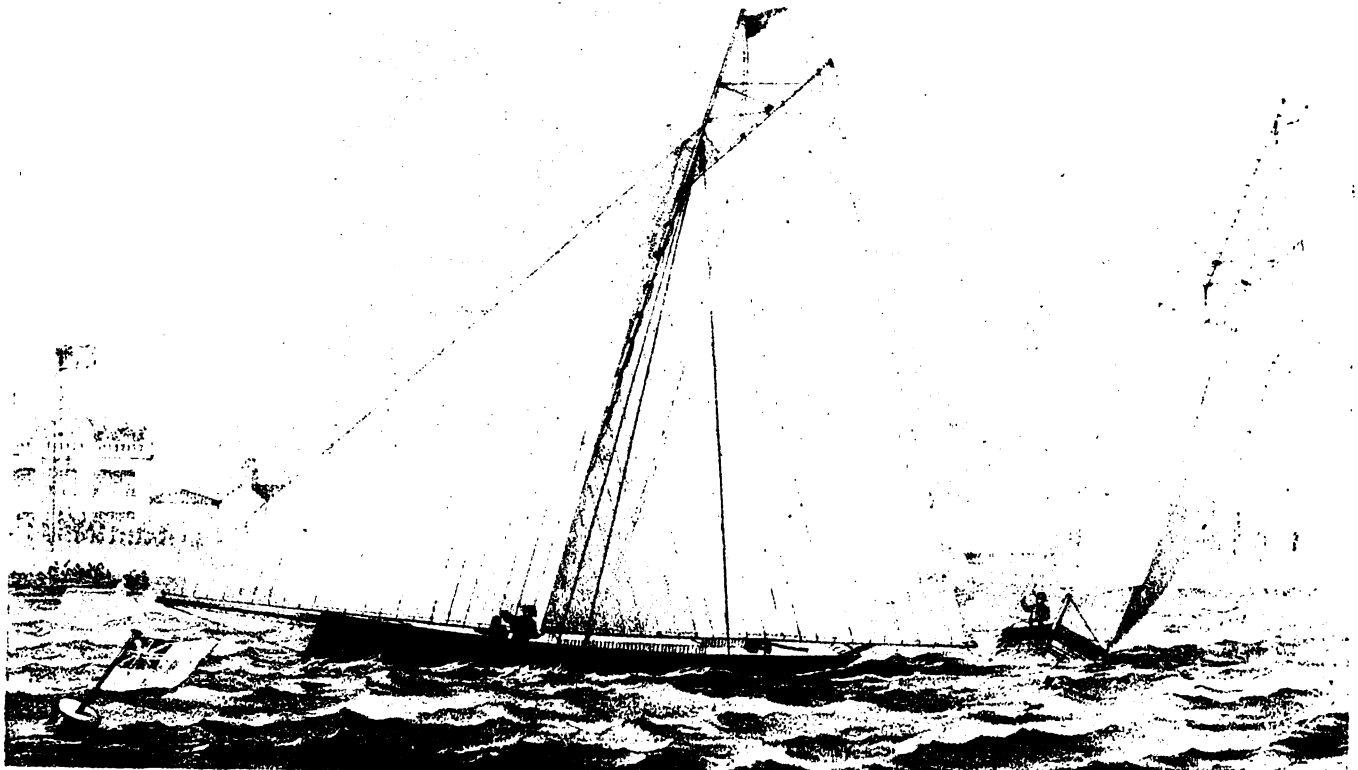


THE [illegible]

HUNT'S

YACHTING MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1854.

THE CUTTER YACHT JULIA, 7 TONS.

WE present our readers this month with an engraving of this little clipper of 7 tons, remarkable not only for her speed, and good weatherly qualities, but also for her great accommodation. In her a most successful attempt has been made to combine two points, hitherto thought incompatible, viz: large accommodation with great speed. The chief novelty in the arrangement consists in part of the cabin being placed *inside the keel.* Although this may raise a smile in the naval man or architect, who believes that vessels should be built according to certain principles only, which ought not to be deviated from, yet we have seen sufficient in the performances of this yacht to make us pause in assenting to this, and rather to admire the originality and success of the plan, by which many of the rules of naval architecture have been successfully violated. It is well known how cramped the accommodation is on board small vessels, in fact up to twenty tons, in consequenee of want of heighth in the cabin, arising from the V shaped space below the floor being useless for that purpose. The plan adopted by the Julia, consists in this part being used, and also the keel itself opened as it were in the middle of the boat, so that the floor of the cabin, is on the ballast which

occupies the lowest part of the keel, and is placed at the best point for insuring stability; and thus, where an ordinary yacht has an iron keel, say of 3 cwt., the Julia has 3 tons, at the same depth, and is enabled to have a cabin ten feet long, by seven feet and a half wide, and six feet in height.

It might be imagined that this wide keel would be a great obstruction, but in practice this is found not to be the case, as was evinced in the Medway match on the 18th of September, in which she beat the celebrated Little Mosquito in running down from Chatham to Sheerness.

She has won five prizes since she was built in 1852, by W. P. Bain, Esq., who has the entire merit of the idea, the lines, and arrangements.

We have represented her winning her first match at the Folly House, Blackwall. Her principal dimensions are

	ft.	in.
Length, at water line, -	26	6
Breath do. - -	7	11
Draught of water - -	4	8

AN APPEAL IN BEHALF OF THE COAST BOATMEN.*

BY MR. J. QUESTED.

In venturing to address the British public on the subject to which I beg most earnestly to draw their attention, I rely on the justice of the cause which animates me, for an apology, alike for the intrusion and presumption. It has always been acknowledged as a fact, that to appeal to the British people in behalf of humanity is a sure forerunner of success in arousing their sympathies—hence the thousands of Societies and Institutions with which our happy country abounds for the alleviation of distress, and for the relief of the poor and destitute. That my humble efforts may prove an impetus to men of talent and power to take up the cause, is my fervent prayer. I acknowledge my own inefficie[illegible] carry out my views, or even to forward them, without assistance; we must remember, the mighty waters of the Amazon; ere th[illegible]

* This appeal is dedicated to James Orton, Esq., of the Hermitage, S[illegible] garet's Bay, a gentleman well-known for his exertions in behalf of ship[illegible] persons.

into the Atlantic, have their origin in small tributary streams. The efforts I have occasionally made, by letters in one of our Provincial papers, having been approved and acquiesced in by the neighbourhood, induce me to venture a bolder attempt, relying upon the assistance of others, and the Press in particular—the safe and sure means of redress for grievances, and the establishment of wholesome laws.

Those who, like myself, claim the coast as their birth-place, and who have passed the greater portion of their life along the shores of our sea-girt isle, have witnessed the noble—the heroic—the devoted conduct of the Coast Boatmen in the cause of suffering humanity: they can bear me out in the assertions it will be my task to make ; and they will, I hope, "and have confidence in my hope," lend their aid to render a tardy justice to a class of people whose claims must be universally acknowledged ; but those who have not been in the habit of visiting the coast, and whose residence is in the interior, can form but little idea of the subject. They may read in the different journals of shipwrecks, and of the bravery of the boatmen in their endeavours to rescue the sufferers, but, alas ! (and I say it not reprovingly) the perusal too frequently excites but an exclamation of "Honour to the brave," and a few passing remarks on the dreadful situation from which the crew may have been rescued:—the real state of the case does not strike them. In endeavouring to lay before them a few facts with which I am well acquainted, happy shall I be if I can arouse their dormant sympathy, and get them to co-operate in efforts to efface so vile a stain, as this our sin of omission is, on a nation justly claiming pre-eminence in commercial enterprise. Our merchants are called Princes—their vessels, intended for private speculation, exceed in number, value, and power, whole fleets of other countries—their flags wave in every port of the habitable world—their hospitable institutions, it must be acknowledged, are magnificent, and yet there remains this sad blot—the neglect of rewarding men whose lives and property are devoted to their service; and here, be it understood, my remarks are not intended to apply in the least to the system of awarding salvage for *property* saved—with that I have nothing to do—my whole and sole aim will be, to lay before the public the necessity of some law being enacted, to reward men who peril their own lives to preserve those of their fellow creatures.

I have for many years resided on that part of the coast immediately opposite the Goodwin Sands—that grave of seamen—that gulf, yawning with fearful horror, when the storm, in itself to be dreaded, still more agitates its almost bottomless abyss, sending mountains of sand and surf to overwhelm the vessel drawn within its vortex. For miles along this

coast constant are the scenes of heartrending distress witnessed from the shore, and as constantly is the cry for help responded to by veteran boatmen. Amid the howling tempests we have heard the signal gun, and, with waves dashing furiously on the beach, boat after boat has been launched, manned by old and young, with hearts resolute in the cause of humanity, and the strong arm extended to save. The least mismanagement must have proved fatal—to those on shore the peril has appeared more alarming to the rescuers than to them they sought to save; but they have accomplished their task, they have snatched from the foaming wave its powerless victim, and their reward has been the applause of the crowded strand, and the inward consciousness of having performed an act of humanity. But should these things be? Should a country like Britain, passively view her brave but needy boatmen undergo dangers, and perform deeds of daring intrepidity from which all others would shrink—would shroud themselves up in fearful apprehension? Should no provision be made for them? I blush to say none yet is made. Even within the last few days, nine poor penniless foreigners were saved by six boatmen, at imminent risk of their own lives, to say nothing of the probable loss of their boat; and all their reward was a voluntary collection.

The chief occupation of the Coast Boatmen is attending to the vessels passing up and down channel, and in rendering assistance in case of need, such as supplying them with anchors, cables, provisions, &c., taking off and bringing on shore passengers, pilots, &c., for all of which acts they may be well paid. In general cases, viewed as a business matter, this may be mere ordinary employment, not attended with more difficulties than other occupations on the waters, although it must be owned, disappointment often awaits them, after hours of fatigue and untiring industry in putting off to vessels in the hope of something being required. But it is of the occasions of shipwreck so often occurring to which I am anxious to draw attention. We will imagine the watchful eye and ear of the boatmen ascertaining the fact of a vessel in distress at some distance from the shore, during a fearful storm. Immediately, the word is passed through the town or village, and though in the depth of the night, the respective crews quit their homes, launch on the foaming waves, and with indomitable courage, bear away to the perilled shi may be urged their object is *gain*,—granted: they may hope by exertions and nautical skill to save both ship and cargo, then would be rewarded by a salvage in proportion to the value of the rescued perty—a salvage earned by undaunted courage, unwearied exertion, the risk of their own capital—the greater portion of the boats en-

in this adventurous calling each exceeding the value of £400. It may also be urged that for their services they are often exorbitant in their charges: this may be—I am not in a situation either to contradict or substantiate it; but this fact I do know, that captains and passengers, in the hour of danger, have been abundant in promises and encouragement to assist: the danger over, and ship and passengers saved, the promises have dwindled into niggardly grudgings, and payment postponed until the sum be awarded by the decision of the Admiralty Court.

But despite every aid which skill and energy can bring to bear, and after hours of imminent peril, it frequently happens that the ship is doomed to sink, and every hope of remuneration perishes with it. Then it is that the conduct of these brave fellows shines forth in all the glory which characterizes their class; then it is that *humanity* alone actuates and animates them! Awed by no danger, undaunted, undismayed, reckless of all disappointments with regard to themselves,—there they are; nor will they quit the doomed craft while a spar or a mast floats on which the sinking crew may cling. It is not too much to say that thousands of human beings have been thus rescued by these noble fellows. We have seen them brought on shore, destitute, penniless; and, as though the boatmen had not yet fulfilled the task of humanity, have been taken to their own homes, and have shared, among others of the same class, the comforts their cabins afforded, until communination could be made to the consul, or other constituted authorities. And, where then, is the established fund, either to reward or to encourage in these acts of self-devotion? The reward for men who have thus risked their boat, (often the whole of their property,) their lives, and have endured dangers and fatigue, of which such men only, are morally and physically capable of enduring,—their reward, I repeat, has been either the bare thanks of the rescued sufferers, or, at most, a trifle collected among the by-standers,—the latter, I regret to say, of rare occurrence.

We have thus taken a view of a case, in which the hope of salvage may have been the actuating motive in the onset, but which the elements and circumstances frustrated, although they did not deter them from subsequent efforts, crowned with success, to save their fellow-man. We will now give, as an addendum, a relation of a circumstance which equently takes place, fully showing that, though absolutely dependent their calling, and too often abjectly poor, these generous fellows emselves reject the prospect, even of reward, to exercise their humane lings. In peculiar cases, when a ship signals for assistance, the first oat which reaches her is entitled to a considerably greater share of lvage than the others that follow. Often does it occur, when such

signal is made, some boat may be nearer at hand, or more in readiness, and immediately puts off. As it nears the unfortunate vessel, it meets the hopeless crew, who have in despair abandoned their charge, and in a frail boat, which must inevitably perish, or on spars, are combatting against the waves. What then is the conduct of the "hovellers?" Before them, and within their grasp, lies a rich reward;—near them are their fellow-creatures,—strangers, foreigners,—sinking into a watery grave. Not an instant does the hope of gain thwart their humane habits, no longer do they steer for the vessel; another tack, the poor fellows are saved, and borne triumphantly to the shore, while other boats reach the wreck, and to *them* the salvage is awarded. Will my fellow countrymen believe it, when I say that those who, in the cause of humanity, sacrificed that which might have supported their families for weeks, in order to save the drowning crew, could claim, neither from the owners of the vessel, nor from their country, one shilling to recompense them?

How often has my long residence in the neighbourhood furnished me with instances of even greater self-devotion? How often have I known, when the elements appeared to be waging war with each other, that the cry of distress has been heard, nor heard in vain! Amid the gloom of night, and the glare of torches, dark black spots have been descried, beating on the surf. No thought of danger, not an idea of personal risk, not a feeling but that of humanity dwells within them. Impelled forward as it were, by an irresistible, I might almost say an inspired impulse, they launch the boat; men and boys strive which shall be the first to stretch forth their arm to save. I have known these cases; and have known them, after hours passed in horror, rescue many valuable lives, and bring them on shore; while the equally noble-hearted wives and daughters of the veterans have bestowed every soothing care on the half-dying sufferers. It was but a short time ago, the wife of a boatman, with whom I am well acquainted, told me that in a case similar to the one I have attempted to describe, her husband and four of her sons were engaged in one boat, while she, with a wife's, a mother's feeling, stood for a while on the beach in the agonizing expectation of a bereavement of each of those holy ties. At length they landed, having saved every one they could descry, themselves wet, exhausted with fatigu[illegible] appalled only by the dreadful sufferings they had seen others [illegible] These they conducted to their cottage; while she, the happy m[illegible] four brave sons (two merely boys), and the honoured wife of as k[illegible] fellow as ever manned a boat, prepared for the reception of the [illegible] Is it left for me to tell the world of the recompense received? I

be known that not the smallest coin which Her Majesty's Mint affords, passed into the pocket of these children of humanity? And yet this recital was made with no vaunt—with no grumbling. It was extracted by my questions, and was unaccompanied by any other remark than, "Thank God, they were all saved!"

Again, not long ago a foreign vessel sunk on the Goodwin. The efforts of the boatmen to get her off were ineffectual, and thus they could claim nothing from the underwriters; but they succeeded in saving the crew, and safely committed them to the care of the Consul. What gratuity that gentleman, on his own responsibility, might grant them, I know not; but *claim*, they had none. I may mention, as a passing remark, to corroborate the opinion I wish to impress on the public, of the really generous feeling which actuates these men, that on my informant addressing one of the boat's crew who brought the sailors on shore, with an observation intended to convey regret that they had not entitled themselves to a salvage, said, "Then you did not succeed this morning?" "Yes, sir," replied he, with a smile of conscious integrity on his lips, "Yes, sir, we succeeded in saving nine poor fellows from a watery grave." While speaking of the watermen of Deal, the name of George Philpott should not be passed over in silence. His name is one of notoriety in the annals of humanity. During a long life he had been instrumental in saving the lives of upwards of a hundred of his fellow-creatures.

Little do those who dwell in the interior of our isles know of this hardy race of people. I speak not of the boatmen on this part of the coast only; they are the same, the whole length of our shores,—hardy, brave, enterprising, generous, and noble. Were an author, whose talents lie that way, to direct his attention to the subject, he would readily find matter wherewith to furnish the public with a volume full of the most interesting anecdotes, displaying the true character of these men.

We have hitherto spoken of those cases in which success has attended their endeavours; but there is one, and sad to say, of not unfrequent occurrence, replete with consequences the most lamentable to the families of the Coast Boatmen; and one attracting even more shame to us as a ation. It must be palpable to all, that thus following their work, on he deep waters, and that work being in the hours of the greatest angers, it must occasionally happen, both skill and courage are una- ailable against the storm; and they, who, in seeking to save others, come themselves the victims, and the waters close o'er them. Theirs as the work of humanity—at the cry for help, they gave a ready ear

and an earnest hand. In that work they perished; and, with the morning light, in vain did wives and children look for husbands and fathers. Where, then, is the provision made by the country for the bereaved wife, the orphan child, the widow, and the fatherless? Where? See yonder Parish Union House, surrounded by gloomy walls, a short distance from the shore, there will you find them immured, distinguished by the name of paupers; for neither our merchants nor our senate have yet devised a method of insuring an asylum for the families of men, whose lives were sacrificed in the endeavour to save others.

In the winter of 1852, at Broadstairs, in the Isle of Thanet, a boat, manned with seven brave fellows, put off under circumstances I have named. The gale was tremendous; the boat swamped; and six of the crew perished; each of whom left a wife and family to receive—a gratuity from the subscriptions of the charitably disposed in the neighbourhood.

I have conversed with a seaman at Margate, who has been instrumental at different times, in company with the several crews with whom he has been engaged, in saving the lives of one hundred and forty-eight persons, for which services he has received only £5, and that from no national fund, but from voluntary contributions, collected in two cases only; for all the others he did not receive a shilling. How strange a contrast to the sums awarded for the preservation of *property* at sea! A bale of cotton is, according to the law of the greatest commercial country in the world, of more importance than the life of a human being! Strange anomaly! Scarcely a disease or malady is there to attack our frame, but the benevolence of Englishmen has provided institutions and hospitals for the relief of the poor sufferers. All the different trading companies have their asylums; but the world seems to forget provision for men so important to the shipping interest!

The next question is, "How could funds be provided?" I acknowledge myself incapable of practically answering this; but I would venture to put forth one or two ideas which have struck me, and on which, I trust, some intelligent and influential men may improve. That the subject is important all must allow,—that it is worthy the serious attention of the humane, none will contradict. I have thought that were a charge made, according to the tonnage of a vessel, entering or lea- British port, or a trifle paid by each seaman on joining a vessel, o captain on leaving port, a considerable sum would be rais example, taking the tonnage inwards and outwards, of all ports in Britain and Ireland, at 8,000,000, and levying at the rate of one far for every four tons, at which each vessel is registered, the sum pr-

would be upwards of £2,000 annually, or about five shillings for a vessel of 1,000 tons; certainly not a large sum for either the owners, captains, or crews to pay. And when we reflect on the immense amount of good which might accrue—the great encouragement given to the Coast Boatmen to persevere in their noble exertions, surely the sum must be considered but a mite, indeed, cast into the treasury for so benevolent a purpose.

The number of men and boys employed in vessels belonging to the several ports in the British Empire, for the year 1851, was stated at 240,928; by the annual payment of *one penny* each, the sum of £1,000 would be raised. Is it possible to imagine any British sailor, whose very name is synonymous with generosity, would scruple at such donation? My acquaintance with them tells me that, rather than bring so great a libel on their class, the sum would be doubled or trebled. It is estimated that the number of vessels employed in the foreign trade with the United Kingdom, and entering in and clearing out at her ports, for 1852, was

Inwards	32,961
Outwards	30,543
	63,504

To each of these vessels there must be a "Captain;" if one shilling from each was collected, upwards of £3,000 would be realized. I believe it is customary for the Trinity Corporation to collect certain dues: might not either of the assessments proposed, without great trouble or expense, be collected by that body? and might not such sums so raised, be invested in them, to distribute according to their judgment?

These, however, are but hints thrown out, in order that others may improve upon them. That difficulties may arise in the prosecution of the scheme is certain; but sincerely do I trust, that whatever obstacles may interpose in the furtherance of an object of mercy, honour, and justice, none will arise from the shipping interest. To them I look for co-operation; to them I intrust the prosecution of a subject on which my whole heart is engrossed. Of my fellow-countrymen who dwell in the interior, and whose acquaintance with these matters is limited,—of them, should this Appeal fall into their hands, I would heartily entreat their endeavours to stir up the sympathies of their associates, that when the wind howls, and the storm beats upon their heads, a kind thought may find its way to the humane efforts of the brave Coast Boatmen, that they may be influenced by that spirit who rules the waves, and in whose hands the billows are held, to aid by casual donations to a fund so justly merited. To those whom these pages more immediately

concern,—to the hardy veterans whose cause I endeavour to advocate—I would recommend their soliciting the aid of some influential gentlemen, in their respective vicinities, to superintend a public meeting, for the purpose of memorializing Parliament, when about to assemble, to take into serious consideration the present unremunerated state of the Coast Boatmen. On my own part, if not presuming, I would freely offer all the assistance in my power. Would to God that power were as great as my sympathy is sincere.

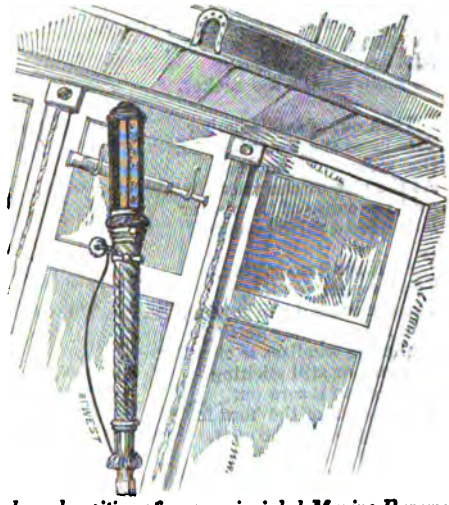
The foregoing appeal is so sincere in its advocacy of the Coast Boatmen, that we cannot suffer it to pass without adding our voice in its behalf. Born and nurtured on the coast, we have been eye-witnesses of the most appalling scenes. We remember well when that truly philanthropic being (Capt. Manby,) tried his inventions for the preservation of life from shipwreck on the shore at Yarmouth in Norfolk, that the shot from the mortar carrying the line over the stranded vessel alarmed the poor fellows composing the crew, and who still persisted in clinging to the rigging of their frail bark, and were by the continual immersion from the breaking of the seas over them drowned, in sight of hundreds who were willing but unable to relieve them. Here was the time when the hardy boatmen rushed to their splendid yawls, and with a long and continued hur-r-r-ah endeavoured to launch them, amid the foaming waves, when billows were "mountains high;" but alas, all their efforts were vain,—their powerful boats, manned by dauntless crews, were hurled on the beach again and again, and although willing to risk their own lives to save their fellow creatures, God willed it otherwise, and these sturdy boatmen stood on the beach with the tear of compassion on their weather-beaten cheeks, and beheld these poor foreigners (Dutchmen we believe,) drop into the foaming surf man after man—not one was left.

This was indeed a case of real bravery and disinterestedness on the part of the boatmen, for no portion of the cargo or vessel was possible to escape destruction. We could enumerate numerous cases where the boatmen only have saved the crews, and as Mr. Quested truly observes, without receiving or expecting to receive remuneration, except what their own rough but many feelings awarded them.

Many of our readers are residents of the towns on the coa[illegible] request them to forward to us such cases as they may be able [illegible] of the intrepidity of our Coast Boatmen, and we doubt not t[illegible] interest will be created, as will cause Mr. Quested's generous exe[illegible] to be the means of establishing a permanent fund for reward[illegible] truly noble fellows.—*Ed. H.Y.M.*

RHYTHMICAL SKETCHES OF YACHT TRAVEL.

BY A COLUMBUS OF THE PLEASURE NAVY.



Awkward position of an unprincipled Marine Barometer.

TABLEAU I.—GETTING UNDERWEIGH.

Betwixt sleeping and waking,
One's head slightly aching,
From evening libation
Of various potation,
And much fumigation;
With, in night's later tenses,
The above's consequences,—
Viz;—*more* drinking and smoking,
And practical joking,
Such as yacht-larder-robbing,
Or club-statue-daubing,—*
Polite recreations
Fraught with matin sensations
Little short of damnations.

Well, in such a condition
Of half inanition
And gastric contrition,†
I'm disturbed from my slumber
By sounds without number,
Ingeniously blended,
Like torture intended,—‡
Splashing, scraping and thumping,
And 'bout the deck stumping,
Mix't with gushings of pumping;

* A particular enterprise within the memory of certain members of a certain yacht club.
† "The remorse of the stomach," as indigestion has been denominated.
‡ Under such circumstances one always imagines, that these proceedings are designed for one's cial annoyance.

Like a giant's death rattle,
When, in Lapithæ battle,
He was clutched by the throttle,
Or a piston'd seltz-bottle,
When it nears its sum-tottle.

You conceive in such rows, sirs,
One inducts toilette trowsers,
And assumeth a *jaquette*
To know what's the racket.

Then out of said slumber
'Mid loose spars and lumber,
One scrambleth on deck
At the risk of one's neck,
And the cause of the clatter
Is at once a solved matter!

As I meditate saying,
I find we are weighing,
The accustom'd sail setting,
And for sea ready getting;
While the windlass is clicking,
The anchor still sticking,
The men to it sore put,
For it's foul of the 'fore-foot;
And long they'll be at it,
Before it is "catted,"
Hauling, slacking, and heaving;
Then, the fore-sheets they're reeving,
And the skipper's uncrutching
The boom,—the mate clutching
Ensign-haulyards and downhaul,—
While that small stick, to crown all,
Is swagging "a stunner," *
From runner to runner,
With chucks fit to strain off
Our quarter in twain off.

Then, below, as one's writing,
Things are listing and righting,
And, alternate, a weather,
As she swings to her tether.

Then comes table-unscrewing,
Which sets the hinge mewing,
To the thin voice and squeaky
Of a bulkhead that's creaky;
While the b'rometer dangles
At the oddest of angles.

Forward, much on is going,
What with cabin-gear-stowing—
Glass, china, chairs, crockery—
Which precaution's a mockery,
As you will find out when we
Have a lop of a sea.

Then, as way the ship's winning,
I find her beginning

* Skipper's expression.

A system of nodding,
As she turns the sea-sodding—
Her bow, I mean, bowing
Like a ploughshare when ploughing.

'Mid this scene of confusion
And acoustic contusion,
I've a trait to relate
Of the *Inner* estate,
(That sensitive kernel
Of all things external!—)
Psycho-gastric sensation
That requires explanation.

One first felt it o'er crowing
One's soul, when school-going;
But as *we* wax material
It becomes less etherial,
Yet, I know it's unnerving
Even to *men* the least swerving.—
I mean that dull smarting
At the vitals, when parting,—
A dead, vacant, numb ache
By the chords of the stomach,—
Pericordial congestion,
Less heart than digestion,
But felt ev'n by sceptics,
Just where feeling meets peptics.

Now, this semi-dejection
Is *not* retrospection,
And still less affection
For what one is leaving
Or consequent grieving,
As for losses bereaving—
Or not so of necessity—
I cannot express it—I,
In mere desperation,
Give these traits of sensation
The below appellation—
(Ye rhymes!—there's none—curse ye!)
Sentimental inertiæ.

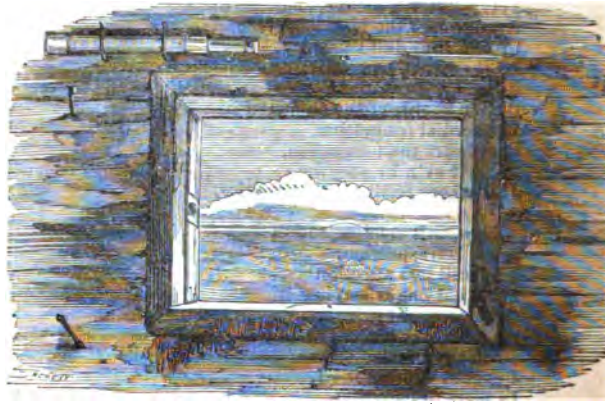
Then to 'gone' turns 'going,'
And the last place is growing
Indistinct and receding:
Then come lounging and reading
And tóbacco 'weeding,'
That, with sherries and bitters,
The time away fritters,
Which, if early or late 'tis,
Yawns, to us one hiatus.

Anon, come sky-gapings,
And studious course-shapings,—
Double-rulers,—'dividers,'
Long-legged like spiders;—
Not without calculation,
And due deviation,
For the north's variation,
To prick off where we be
Within half a degree!

Then there's boats inboard getting
With sails-trimly-setting,—
Hauling sheet, and tack tauter;—
And then comes blue water!

Here ends the beginning
Of this metric yarn-spinning,
That's to sing what's worth knowing
Of practic sea-going,
And the chances that wait
On the yachting estate.

Thus,—so far having got
With the muse and the yacht,—
Here we leave ship and lay
Alike well under way!



A Stern Portrait of Nothingness.

TABLEAU II.—THE CALM.

But, as our onward course we're lying,
Faint falls the breeze, so lately sighing,
And all the winds in air are dying.
No more the waters, past us gushing,
Part with a lisp of pearlet-crushing,—
The crisp bead-music at the bow
Hushed to a humid whisper now,—
And not a plume of spray, or flake
Of floating foam to blanch our wake;
Two ripples, widening away
In flute-lines, all that from us stray
Into the quiet far-away!

Still onward glidingly we steal
On level groovings of the keel,
The languid azure lightly lipping
Our burnish'd stem athro' it slipping—
Till—Ha!—didst hear the canvass quiver,—
Articulate,—a mortal shiver!—

As chill'd by some vague sense of fear,—
Forewarn'd of "something wicked" near:
As did the sapient beast of Balaam,
What time his legs began to fail him,
Knowing,—as he went on to—bray,—
Immortal presence by the way!

The master, trimming that or this sail,
Just at this time begins to whistle,
And, howbeit lately brusk and loud,
Looks sullen now, or scans a cloud,
Anon, and, in a nautic fidget,
Extends aloft a moisten'd digit,
To catch the first breath, foul or fair,—
The avant-courier of an air.

But all in vain!—the more it's wanted,
The less seems Æolus like to grant it:
While slow and slowlier droops the pace,
Till motion's magnetized to place.

Now not an air-sigh waves the vane;—
A weight of calm o'erpends the main;
Droops, spellbound, there each idled ship,
As tho', alternate, touch'd to sleep;—
As tho' the molten wave around her
Had cooled, and, hardening, there had bound her.
As if no thing that moves and is
Might break that elemental peace
By sound of speed,—alike enfurl'd
In the strong rest that laps the world.

And ever as our bark was lagging
The spirits of the crew kept flagging.
Somehow as motion waxeth slower,
The pulses of a man range lower;—
A sympathy that's logic, seeing
To move's to live, and have our being.
'Tis then one feels the landsman's notion,
That all the oaken halls of ocean
Are dungeons waft with sick'ning motion.*

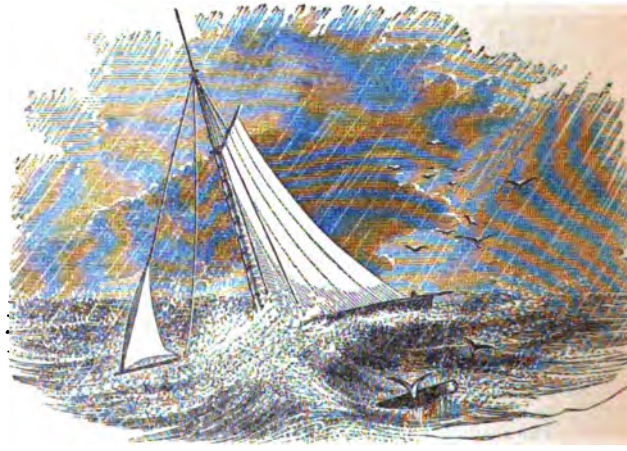
In truth 'tis boring when one's bent
Upon a definite intent,
To find material impotent,
Appliances of no avail—
In a 'mid purpose 'tis to fail.

It *is* a sullen thing to be
Poised upon the leaden sea
In a numb ship leadenly,—
The shade of an aerial thing
Of pale and paralized wing,—
Semi-live phantom—mermaid-sprite,
Timid and towering and white,—
A sheeted outline on the wave,—
Sprung as from Time's diluvial grave!
Like one, within the moon's pale beam,
Arrest in wanderings of dream;

* Something like this was remarked by a certain Dr. of post-chaise predilection.

Or frail nun, statued to the spot,
Like the salacious spouse of Lot.

In vain one tries to take to reading,
Pending the faery hour of feeding,
One cannot, with the slightest pleasure—
One's feverish, and—there's too much leisure!
Thus life is wasted as it flows,
In restlessness and *not* repose!
But, as *it* wears, wears *with it* all away—
"Time *and* the hour, *et cætera*," as they say.—
So to one's berth!—to toss and tumble,
And at the watch's footfalls grumble;
As tho' 'twere noises off that keep,
And not the stillness, active sleep.*
At length, old habit, and not need,
Brings one the state of vision-deed;—
Soon to experience infraction
By fresh phœnomena of action,—
Such as being loosen'd in one's berth
By sea-quakes like small quakes of earth,—
The vessel kicking, rearing, prancing,
After an equine mode of dancing,—
Swerving, shying and curvetting,
And every thing with champ'd brine wetting;
Which brings us to aquatic strife,
And a new phase of vessel-life.



Vision of a "Threshing Match."

TABLEAU III.—THE COMING ON TO BLOW.

A breeze had sprung up towards the morning
Watch, with a leaden sky of warning—

* By-the-bye, how more eventful is sleep than modern waking life

Lines of a livid grey and muddy,
Fretted with lurid light and ruddy.—
Beneath—a thin scud, wild and fast,
Like shreds of air-gauze, driveth past;
With cloud banks mass'd on the horizon—
Well sailors know, when they set eyes on
Such signs, that they but seldom fail
To herald an approaching gale.

The squalls, that freshened all along,
Now change to steady wind and strong:
Over the little bark is bending,
Climbing, pausing, and descending,
But with a cross, uneasy motion,
As from an under, mix't commotion.
Down comes the top-sail on the gaff,—
"Trice the main-tack up—main-sheet aft—
Two reefs—down with them!—jib the third!
Reef-earings—tackle!" is the word.

The ship relieved from the strain,
Of thus much canvass off her ta'en,
Rights, and then, lays her o'er again;
As, with one yellower planklet under,
She cleaves the maddening lymph asunder;
Afrom her, as she thro' it threshes,
Spurting the spray in silvery flashes,
And brushing inboard candied rain,
Like pearl-dust off the blasted main.

'Tis *then* that in supreme request are
Oilskin, tarpaulin and sou'-wester;—
Tis *then* that natures 'gin to lack
The 'shortest' 'nip' of 'neat' cognac,
And, the ship partly snugg'd, 'tis *then*
That grog is served out to the men;
After which tactics, and which rum,
There's pause to wait for what's to come.—
It yet might moderate—but, no!—
"It never rains but pours it," so
With winds that breathe not, but they blow—
No!—the gusts steady in their strength,—
Till—down it comes amain at length!

And now it *is* blowing,
The main-sail they're stowing,
Amid sundry lee lurches,
Slacking throat and peak-purchase,
And the storm-canvass bending,—
The ship pitching and scending;—
While the skipper is calling
To the mate, who is bawling
To the men who are hauling,
Heaving, slacking, belaying,
And the runners aft staying;—
All hands of both watches
Closing scuttles and hatches,
Top-mast striking,—jib shifting;
While every thing's drifting
To leeward, and heaving.
Then there's trysail-sheet-reeving,

And reef points atying;
While rope-ends, away flying,
For want of a turn,
Stream far out astern,
To the hands toward it tendant
Each a hopeless hemp pendant!*

And then there 's a lashing
Of boats, and the plashing
Of spray, and a crutching
Of the boom and a clutching
At ridge-ropes and braces,
Those steadiers of paces.
Nor forgot in the flurry
And height of the hurry,
The ship—while we're snugging her,
To put the boat's plug in *her*,
A forethought whose neglect
Has been fate to the wreckt.

Lastly comes putting over
Fore and main skylight cover;
While the great coats are ran on
The infantine cannon.

Then, below, *there's* the steward
And *his* gear going to leeward;
While John, lurching and tumbling,
Is audibly grumbling
At the crockery that's smashing
With a h—ll of a crashing.
Then the swing table's whining,
And the bulkhead repining,
With a plaint thin and thrilling,
Like a spirit a-griling;
'Mid which creaking and brawling
And wind-caterwauling,
The Barometer's falling,
And—Grave Instrument!—leaning
At an angle unmeaning.

And then there's a council
Of war, an' we maun sail
The vessel, or whether
To "lay to' till fine weather.
But light ships in snug trim
Waves—like tempest birds skim;
And we found the live thing
So alert on the wing,
With such glibness and ease,
Taking all the worst seas,
Water-walls coped with spray, sir,
With the *sangfroid* and grace, sir,
Of an old hurdle-racer,
Or marine steeple-chaser,
That well did they deem her
A thorough-bred sea-mare.

Quoth the mate, "Sir, odd rat it!
"He should keep the ship at it:"†

* Duplices tendens palmas.

† The mate, be it observed, always knows more than the master, and is always ca[illegible] that it is so, by anticipating what's to be done, and talking AT the latter to the owner o[illegible]

For once B——— coincided;
And, in short, 'twas decided
Up and down tumbling hill
To half sail her, half 'gill,'
And, for better for worse,
To hold on our old course.
And, besides expediting
One's way, it's exciting,
Thus to watch a frail vessel
With strong elements wrestle,
As she yields to their force
But to conquer a course.

Thus urged we with elation,
Our shaped destination,
With one only privation,—
The small misery I mean
Is the loss of *cuisine*.
As a gale's no compunction
For the chef's sacred function,
Which oft suffers detention
If not total suspension.

As I find the log stating,
Here the breeze seem'd abating,
And, moreover, I find
The great fact, *underlined*,
After all that *we dined*!
And, as we'd been going
With a taut sheet and flowing,
And due course had been steering,
Our port must be nearing.

Which,—O reader,—to you
I confide it—is true!
So I hereby engage,
When you turn the next page,
That, in sketch, No. 4,
You'll percieve,—the gale o'er,—
Things aboard us all right
And,—if not quite in sight—
Still a mist from the land
Which proclaims it at hand.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A Brief Proclamation addressed to Hebdomadal Fadladrens, and Mental Minnows in General.

'Jpon the appearance last month of the prefatory portion of these Metrical-
:s, the critic of a Weekly Newspaper, hitherto addicted rather to sporting
.n to general literature, indulged in the stereotyped denunciatory comment
:tomary on these occasions.

Such sweeping censure would have been écrasering, had not the small au-
ɔrity in question had the temerity to adduce examples to justify his dis-
:asure, and, in so doing, disclosed some little deficiencies on his part in
ıcation and acumen, that somewhat invalidate his opinion.

Had, for example, this Jeffrey in miniature not been charmingly innocent of the fact of Hudibras, one of Butler's most notorious couplets would have at once occurred to him as a precedent for the hated rhyme of "á bore" and "neighbour," viz:—

"Pulpit, drum ecclesiastic
Beat with fist instead of á stick."

Secondly.—Touching the "turgidness" and "bombast," whereof these meek verses stand impeached; it seems scarcely credible, and yet it is the sole key to such an imputation, that this unfortunate critic has actually understood the serio-comic and mock-heroic passages *au pied de lettre!!*

An ironical drama was reviewed the other day by several London periodicals *as a sincere production*, although designated on *the title page* A SPASMOTIC TRAGEDY; and why should there not be people bêtes enough to hold the pseudonym, "A Columbus of the Pleasure Navy" to be as grave a voucher as the signature of a Methodist Parson?

Wherefore, for the benefit of all Platitudinarians, and the matter-of-fact-ridden of every denomination, we hereby give notice,—in the words (*mutandis mutatis*) of Robson's parenthesis,—"This is *not* a Comic Song,"—that *this is* not *a Serious Poem!*

COLUMBUS.

GREAT YARMOUTH REGATTA.

THIS event came off on Tuesday the 1st of August, and was omitted in our last. It was not of that brilliant character we should have wished it. The time seems to have been badly chosen. On Tuesday, the 18th of July, the Lowestoft regatta took place. Would it not have been better for Yarmouth regatta, if the Thursday after had been appointed, instead of August the 1st, for then all the yachts were in the neighbourhood and no doubt could exist of their attendance. The time that intervened between the two events scattered the yachts, and the consequence was Yarmouth regatta was a secondary affair compared with Lowestoft. We may be mistaken in our opinion, yet if we were resident there we should propose the scheme next year. There are good men and true in Yarmouth, and men whose duty it is to foster and encourage all pursuits tending to improve the maritime advantages of this nursery for seaman.

We feel confident if the committee of the next Yarmouth regatta will consult their brethren at Lowestoft, the time may be so arr-
give a week's pleasure on the Eastern coast.

Since last year, a splendid new pier has been constructed ca
Wellington Pier," and is situate to the southward of the town.
occasion it was thronged by the most fashionable ladies and

of the county. The charge for admission was one shilling, which kept it select, and enabled the most fastidious to enjoy the scene.

The fine morning caused an immense number to attend from Norwich, &c., the Eastern Counties Railway rendering every facility by starting several special trains, from all parts of the line where required, and many thousands availed themselves of the accommodation. The members of the regatta committee also exerted themselves to render the whole affair a pleasurable meeting.

A purse of £50, for yachts between 15 and 45 tons, inclusive, belonging to any royal yacht club; half a minute time allowed for difference of tonnage; no restriction as to sails.—The following entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.
864	Sheldrake.....	17	Captain Cox
758	Phantom.....	25	S. Lane, Esq
960	Thought.....	25	G. Coope, Esq

The course for the yachts and yawls was a distance of about twenty-one miles, starting from, and finishing at, the pier head, round flag-boats, so arranged that they had to pass the pier, in going and coming, in all six times. For the smaller craft the course was similar, though the distance was diminished.

The start took place at 12h. 10m., with a light breeze from West. Sheldrake first took wing, but was in a brief space passed by Thought and Phantom. These yachts in their tactics to overreach and outsail each other, are so well known, that we shall briefly sum up their doings. They were left to themselves, and the Thought having the lead, at commencement, of Phantom, kept it throughout, and came in a winner by 2m. 35s., after deducting allowance for difference of tonnage.—They were timed as follows:—

Names of Yachts.	First Round.			Second Round.			Final.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Thought.....	12	56	0	1	48	0	2	41	0
hantem.....	12	56	45	1	50	48	2	45	5

Here is another reason for the regatta to be so timed as to follow westoft within two or three days—as a larger entry would, no doubt, en attained.

The second prize was a purse of £30, for yawls. Half a minute per

foot was allowed for difference of length:—The first boat to receive £15, the second £10, and the third £5.

The following entered and completed each round thus:—

Names of Boats.	First Round.			Second Round.			Third Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Queen Victoria.....	1	41	10	2	37	0	3	53	0
Eclipse.....	1	43	30	2	50	0	3	55	50
Royal Victoria.....	1	44	20	2	43	0	0	0	0
Cambridge Lass.....	1	46	40	2	51	45	0	0	0

This is always a favourite match at Yarmouth, and is usually, as on this occasion, one of the best contested. The start took place at 12h. 44m. 34s., the lead being taken by the Royal Victoria, followed in order by the Eclipse, Queen Victoria, and the Cambridge Lass. All of them were well sailed, and, as in former years, showed the excellent qualities of these peculiar boats, but the Royal Victoria, in the early part of the race, was thrown out, by mistaking the course laid down, and in the last round her main haulyards apparently gave way. The Queen, who was never again headed after once taking the lead, came in the winner by a considerable distance.

Our readers (especially those who are not nautical) must not suppose the yawls above alluded to, are pleasure craft. No! they are built for the express purpose of being rendered available in case of shipwreck, loss of anchors, or cables, or any other arduous perilous undertaking. And we cannot do more justice to the hardy boatmen on the coast of the United Kingdom than insert* "An Appeal," in their behalf, which we have received through the kindness of a friend.

To resume our regatta account.—The third prize was for a purse of £8, for sea side cutters; the first to receive £5, the second £2, and the third £1. For this prize the following started, and passed the mark boats thus:—

Names of Cutters.	First Round.			Second Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Mosquito.....	2	37	24	3	20	24
Vivid.....	2	36	45	3	21	50
Mazeppa.....	2	38	15	3	25	[illegible]
Royal Albert.....	2	38	52	3	25	

The start took place at 1h. 52m. 69s., the boats having to [illegible] round the course, and they performed the rounds as above. Ther[illegible]

* Vide *ante*, page 306.

some very pretty sailing exhibited, but no change took place in the order of the boats.

A prize of £30, for life boats ; the money to be awarded to that boat which should show the best sailing and rowing qualities, in connexion with its adaptation for the preservation of life.

Boats were entered from Southwould, Lowestoft, Scratby, Palling, Pakefield, Caister, Bacton, and Mundesley, and great was the interest in their doings. By signal from the pier they had to draw their plugs and fill themselves with water, and then row ashore as when saving lives from a wreck. After that, attempts were made to overturn them, and they then sailed to try speed, part of the distance being performed with the boats full of water. All the manœuvres were performed with considerable skill, and in the end the prize was awarded to the Caister boat.

A purse of £5, for shrimp-boats was contended for by the Harriet, Caroline, Defiance, Gipsy Queen, and others, when the Gipsy Queen came in first, but was protested against as not being a shrimp-boat. There were also matches for ships'-boats and beach-gigs, the former being won by the Maria, and the latter, which was for a purse of £10, by the Quebec of Pakefield.

The Mayor and a large party dined together in the evening, and and many were the toasts to the "Success of yachting, &c."

THE PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB MATCH.

THIS "go-a-head" club, as the Yankee says, "is ever tarnation busy I guess in its notions," and you'd as soon catch a monkey without antics, as the Prince of Wales Yacht Club without some suggestion differing from all other clubs. A short time ago a squadron of evolution and a day-ball were formed for the same day; on the 18th of August a sailing match came off for a silver cup, styled the Yarra Yarra Cup, presented to the club by Dr. Hutchinson, one of the oldest members, but who at the present time is a denizen of the gold country (Australia). This gift was accompanied be certain resolutions, which we cannot recollect ever meeting with before, and we think the subject should be acted on ›st generally. The presenter stipulated that accommodation as well , speed should be taken into consideration in awarding the prize. The ›iling committee therefore caused all the yachts entered for the prize be overhauled, and classified according to their *accommodation* ›rits, and they were found to rank as follows:—Julia, Blue-Eyed aid, Ottilia, Albatross, Mosquito, Prince of Wales, Gnat, and Conun-

drum. The first named receiving four minutes, the second three-and-a-half, and so on down to Conundrum half-a-minute, she being considered to have less accommodation than any of the others. They took their stations as follows:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.
726	Ottilia	7	R. Leach, Esq.
574	Mosquito	7	T. Bartlett, Esq.
431	Gnat	4	R. Hewett, Esq.
164	Conundrum	4	W. Reid, Esq.
15	Albatross	7	A. Berncastle, Esq.
107	Blue-Eyed Maid	4	W. Tuckwell, Esq.
251	Doubtful	4	A. King, Esq.
516	Julia	7	W. Bain, Esq.
789	Prince of Wales	7	— Colvin, Esq.

The signal gun fired and the start was very accurately performed, the Albatross having a trifling lead followed by Julia and Prince of Wales, which latter soon went ahead, but her reign was of short duration for the Mosquito as soon as she had settled fairly to her work walked away from her compeers closely followed by Gnat, and it is unnecessary to enter into details as they rounded the Chapman Head thus:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Mosquito	3	37	0	Julia	3	51	0
Gnat	3	42	15	Prince of Wales	3	55	50
Blue-Eyed Maid	3	45	15	Albatross	3	57	0
Ottilia	3	49	45	Conundrum	4	4	0

In beating back the Mosquito stood too near the shore, and took the ground on the tail of the Blyth, from which, however, she got clear in about four minutes. In the Hope the Ottilia took the third place, but the breeze being light she could not overhaul the Gnat, which "held her own," and was admirably sailed. Off Purfleet it became a dead calm so that all interest in the match was over, and the increasing darkness added to the depression that seemed now to reign over all parties. We find the arrivals at Erith were as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Mosquito	8	31	45	Ottilia	8	55	0
Gnat	8	48	15	Blue-Eyed Maid	9	3	0

The Mosquito became the winner of the Yarra Yarra Plate, of the value of £30, and the Gnat the second prize.

The prizes were presented by the Commodore, and the Yar Cup was repeatedly filled with Gore's sparkling champagne.

The day was fine and well suited to a party who were on the merely to enjoy the trip, but it was the most untoward for sail club ever experienced.

ROYAL NORTHERN YACHT CLUB REGATTA.—*Largs.*

THIS event was announced for Thursday, August the 24th, but was postponed, the cause is thus stated by the *North British Mail.*

"To-day this beautiful village and district were all expectancy; but the morning broke sullenly, and it blew quite a gale from the west, driving in a very angry swell upon the beach, rising sometimes seven feet in height, and lashing in wild fury over the quay. The scene at the quay-head assumed a faint resemblance to a fair, for there were some dozen or more of the tribes of the wandering foot who perambulate fairs with gingerbread, and nut-stands, and shooting-galleries. The fine band of the Queen's Own, from Glasgow, appeared in regimentals. The villagers and summer sojourners turned out to a man, woman, and child. The Earl of Eglinton, who is Commodore of the Royal Northern Yacht Club, was duly forward at his post to discharge the duties of his office; but all could not control the elements, which forbade the club's proceedings set down in the programme. Such of the yachts as were hovering in the offing betook them to a safe anchorage elsewhere; and throughout the day the club-yacht Orion was the only craft left riding at anchor in the bay, and that in a very troubled sea, one-half of her keel being occasionally seen out of the surge. In this state of the weather few arrived seaward in expectation of witnessing the races, for the result must have been anticipated at a distance. Those who did come were not only disappointed, but experienced anything but a pleasant sail, as the steamers pitched and tossed about in a very unruly way, and indeed, had some difficulty in touching at the quay at all. Happily the high wind was accompanied with but little rain, and the scene looked bright and bracing, with a total absence of vessels, except when a ship was seen now and then scudding up the Firth under close-reefed top-sails. The principal prize, value £70, is an elegant *fac simile* of the Warwick Vase, in silver. In the afternoon a large party dined in the Brisbane Arms, where the chair was occupied by the Earl of Eglinton."

Friday the 25th.—The morn opened with a fresh breeze from the north-west and a brilliant sun, and as the hour approached for the con-
ts, the white canvass and fluttering streamers might be seen emerging
m the safe anchorages and sheltered nooks of the beautiful Clyde.
e sight was brilliant and exciting, and various were the remarks on
beauty and symmetry of each yacht as she jauntily came to the
rysting place."

Following up the system we have this year adopted of giving the

names, where practicable, of the yachts present, we feel pleasure in chronicling the presence on this occasion of the following:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
374	Flower of Yarrow	yawl	212	Lord J. Scott
1086	Wave	cutter	25	J. Smith, Esq.
	Wanderer			Sir J. Carden, Bart,
146	Chance	schooner	72	D. Richardson, Esq.
197	Cymba	cutter	53	J. M. Rowan, Esq.
174	Coralie	cutter	35	A. E. Byrne, Esq.
103	Blue Belle	cutter	32	R. M. Grinnell, Esq.
847	Satellite	cutter	60	J. D. Douglas, Esq.
	Emilie	schooner		W. B. Huggins, Esq.
714	Onda	cutter	20	R. W. Laurie, Esq.
	Foam	cutter	25	Captain Longfield
180	Cormorant	cutter	20	J. Charley, Esq.
1043	Viola	cutter	25	S. Darcus, Esq.
930	Surprise	cutter	16	R. F. Rigge, Esq.
720	Orion	yawl	57	Royal Northern Yacht Club

The first prize, a very splendid silver vase, of elaborate workmanship, value seventy guineas. Fifteen seconds per ton allowed. The following vessels started for this magnificent and unique *chef d'ouvre.*

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
197	Cymba	cutter	53	J. M. Rowan, Esq.
174	Coralie	cutter	35	A. E. Byrne, Esq.
103	Blue Belle	cutter	32	R. M. Grinnell, Esq.

The course was from a flag-ship moored off Largs to a flag-boat off Knock, on the eastern shore of the Clyde; thence round the large buoy off the entrance to the Kyles of Bute, round a flag-boat off Mount Stewart, on the western shore, and back to Largs. The distance was about sixteen nautic miles.

The signal for starting was fired, when the Coralie got away at 12h. 4m. 35s.; the Cymba, curiously enough remained at her moorings upwards of ten minutes after, it being 12h. 15m. 54s., before she got underway, closely followed by the Blue Belle. In the meanwhile Coralie was lying well to windward and making the first flag-boat fast. No sooner had the Cy discovered the whereabouts of her opponent, than she, like the hawk its prey, stretched her wings to the breeze and darted in pursuit. T beholders of the race it was of intense interest, and from the crack nar the two C's and their dauntless crews much was expected, and such w feeling, that the betting was in favour of Coralie; in fact it was to all an

ance two-to-one on her when we take into consideration the lead she had obtained, and her well-known speed, united to the excellent seamanship and judgment of her master and crew, she was justly at this period "backed to win." To use a familiar adage "The battle is not over until its' won," thought the "bonnie chiel" who handled the tiller of the Cymba, for few words flow from the gudemon; he cast his e'e on his opponent, shrugged his shoulders, and made up his mind to win; and from this time, like the high-mettled racer who has been "pulled," the rein is loosed, and away, away, with increased speed tore the Cymba, plunging aside the foam, and seeming determined to conquer or to find a grave beneath the waves. She dashed up under the lee of the Coralie, and reached upon her, tacked in her head-way, and took the lead with such impetuosity that the lookers-on were electrified, and they arrived as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Cymba	2	26	53	Coralie	2	38	34

Thus the former won, exclusive of the allowance of fifteen seconds per ton for difference of tonnage, by six minutes eleven seconds at coming in, and taking into consideration the loss at starting, she won by seven-teen minutes, twenty seconds.

This yacht (her first year) has astonished the "natives," and we hope to see her next year at the Wight, not that we consider any there can beat her; but having gained the title of "Champion" in the Irish and Scotch waters, we hope she will accept a challenge from the English, *if* one can be found *plucky* enough to try.

The noble Commodore's son, Lord Montgomery, was on board the Cymba during the race, and it must have been pleasing to his lordship to witness the alacrity of the crew in obeying orders.

Before closing the account of this race we should observe that Blue Belle's chance was soon run out, and therefore was not timed.

The second race was for a silver jug of first-rate beauty, value thirty guineas. The following started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
870	Siren	cutter	16	W. Verner, Esq.
714	Onda	cutter	20	R. W. Laurie, Esq.
	Foam	cutter	25	Captain Longfield

The course was the same as the prior race, as also the allowance for ›nnage. They started as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
ren	12	53	30	Onda	12	58	57
›am	12	56	20				

This was a spirited race, and we regret exceedingly our correspondent's time was so much taken with the good cheer on board, the lively converse of the ladies, or some other agreeable occupation, for he quietly finished this race with "the Foam won."

On Saturday, the 26th, the business commenced with a race for another splendid silver jug, value thirty guineas, for which the following entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.
17	Coralie	35	A. E. Byrne, Esq.
	Foam	25	Captain Longfield
714	Onda	20	R. W. Laurie, Esq.
1043	Viola	25	Solomon Darcus, Esq.

The course was the same as on Friday, sixteen miles, and also the allowance for tonnage, fifteen seconds. The Coralie was the first to start, by ballot of station; she was quickly followed by the Onda and Foam, together with the Viola. With a nice whole sail breeze at N.N.W., a very beautiful start was effected, the Coralie being the favourite; however, before very long the Foam began to give decided indications of going in to win again, and, after a very beautiful and closely contested match, as the results will show, they arrived at the flag-ship in the following order and times:—

	STARTED.	ARRIVED.
	h. m. s.	h. m. s.
Coralie	1 42 31	3 58 26
Foam	1 44 18	3 58 58
Onda	1 43 29	4 0 3

Viola was not placed.

Thus it will be observed that the Foam beat the Onda by thirty-nine seconds, and the Coralie by three minutes forty-five seconds. A most closely contested match.

The second race was for a ten guinea cup, for pleasure boats of ten tons and under. The following entered:—

Names of Boats.	Tons.	Owners.
Rambler	7	T. M'Guffie, Esq.
Stranger	3	S. O. Byrne, Esq.
Stag	3	C. Mackie, Esq.
Emilie	6	W. B. Huggins, Esq.
Gipsy	7	R. M'Farlane, Esq.
Echo	3	R. Young, Esq.
Evadne	9	C. T. Couper, Jun., Esq.
Sunbeam	10	C. J. Rait, Esq.

The course was from Largs, round the flag-boat off Mount Stewart, round the Fairlie Buoy, and home, about sixteen nautic miles.

After a spirited contest it was won in gallant style by the Sunbeam, C. J. Rait, Esq.

Several sailing and rowing matches by fishing boats, closed the amusements.

The Orion (club vessel,) was crowded each day, and the sports gave great satisfaction to every one present. The Earl of Eglinton, (the Commodore,) J. Smith, Esq., (Vice-Commodore,) G. Middleton, (Hon. Secretary,) and many of the influential members of the Royal Northern Yacht Club, endeavoured by kind and courteous attention, to add to the comfort of the numerous party on board.

BIRKENHEAD MODEL YACHT CLUB.

The third match of this club, which, we are glad to say, is thriving and daily increasing in strength of numbers, took place on Saturday, the 29th ult., in the Great Float, and was contested by yachts of the second class, for a silver cup of the value of £10. The following yachts were entered:—Wee Jeanie, 2 tons, H. Laird, Esq.; Squib, 2 tons, J. A. Clarke, Esq.; Frolic, 1½ tons, E. Hick, Esq.

The re was a very nice breeze at starting, but before the conclusion of the match, it had died away so nearly to a flat calm, that the leading boat was scarcely able to make the flag-boat.

The start took place opposite the Copper Works at 3h. 34m, P.M., and they came in as under:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Wee Jeanie.....	5	17	25	Frolic.....	5	27	0

ROYAL WELSH YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

The annual regatta of this club took place at Carnarvon, on Tuesday, the 15th of August last, and we are enabled through the kindness of the indefatigable Hon. Secretary, (W. Kirby, Esq.) and that of the proprietors of the *North and South Wales and Denbigh Herald*, to give a full account of the proceedings.

Early in the morning the old town, especially that portion of it which fronts the Menal Straits, bore unmistakeable signs of gaiety. The various towers and projections in the town walls, as well as the ancient fortress of Carnarvon Castle, displayed the Union Jack, and from Porth yr Aur (the destined club-house) the blue ensign, with the crown and plume in the fly, the distinctive flag of the Royal Welsh Yacht Club,

floated triumphantly. But, of course, the centre of attraction was the Menai, where craft of all description, from the majestic yacht, with the immense weight of canvass, to the wherry and the punt, dotted the surface, presenting a scene of animation and interest to be witnessed on no other occasion than that of the regatta.

The following yachts were present on this occasion:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
174	Coralie	cutter	35	A. B. Byrne, Esq
698	Nimrod	cutter	40	H. Bridson, Esq
2	Ada	cutter	38	T. C. Eyton, Esq
870	Siren	cutter	16	W. Verner, Esq
805	Queen Victoria	yawl	28	T. F. Maddock, Esq
1240	Wyvern	cutter	24	C. B. T. Roper, Esq
389	Louisa	cutter	30	Col. Pennant
692	Nautilus	cutter		J. C. Walker, Esq
473	Hirnant	schooner	40	H. T. Richardson, Esq

This latter vessel is provided with a sliding keel, and Mr. Richardson is the celebrated inventor of the Tubular Life Boat, which we noticed in a former number.

The display of bunting from those of the above which were not entered for competition, especially the Wyvern and Nimrod, was most profuse, and the variegated colours as they glanced in the sunlight had a strikingly beautiful effect. The barque Hindoo, the Royal William, and schooner Emily Anina, the first moored off Porth yr Aur, and the others near the Pile Pier, were, as well as other vessels in the river, tastefully decorated with banners and streamers. As far as appearances went, everything was seen to the best advantage—the sun shining in refulgence on the broad breast of the Menai, which reflected from its placid bosom, as from a mirror, the clear blue sky. A thunderstorm, accompanied with lightning of a most vivid description, which passed over the town betimes in the morning, had effectually lightened the atmosphers. The weather was in fact everything that could be desired for a holiday, although we regret not to be able to say as much for it with respect to nautical sport, at least as far as the sailing matches are concerned.

Strangers poured into the town steadily on the arrival of each t but the number was greatly augmented by the passengers conveye means of a cheap trip, advertised expressly for the day by the Che and Holyhead Railway Company. The Fairy steamer, which arr at twelve o'clock, likewise brought a most numerous and fashion assemblage from Beaumaris, Bangor, and Menai Bridge. The "go

company" comprised a large number of ladies, whose gay dresses harmonised well with the gay scene in which they participated. The Pile Pier, the Victoria Pier, and the Promenade Quay, were soon filled with people, all apparently intent on enjoying themselves.

Matters remained in *statu quo* until about a quarter past twelve o'clock, when the arrival of the commodore, T. Assheton Smith, Esq., in his beautiful steam yacht, the Sea Serpent, was announced by a commodore's salute of eleven guns from Porth yr Aur battery; and as she passed down the Straits, all the craft dipped their colours to the commodore's pendant.

The Carnarvon Cup.—A prize value forty-five guineas, to be sailed for by yachts above thirty tons, old measurement, used for pleasure only: A time race. Three to start, or no race. Entrance, one guinea. The following entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
174	Coralie	cutter	35	A. E. Byrne, Esq
3	Ada	cutter	38	T. C. Eyton, Esq
472	Hirnant	schooner	40	H. Richardson, Esq

The Rear-Commodore, L. Turner, Esq., entered his barge and proceeded to each of the above, to give the necessary directions. The starting gun was fired at 12h. 42m. 30s. The start was certainly a very confused one. The Ada got off first, but unfortunately, there being scarcely a breath of air stirring, she was unable to stem the tide, and drifted to leeward as far as the Pile Pier, where she came to anchor. The Coralie was the second in order, and after her came the Hirnant. Both of these stood too far in on the starboard tack, and got aground. Probably, from the position in which they started, this could scarcely be avoided. Be this as it may, however, on the sandbank they stuck for full quarter of an hour. The Coralie by wearing round, managed to get off, followed in a few seconds by the Hirnant, which swung to her anchor. The Coralie was then slightly ahead. In this position both stood still, unable to contend against the tide, until 1h. 7m. 15s., when they drew ahead slowly, but continuing to manœuvre about, making little or no progress. At length the light zephyrs from the South, anxiously whistled for by all those whose experience had taught them the *effect of that nautical invocation*, freshened, and the effect was soon visible upon the Coralie, but from her great draft of water (eleven feet) she was unable to make such long tacks as the Hirnant, which, without her sliding keel, drew only five feet, and was thereby enabled to stand further in shore; and thus the latter, whilst in the narrows, continued to hang close upon the heels of her competitor. On getting into more open water, the Coralie increased her lead considerably. The Ada being nowhere by this time, it was evident to all that unless a stiffer breeze should set in, the Hirnant had no chance.

The course was round a flag-boat outside the Black Buoy on the Bar, down to Plas Brereton, and back to the flag-ship off Porth yr Aur to win. On the return of the Coralie, however, the Rear-Commodore, perceiving the relative positions, there being a distance of, at least, two miles between the two vessels, shortened the course and directed the Coralie to round and finish inside the flag-ship without going to Plas Brereton,

The two were timed as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.
Coralie	4	45	5
Hirnant	5	14	30

The Coralie was thereford declared the winner: the fact being proclaimed by the Town crier for the information of the public generally. It should also be observed, that the committee employed the same functionary to announce the respective matches immediately before the starting. This was a decided improvement.

Prince of Wales Cup.—A prize of the value of twenty-five guineas, sailed for by yachts not exceeding thirty tons. Time Race. Entrance fee fifteen shillings. The following cutters entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts	Ton.	Owners.
685	Mirage	18	G. R. Woodward, Esq
870	Siren	19	W. Verner, Esq
589	Louisa	30	Hon. Col. E. G. D. Pensant

It being now high water the starting gun was fired at 2h. 7m. 50s.—The Siren walked off with the lead, the light air freshening; the Louisa second, Mirage close up. The Siren held her course beautifully improving her position as she proceeded.

Just after starting the Mirage fouled a cutter's bowsprit under her lee, in consequence of which she had to luff up, and thereby lost some ground. She soon however overhauled Louisa and took second place, and the three vessels stood well out for Abermenai. On their return they passed the flag-ship.

	h	m.	s.		h.	m.	s
Siren	4	54	30	Louisa	5	4	40
Mirage	5	3	50				

The Louisa only proceeded a short distance np towards Plas Brereton when she declined the contest, It should be observed that the Louisa laboured under a disadvantage, being provided with only ordinary sized sails, whilst her opponents were fitted with immense gaff-top-sails and balloon jibs. The competition was now between the remaining two, which came back from the direction of Plas Brereton in splendid style. In rounding the flag-[illegible] opposite the town, they, for the first time, were seen by the spectator[illegible] shore to heel over to the breeze. They arrived

	h.	m.	s.		h.	
Siren	5	25	45	Mirage	5	35

At this moment an untoward accident happened to the Mirage. In a

ing in she ran on the bank and stuck fast. The Rear-Commodore, accompanied by the Hon. Secretary (Mr. Kirby,) immediately pulled off to her assistance, and passed a line from her to the flag-ship, in order to haul her off. Her owner, with a number of men, ran out to the end of the bowsprit, for the purpose of reducing her draft astern. The leverage thus produced was too great, causing the top-mast to snap close above the cap, and come down with all its gear. The support of the top-mast now being thus taken away, the bowsprit broke, plunging some five or six men, including Mr. Woodward, into the water. Fortunately beyond a ducking, they sustained no injury. They were speedily drawn into the boat. The Mirage, however, remained aground, and was not got off until the following day.

For the Royal Welsh Yacht Club Cup the entry was not filled up. A new and beautiful cutter, the Ianthe, belonging to Mr. Adams, Holyland, Pembrokeshire, was to have contended with the Queen Victoria in this race; but unfortunately on the day she was to have left Milford, she whilst on shore, fell over, breaking her mast, and otherwise sustaining such serious injury as to preclude the possibility of her being repaired in time for this regatta.

First Class Sailing Boats Purse.—A first prize of four sovereigns, and a second prize of three sovereigns, to be sailed for by open boats, belonging to watermen of any port in Carnarvonshire, and not exceeding twenty-five feet keel. The entries were—

Names of Boats.	Keel.		Owners.
	ft.	in.	
Arrow	20	0	Mr. Edwards
Llewelyn	21	9	Mr. R. Lewis
Industrious	21	0	Mr. R. Roberts

They took up their positions in line abreast off Porth yr Aur, and at 2h. 31m. 50s. the start took place, the three proceeding on different tacks, Llewelyn being first.

They had to sail twice round a flag-coat off Abermenai, and finish inside the Deadman off Porth yr Aur, leaving the Deadman on the larboard hand.

The performances of these boats, which could easily be seen throughout, were watched with considerable interest. They came in to win as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Llewelyn	4	46	20	Arrow	4	50	12
Industrious	4	48	5				

Second Class Sailing Boats Purse.—A first prize of three sovereigns, and a second prize of two sovereigns, to be sailed for by open boats, not exceeding seventeen feet keel. Four to start or no race.

The following started at 3h. 2m.:—

Names of Boats.	Keels:		Owners.
	ft.	in.	
nai	17	0	Mr. R. Williams
ry	14	8	Mr. Glynne Williams
zelle	14	0	Mr. William Griffith

The Menai took the lead, but was afterwards overhauled by the Mary, but eventually the Menai came in the winner at 5h. 13m. 20s.

Amateurs' Rowing Cup.—Value twenty guineas, to be run for by four-oared boats, to be rowed and steered by gentleman amateurs.

This match excited much interest by the fact that two crews from Chester, the Lady Constance belonging to the Chester Royal Rowing Club, and the other to the Chester Nautilus Rowing Club, had entered for competition and the Nautilus Club being of recent formation, this was we believe, the first time the members had met their neighbours in a pitched match. There was much speculation on the probable issue, as it was evident both parties were experienced rowers.

They kept abreast of each other for a considerable distance, but when near the opposite shore, the Nautilus drew full half a length in advance. The excitement was now intense, when we regret to say, an accident occurred to the crew of the Nautilus. It appears that the rowlocks of the bow oar broke suddenly, and the oarsman was precipited overboard. Fortunately he clung to the stern of the boat until another came to his assistance, when he was picked up. The Lady Constance immediately stopped; but other aid having arrived, she continued her course and won.

Juvenile Amateurs' Purse was rowed for by young gentlemen under nineteen years of age, and was won after a well contested race by the Dauntless.

Carnarvon Waterman's Purse.—A first prize of four sovereigns, was won by Owen Owens easily. The second prize of three sovereigns was awarded to William Williams.

Llanciau Eryri Purse.—The first prize of £5, was awarded to Frogget of Bangor. The second of £3, to Thomas Pritchard.

Punt races and a duck hunt closed the aquatic portion of the sports.

In order to prevent all mistake as to the courses, Mr. Kirby, the Honorary Secretary, had prepared a chart of the port—a lithographic copy of which, having the respective courses traced in red ink, with written directions also, was handed to each yacht and boat previously to starting. This we consider to be a great improvement, and was undoubtedly the means of doing away with much misunderstanding and confusion.

The ball maintained its usual high character, as it was most numerously and fashionably attended. Dancing commenced about 10h. p.m. and was kept up till the following morning, 3h. a.m., with the exception of a short cessation about 1 o'clock, for the presentation of the cups won by the yachts, and the band having played the "Conquering Hero," Rear-Commodore called upon Mr. Byrne, the owner of the Coralie, and in appropriate terms, presented him with the Carnarvon Cup which the yacht had won.

Mr. Byrne returned thanks in terms highly complimentary of the Royal Welsh Yacht Club Regatta and its arrangements.

The Rear-Commodore then presented the Prince of Wales Cup to Mr. Melling, who received it on behalf of the owner of the Siren, and the Amateurs' Cup to Mr. C. B. Trevor Roper, who received it on behalf of the crew of the Lady Constance, who were unable to attend the ball, owing to the Manchester Regatta occurring the next day.

The Rear-Commodore then held up the Royal Welsh Yacht Club Cup, and informed the company present, that owing to circumstances which he explained, that cup was not run for, and would, therefore, be retained for the next year.

"While on the subject of the club, he thought it not inappropriate to mention, that the club-house would be ready for next year, and would afford the ladies and gentlemen who honored the regatta with their attendance, the means of enjoying the sports to a much greater degree, as the platform on the roof would enable them to keep the yachts in view during the whole race. The rooms of the building would be convenient for them to retire into, and he trusted they would find it in all respects a great improvement on the present state of things. The platform on the roof and the 100 feet of promenade, for the walls would afford ample space for the whole of the members and their friends. They were aware that the profits of the ball would be devoted towards this object, and in the name of the club he thanked them for their attendance."

This was one of the most happy meetings that has occurred since the establishment of the club, and will be the means of an increased attendance next year.

GREAT GRIMSBY REGATTA.

This was prophesied by some of the sporting journals as a certain hit, and if we may judge by the result it would appear that their predictions were fully verified. At an early hour on the 3rd of August, numerous arrivals announced that this first attempt to establish a regatta at Great Grimsby, had created much interest in the surrounding districts,—and we may congratulate the Committee on the success of their labours, as it will give a fresh stimulus to exertion for next year.

The various railroads brought thousands of holiday folk to the town; the greatest part of the shops were closed, and every one seemed bent on enjoyment. Bands playing, guns firing, bells ringing, colours flying, all mirth and jollity enlivened the scene, which will be remembered by old and young as one of the "happiest days of their lives."

The first prize offered for competition was a handsome silver cup, value sixty guineas, for yachts not exceeding sixty tons, and not less than twenty. This brought the following entries:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.
69	Avalon	35	J. Goodson, Esq.
758	Phantom	25	S. Lane, Esq.
704	Phœbe	33	A. Bannister, Esq.
960	Thought	28	G. Coope, Esq.
1048	Virginia	41	J. Gee, Esq.

Shortly after 10 A.M. the report of the starting gun boomed o'er the waters, and like Nelson at Trafalgar, it announced that "Every man was expected to do his duty," and truly with every muscle strained they did it. Up flew the canvass, and the Phantom, Thought, and Phœbe, were fairly underway, the others not starting. The distance was moorings abreast the pier, round the lower Barcum Buoy, up the Humber, keeping the ships' track to a steamer moored off the Hulme Buoy, near Killingholme, down the Humber, rounding the Bull Float, and back to the flag-ship, passing between that vessel and pier. The length of the course was about thirty-two miles.

The wind at starting was nearly north, and the Phantom took the lead, with a trifling distance between her competitors. The interest in the match was between Phantom and Thought, whose frequent contests and varied results render them wherever they appear the "observed of all." On this occasion a little of the venom of ill feeling was shipped on board as extra ballast.

The Phantom, after rounding the Hulme Buoy three or four minutes in advance of the Thought, set her gaff-top-sail, and apparently flew down the river. The latter, however, carried on gloriously, and lessened the distance in the run to the Bull.

The Phantom kept the lead, was first round the Bull, when she unfortunately sprung a leak, which caused her to make so much water that she lost ground, and when she terminated the race she is said to have had nearly a ton of water in her. There was an excellent breeze which compelled the yachts to bear to the north, in order that might be the better able to round the flag-ship, and the Phantom, being weathered by her rival, lost a little more ground by stretc we thought rather farther northward than was necessary.

The Thought, having been entered at increased tonnage, viz., eight instead of twenty-five tons as heretofore, had to allow the

one minute and a-half, and after they had cleared the last buoy, it was a great matter of doubt whether the latter would save her time. Much speculation was afloat at this period, and it was only ended by the gun announcing the arrival of the yachts at the goal as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Thought	3	20	30	Phantom	3	21	45

Thus the latter won the cup by fifteen seconds. The chance of the Phœbe was all over in the prior part of the race.

The second prize for a silver claret jug, of the value of £25, for yachts not exceeding twenty-five tons and not less than ten tons. The following cutters entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.
320	Fairy	17	W. Lewin, Esq.
806	Quiz	12	J. Jones, Esq.
	Wave	10	R. Phillipson, Esq.
653	Midge	12	G. Cammell, Esq.
628	Maud	25	Captain Andrews
532	Kitten	10	T. Harvey, Jun., Esq.

The whole of the above, with the exception of the Midge, started for this race, about a quarter of an hour prior to the first class.

The Kitten was first away, but the lead was soon taken from her by her larger opponent, the Maud, which keeping ahead throughout, won by several minutes beyond the time to be allowed Kitten for difference of tonnage.

The sports ended by a well contested match between fishing boats, and was won as follows:—Abstainer, £12; Mary Ann, £8; and Moth, £8.

The officers of the 6th Regiment, now quartered at Hull, and a large party of ladies and gentlemen of this town and neighbourhood, were entertained, during the regatta, on board H.M.S. Horatio, which left Hull Roads early in the morning. A band of music was in attendance, and a number of those present participated in Terpsichorean pleasures. The company were also enlivened with some excellent vocal music, and aptain Jenner and the officers put the men through several nautical olutions. Luncheon was provided at noon, and a sumptuous banquet 4 o'clock, under the superintendence of Mr. Glover. Subsequently reparations were made for an attack by the boats' crews; but unfortutely the breeze freshened almost to a gale, and the order to pipe elay" caused a temporary disappointment. On arriving at the moor-

ings from which the ship started in the morning, the boats were suddenly piped away, "manned and armed," and a sham attack was made upon a sloop, no doubt to the no small alarm of those on board. While the dancing was going on aft, the men amused themselves in a similar manner in another part of the vessel. Captain Jenner and the officers merit the warmest thanks for their extreme kindness and courtesy.

The result of the first race has caused the following correspondence in *Bell's Life.*

10, *Great Cumberland Place, Portman Square,*
August 9th, 1854.

MR. EDITOR:—Knowing how willing you are at all times to promote sport and fairplay with it, I trust you will kindly allow me a little space in your columns for the following statement relative to the above regatta:—The Phantom and Thought have for several years past contended together for aquatic honours, and are as similar as possible in size, build, and sailing qualities. They are twenty-five ton boats by their custom-house registers, by the measurement of all Yacht Clubs, (the London Yacht Club excepted,) and they have always sailed together (as all yachting men know) as twenty-five ton vessels. Last year the Phantom was, and this year the Thought is the best boat. Mr. Lane, of Hoxton, is the owner of the former, and the latter is my property. At the Lowestoft Regatta I was surprised to find, when too late, that my vessel appeared on the cards as twenty-eight tons. I supposed that this was accidental, but what I have ascertained since induces me to think it was intentional. I was obliged to be absent from the Great Grimsby Regatta to see friends from the country, fearing that I should suffer for it. To my surprise the Thought was obliged to sail again as a twenty-eight ton boat, and, consequently, allow the Phantom one minute-and-a-half. Under these circumstances I lost the cup by fifteen seconds, although *fairly* I won it. I need not say how disgusted I was at the manner in which my opponent had obtained success. Subsequently I met Mr. Lane at Southampton, and to my surprise (again) he actually admitted having taken a Lowestoft Regatta card to Grimsby to use it as a precedent with the sailing committee there. * * * * * I forgot to observe that my sailing-master remonstrated with the committee, and requested them to hold the cup until both parties were heard. He, in fact, protested, as is usual in sailing matches, but the committee would not listen to him. * * * * * Can you inform me how Mr. Lane (if he has any conscience at all) can hold the Great Grimsby Cup under the circumstances stated? I am sorry that I could not be more brief, and before this subscribe myself,

Yours, &c.,
GEORGE COOPE.

P.S.—I entered the Thought in due time and form as a twenty-five ton vessel at the several regattas.

[We have been compelled to omit some of Mr. Coope's sentences, wi not only too personal but libellous.—*Ed. B.L.*]

Grove Place, Tottenham, August 30th,

MR. EDITOR:—When a yachtsman stoops to the use of language, such

find it imprudent to print, the less that is said in reply the better. I shall therefore content myself with stating the fact that the yacht Thought according to the measurement adopted by the Royal Thames Yacht Club, is twenty-eight tons, and by that of the London Club, thirty-one tons. With respect to her sailing qualities, as compared with those of the Phantom, I am perfectly willing to give them the fairest trial, and for that purpose I propose that the two vessels should sail five matches, all of them in the Thames, or two of them in the Southampton waters, each match to be for £50 a side. There is no doubt that both yachts are at present in their best possible trim, and therefore ready to sail on the shortest notice, so that I feel no hesitation in saying that should this proposal not be acceded to within three weeks I shall consider the Phantom at liberty, and give her her rest for the winter.

I am, &c.,
S. LANE.

10, *Great Cumberland Place, Portman Square.*

MR. EDITOR:—I thank you for inserting my last letter. I quite agree with Mr. Lane, that the less he says in reply the better. With very good policy he avoids the subject altogether, and challenges me to sail five matches. The object of my remarks was not to prove the Thought faster than the Phantom, or a fast boat at all, but simply that the former vessel won the Great Grimsby Cup, which Mr. Lane now holds. It is useless to discuss the matter any more with Mr. Lane, or to appeal to the feelings to which he is a stranger. Will he lay his vessel ashore with mine to be measured? Will he submit the Great Grimsby question to the consideration of a few yachting *gentlemen*, men who can think and act with impartiality? If he will do this, I will sail the five matches, for £50, or more, each match. Hoping this correspondence will soon end.

I am, &c.,
GEORGE COOPE.

Grove Place, Tottenham,
Sept. 8th, 1854.

MR. EDITOR:—Using Mr. Coope's words that he hopes this correspondence will soon end, I dare say he does, for he would feel much more comfortable if he had never said a word about the Great Grimsby Regatta. I do *not avoid* the question. I leave it in the proper hands, viz: those of the committee of the Great Grimsby Regatta, who awarded me the prize. I believe *my feelings* were all right; but there is one thing which Mr. Coope is not overburthened with, I do not mean money, but the *other* thing, which if Mr. Coope is not a little ore guarded in what he says, will bring him up with a round turn. The hantom *has already* been measured *twice* by the Royal Thames, and *twice* by he Royal London Club *since she was altered*, and the Thought has also been neasured by the same gentlemen, I therefore decline Mr. Coope's request to put he Phantom on shore to be measured again, as I believe the gentlemen who ave already measured both boats are as impartial as any Mr. Coope could ame. Mr. Coope *did* state, in *Bell's Life*, of August 27th, that the Thought as the best boat, and that was the reason I challenged him. It is my opinion

that Mr. Coope does not want to sail against the Phantom, but what he really wants is the Great Grimsby Cup.

I am, &c,

SAMUEL LANE.

P.S.—After this I hope the ghost of the "Great Grimsby Cup" will cease to haunt the imagination of Mr. Coope.

Grimsby, Sept. 6th, 1854.

MR. EDITOR:—My attention has been called to a letter that appeared in your journal relative to the awarding of the sixty guinea cup at the late Grimsby Regatta. The writer, Mr. Coope, the owner of the Thought, complains that his yacht was obliged to give the Phantom one minute-and-a-half for tonnage, whereby the Thought lost the prize by twelve seconds. All this is quite correct, but when Mr. Coope states that the Thought ought to enter as a twenty-five ton boat and not twenty-eight tons, he should furnish his sailing-master with the register to that effect. The sailing-master admitted the Thought was registered at twenty-eight tons *since she was altered*, therefore the committee had no alternative but to enter as such. which they did in the presence of the sailing-master the evening previous to the regatta. The sailing-master never entered any protest either *before* or *after* the race. He came *the day after* the regatta, and stated that he did not know there was allowance for tonnage. If owners send their boats along the coast, solely with a view to cup and purse hunting, they must expect that their antagonists will claim every possible advantage that the regulations laid down will allow of, and in this case the strictures of the owner of the Thought are both unjust and ungenerous.

I am, &c.,

EDWARD BANNISTER, *Hon. Sec. to the Regatta.*

Thus ends this affair for the present. We should much like to know the *exact* tonnage of each.

LIVERPOOL YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THIS club is rapidly increasing, and will no doubt become one of great note. The excellent management and spirited amount given as prizes, evince every determination of its members to "go-ahead," we heartily wish them success, which from the friendly feeling of the Parent Club, (the Royal Mersey) there can be no doubt they will achieve. [illegible] pleasure to find an old club, assisting by every means in its pow[illegible] promote the prosperity of a young one. And the Royal Merse[illegible] an example worthy the imitation of all. *Here* there is no fear of [illegible] and the admirable spirit of the worthy Commodore of the L[illegible] Club, delivered at their first meeting is fully borne out.

On the 23rd of August, the first prize offered for the competing

was a piece of plate valued £20, for yachts from eight to twenty-five tons fixed keels. The following entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.
986	Una	11	W. Harley, Esq
914	Stanley	17	Thomas Wilson, Esq
685	Mirage	18	J. R. Woodward, Esq
813	Ranger	12	G. W. Moss, Esq
783	Paiestess	13	A. Dunn, Esq

The course was from Birkenhead round the Bell Buoy and north-west Light Ship, and back to Birkenhead. The start took place at 12h. 15m., more than an hour after the time stated on the card. The delay was caused by having to wait for the Una to take her place, she never having been out of dock until the morning of the race, and consequently started untried, She appears a powerful sea boat. The Stanley and Ranger have been often described. The Mirage sails fairly, and we think she will prove fast.

The wind was blowing from S.S.W. at starting, the yachts canting nicely round, and sailing down with top-sails set. When the Crosby Light Ship was reached top-sails were soon on deck, and top-masts housed. The wind having freshened considerably, reef main-sails were soon required, and the yachts began to labour in the sea setting in from the banks. At the Formby Light Ship the Stanley turned back, the Mirage and Una quickly following her example. The Ranger kept on hoping she might accomplish the course, but was at length compelled to return, conseqnently there was no race. The Ranger caused some surprise from the way in which she came in. We need hardly remind our yachting readers that when a yacht gives up a match she hauls down her racing flag, and hoists her club colours. This was not done in the present case. The Ranger came in with her signal up, and passed between the flag-ship and shore; the gun was of course fired, and the crew gave three cheers. We need not add that this caused inconvenience, especially to those who had betted on the race, who were surprised when the member sailing the yacht stated they had not sailed the course.

The second race for a Cup value £20, for fixed keel yachts belonging to any club, from three to eight tons.

The following yachts entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.
40	Challenge	8	A. Brown, Esq
75	Electric	8	T. Wilkinson, Esq
37	Kelpie	4	E. A. Horley, Esq
204	Spirit	4	T. Wilkinson, Esq
	Arrow	3	T. Littledale, Esq.
271	Sirocco	8	W. Brown, Esq

The course was from Birkenhead round the Crosby Light Ship, thence round the North Powder Magazine back to Birkenhead.

The yachts started with a light breeze and top-sails set, but had to shorten sail before leaving the light ship, when they had to contend with a heavy sea, which the small yachts sailed through well. The contest eventually rested between the Electric and Sirocco, which made a hard fight for first place. The flag ship was passed in the following order:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Electric.....	5	30	0	Sirocco.....	5	37	0

The others gave up.

We should here remark that the Sirocco lost considerable ground by going round a buoy on the wrong side, and had to turn back to rectify the error.

There was to have been a race for shrimpers, but none came to the starting post.

On the 24th., there was a strong breeze from the W.N.W., which caused the committee to alter the course for the match, and it was determined that the yachts should start from the Commodore's flag-ship moored off Birkenhead, and rounding the North Floating Powder Magazine off Eastham, thrice round, finishing at the flag-ship.

A Cup, value £30, for all fixed keel yachts of the Liverpool Yacht Club. Time race, three-quarters of a minute from three to eight tons, and half-a-minute from eight to fifteen tons.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No,	Names of Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.
783	Priestess.....	13	A. Dunn, Esq.
275	Electric.....	8	T. Wilkinson, Esq.
904	Spirit.....	4	T. Wilkinson, Esq.

Priestess took the lead, Electric second, and Spirit third. Priestess kept well out in the river, and caught both wind and tide, whilst Electric and Spirit ran close in shore for a considerable distance. Spirit shortly after hauled down her flag and gave up the contest. When off Brombro', Electric shook out a reef, and increased a little upon her opponent, but owing to the stiffness of the breeze was unable to maintain her position in the race, and in running the course the second time gave up the contest, leaving Priestess to run the course for the third time undisputed. The race commenced at 12h. 14m. 30s., and terminated at 3h. 19m. 24s.

A Cup, value £20, for centre-board yachts of all the clubs, from three to eight tons. Time race, three-quarters of a minute time allowed; did not come off owing to the weather; but it is arranged to contest it at a fu[illegible] period.

Prizes were given for shrimpers' boats and rowing matches, whi[illegible] the Liverpool Yacht Club Regatta.

LOUGH ERNE REGATTA.

THE annual regatta held on this lake commenced on Tuesday, the 29th of August. The attendance of spectators was unusually large, owing to the opening of the Derry and Enniskillen Railway, and the cattle show in Enniskillen on the 31st.

The yachts in and about the station were numerous, but the entries few, notwithstanding the tempting nature of the prizes. We were informed this is to be attributed to some mis-understanding between two or three leading members of the club, which seems to have extended its baneful influence over the whole body, for we find many of the yacht owners of the Upper and Lower Lakes, instead of sailing against each other in the honorable rivalry and generous spirit of sportsmen, sulkily shewing their yachts under canvass at the flag-buoy, with parties on board, as it were to prove to the public how efficaciously they had disappointed their expectations, and intercepted the spread of this interesting and useful amusement on the lake. We sincerely hope a better feeling will guide them on a future occasion, and that they will bear in mind that the hope of enjoyment which induces strangers to visit this beautiful country, and witness the charms of yachting on this magnificent sheet of water, should not be baffled by a mere personal dispute, and one in which the vast majority of the members of the club have taken no part, and feel no interest beyond a regret that such a misunderstanding should have ever taken place.

Tuesday, the 29th.—A prize of £50 for yachts exceeding twelve tons; half-minute time. Open to all yacht clubs.

The Banba, twenty tons, J. Johnston, Esq., won the prize by sailing over the course without a competitor, which according to the rules of the club she was entitled to on paying entrance for three yachts.

Same day.—A cup, value twenty-five guineas, for yachts not exceeding twenty-five feet from stem to sternport. The following started:—Halycon nine tons, Henry D'Arcy, Esq.; and Sorceress, nine tons, J. Johnston, Esq.

This was an interesting race, there never having been a minute's sailing between the two little yachts over a course of twenty miles; the Halycon winning by forty seconds, the Sorceress rapidly gaining on her as she passed the flag-boat.

Wednesday, the 30th.—A prize of £25, for yachts not exceeding twelve ıs; half-a-minute time. Open to all clubs. The following started:— nshee, twelve tons, Robert Johnston, Esq.; and Halcyon, nine tons, Henry 'Arcy, Esq.

t was blowing fresh at starting and the Banshee took such a decided lead the wind in her favourite weather, that the Halcyon gave up the race and ırned.

Thursday, the 31st, being the day of the cattle show in Enniskillen, there was no race. There was a ball in the evening which was largely and fashionably attended by the nobility and gentry of this and the neighbouring counties; amongst the company we noticed the Marquis and Marchioness of Aberdeen, and the Earl and Countess of Enniskillen, who each had with them a large party.

Friday, the 1st of September.—There was a handicap plate for yachts of all sizes, but there being only the Eagle, 21 tons, W. D'Arcy, Esq., entered, there was no race.

There were several prizes for row boats during the regatta, together with prizes for lumber boats, which were well sailed and excited a good deal of interest.

ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON.—The Alarm Schooner.

The account given of the display of feeling exhibited by the crew of this yacht, has excited more notice than such frivolity deserves. We have received various explanations, all of which justly exonerates the worthy owner from blame, for it appears he went on shore prior to this nonsensical display, and was not cognizant that such foolery would ever enter the minds of his well-conducted crew; and we can hardly believe that the captain (a man whom victory has often hailed as her favorite,) would lend himself to any expression of feeling beyond a hearty cheer. Whoever caused the figure to be exhibited, we feel assured now regret that they should, by their folly, give uneasiness to their excellent and kind owner.

Respecting the non-sailing of his competitors on the following day, it was certainly currently rumoured on shore, and generally believed to be owing solely to that circumstance, but it since appears other causes were assigned prior to the match taking place.

Although we have carefully perused the opinions forwarded to us, we must give the credit to "Bobstay" in *Bell's Life*, as being the most lucid explanation we have read, and by permission we insert an extract therefrom, that our readers may be able to disabuse their minds of any idea they might entertain prejudicial to the honor of Mr. Weld, who is one of the oldest and much respected members of the Squadron.

We were not aware that he was on board during the match; did at the time acquit this gentleman of all knowledge of the tion.—Ed. *H. Y. M.*

"Mr. Editor:—I request space in your next publication to reply servations of your correspondent relative to the conduct of the crew

R.Y.S. yacht Alarm, after the race for the Squadron Cup, on the 19th September. Mr. Weld is now an old stager in yacht racing. It will, I believe, be readily conceded that he has invariably "borne his honours meekly" when successful; and most certainly he has not been disheartened when his yacht was not first at the goal. It has always been the custom for the crew of the winning yacht to give three hearty cheers on passing the station vessel, and to return the cheers of any yachts' crew, whose congratulations at the success of the winner, were thus heartily manifested. The race of the 19th terminated at the Nab; the Alarm cheered as usual on passing that station vessel. On the return to Cowes Roadstead the royal yacht passed close to the Alarm, her Majesty was on board; the Alarm dipped her ensign, the proper mark of loyalty to the sovereign, and then three hearty cheers, and "one cheer more," were right lustily given to convey to our beloved Queen a manifestation of delight at having lowered the bunting to the royal standard in the presence of her Majesty; there was no crowing and he who dares assert there was is not truthful. Mr. Weld was honored by an enquiry from the royal yacht if the Alarm had won the race, and, on being informed in reply that such was the fact, her Majesty most graciously acknowledged the intimation. The cheering on board the Alarm was then renewed uproariously, for the heart of every one on board gave utterance to the warmest, most joyous exultation at her Majesty's condescension, but there was no crowing. Mr. Weld went on shore immediately after the Alarm had anchored, and on the following morning he was informed that some of his crew, in returning the cheers of yachts that had so complimented the Alarm the previous day, had exhibited their proficiency as ventriloquists by imitating the crowing of the cock, and that a piece of floor-cloth had been converted into a very doubtful similitude of that bird, and displayed on the bowsprit. This was not premeditated by any one on board the Alarm, as certainly it was not suggested or approved of by Mr. Weld; though, at such a time of exhilirating merriment and rejoicing on the part of his skilful captain and crack crew, after their admirable judgment and hearty exertions in sailing the Alarm throughout a most exciting race with the Arrow as a competitor, Mr. Weld could not resist laughing very heartily when told of their rather unusual mode of rejoicing. Your correspondent was also misinformed as to the cause of Mr. Weld's sailing the Alarm for the Queen's Cup without a competitor on the day fixed for the second race. Before the contest of the 19th, Mr. Weld was informed by Mr. Curling, the owner of the R.Y.S. Shark, that he should not sail her again in a race within the island.

"But I really must entreat permission to have my crow; the Arrow (then the property of, and recently built by Mr. Weld) won the first R.Y.S. cup twenty-eight years ago; she would have won the cup on the 19th September if Mr. Weld's Alarm had not competed with her !.—BOBSTAY."

ANGLESEA YACHT CLUB.

WE hail with great pleasure the advent of a new club bearing this title and heartily wish it success. We had began to think that the Metropolitan clubs by the increase of tonnage and extension of course towards the Nore, had as

it were thrown out the smaller but not less honorable craft, from manly contention, and wondered why the ancient glories of the Royal Thames, 'ere its burgee floated so proudly as at present, were not again resuscitated by the formation of another club, for match sailing in the scene of its former success. We hailed the foundation of the Ranelagh Yacht Club as a step in the right direction, but as that club limited its members to fifty, and so few of these members owned yachts, it became absolutely imperative that a club unlimited in members should be formed, to accomplish the object so long felt to be wanting.

On Tuesday, the 29th of August, this new scion of nautical nobility, was ushered into existence, and those who presided at its berth are known to be men of the right sort, many who have borne the heat and burden of the day, in a club as eminent for its spirit as its success.

We are glad the idea has originated with the members of the Prince of Wales Club, because there are a great many yachts of five tons and under in that club, that we should like to have the opportunity given to of sporting a bit of plate, as well as their bigger brothers. The name of the club has been given in honor we believe, to that distinguished family, whose members have been such great patrons of the national sport.

The officers elected are, C. F. Chubb, Esq., *Commodore*; Robert Hewett, Esq., of the Gnat, *Vice-Commodore*; Albert F. Jackson, Esq., *Treasurer*; G. H. Oliver, Esq., of the Meander, *Honorary Secretary*; Neil Campbell, Esq., *Cup Bearer*; Percival Turner, Esq.; Edwin G. Knibbs, Esq.; and T. Harrison, Esq., *Auditors*.

The following gentlemen in addition to the Flag Officers, are appointed on the *Sailing Committee*:—J. Berncastle, Esq.; J. G. Robinson, Esq.; W. Bain, Esq.; J. P. Dormay, Esq.; G. H. Oliver, Esq; S. Hewett, Esq.; A. F. Jackson, Esq.; A. Wentzell Esq.; C. Greaves, Esq.; J. D. Chillingworth, Esq.; W. T Sawyer, Esq.

The tonnage is restricted to five tons; all matches to be above bridge; all yachts to start from their anchors; prizes to be plate and not money, canvass unlimited, and all yachts sailing the distance to save their entrance fees; the subscription, 10s. 6d.

The following gentlemen have been elected Honorary Members on the foundation. Commodores Berncastle of the P.W.Y.C.; Robinson of the Medway, and Tombleson of the Ranelagh. Vice Commodores Knibbs of the P.W.Y.C.; and Guest of the Ranelagh. Messrs. De Courcy O'Grady of *Bell's Life*, Hunt of the *Yachting Magazine*, Ledger of the *Era*, and Knight of the *Field*.

We give the Club a hearty welcome, and have no doubt of its success

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GOOLE REGATTA.

On the 17th and 18th of August the annual aquatic amusements held, which although attended by a goodly company, did not create

spirit of rivalry usually attendant on yacht matches. The affair was kept entirely for *home* consumption, the little Kitten, of Harwich, having last year won the chief prize, the Committee this year were determined not to "throw a chance away," therefore restricted the entries to vessels belonging to the neighbourhood. This is niggardly, as regattas are subscribed for by the inhabitants in nine cases out of ten, who expect to derive a benefit from the company attracted to the town. The names of a few celebrated craft act as a talisman, and many scores go for the express purpose of seeing them; they can see the yachts in the neighbourhood at any time.

On the 17th (Thursday,) the wind was squally from W.b.N.; the first prize of £8 10*s*. was won by Pearl, beating Chance, Frolic, &c.

The second prize of £4 was won by Henrietta, beating Flora and three others.

On the second day the first prize of £8 10*s*. was won by Frolic, beating Pearl, and Flirt.

The second prize of £4 was won by Chance, beating Wonder, and five others.

Rowing matches and other amusements concluded each day's sport.

ROYAL WESTERN YACHT CLUB, (ENGLAND,) REGATTA.

The exertions that have been made by the officials of this club to place it A1, and to fix it on a firm basis, have been "crowned with success." The perseverance and zeal with which they carry on their proceedings, coupled with the greatest liberality, has gained them many suppporters.

On the 2nd of August, the annual regatta was held, when the prizes were thrown open to all comers, without the least entrance fee being demanded. There was a very large attendance of yachts on the station.

The first prize a piece of plate of the value of £35, brought the following to the start.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
619	Marina.....	cutter	52	W. Forster, Esq.
723	Osprey.....	cutter	59	Lieut-Col. Huey
852	Sea Flower.....	cutter	35	H. Moore, Esq.

The course through the west channel of the breakwater, round a vessel, oored off the Mew Stone, to another off Penlee Point, leaving both on the ort hand, returning through the East Channel, round the buoy of the Cob-.er, leaving it on the port hand, back to the committee vessel, moored off he Hoe; twice round; the whole distance is about thirty miles.

There was a fine breeze, N. by W., when the start took place, the signal gun for which was fired at 1h. 15m. 10s. P.M. The Marina, being the weathermost yacht, was the first away, but as soon as the Osprey had got her balloon jib set, she overhauled her and took the lead, the Sea Flower bringing up the rear. On getting outside the breakwater, the breeze freshened, and the Osprey continued to increase her distance ahead, till they reached the flag-boat off Penlee Point.

Afer rounding which, the Marina for some time improved her position fetching considerably on the leading vessel, while the Sea Flower soon after gave in.

The second round was not destined to produce any alteration in their respective positions, the superior sailing qualities of the Osprey bidding defiance to her opponent throughout

Names of Yachts.	Penlee Point.			1st Round.			2nd Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Osprey	1	51	45	3	42	0	6	7	25
Marina	1	54	0	3	54	0	6	30	30
Sea Flower	2	3	0	gave in.					

The winning yacht was received with great cheering by those on board the committee's vessel, for she had been well sailed, and fully maintained that credit which she obtained last year at Cowes, when competing with the Sylvie, Aurora Borealis, and other first-raters.

A prize of £35, open to all yachts from ten to thirty tons, belonging to any royal yacht club. Time for tonnage; same course. The following yachts started:—

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
35	Annie	Bermu.	22	S. Triscott, Esq.
1069	Wasp	schooner	25	J. Fleming, Esq.
243	Dolphin	yawl	22	Capt. Story, R.N.
749	Pixie	cutter	14	W. Moore, Esq.

The signal for starting was made at 2h. 14m., when the Annie went away with the lead, closely followed by the Pixie, the Wasp, and the Dolphin. The Wasp, although schooner rigged, was at one time looked upon as having a very respectable chance, from the stiffness of the breeze, and though she did well in the first round, both she and the Dolphin eventually retired from the contest. They completed the first round in the following order:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Annie	5	21	0	Wasp	5	[illegible]	[illegible]
Pixie	5	24	0				

The wind now fell off almost to a calm, and much doubt was entert[illegible] of the distance being completed by any of the boats, but ultimately the b[illegible] again sprung up and the match was concluded as under:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.
Annie	8	0	0	Pixie	8

Mr. Triscott, the owner of the winning yacht, was warmly congratulated by all on the event.

At the conclusion of the sailing there was a rowing match for the four-oared galleys belonging to yachts, for money prizes of different amounts. Three boats were entered from the Beatrice, the Eclipse, and Georgiana, and after some capital racing they came in close upon one another, the Eclipse being first, Georgiana second, and Beatrice third.

Punt races and other minor aquatic sports concluded the day's amusement.

Our Editor's Locker.

ON PRACTICAL NOTES ON YACHTING.

Cromore, Coleraine, June, 15th, 1854.

SIR,—In the excellent article on yachting, contained in the last number of your Magazine, I observe that the writer (from not having understood me) has dealt rather hardly on a suggestion of mine. He finds fault with two forestays in a cutter because (1st) the wind would catch on them more than on one (although one of them is to leeward of the sail,) and (2nd) because the sail could not be paid away. But the backstays are equally important ropes as he has shown in page 356, but yet the *lee* runner is slacked as much as required, when the main-sheet is paid out; why should not the lee fore-stay be similarly treated for the jib?

Again he assumes that the big jib which may then be carried (instead for fore-sail and jib) is merely a balloon jib. But a balloon jib is not cut so as to sit at all flat; and besides (as it is used for running) it is not made so as so balance the other sails round the axis of gyration: a balloon jib very much out-balances the other sails, and can therefore most decidedly not be used in working to windward. Hence the jib I propose is essentially different from a balloon jib. It should resemble the jib of the Maria. In the Maria the stay is carried through the end of the bowsprit to the stem; but as far as the sail is concerned the same object is attained. And I could mention a case in which the foot of the jib is considerably longer than either the foot of the mainsail or the mast; while the best result (in working to windward) has been attained.

Again in the matter of the gaff-top-sail, I merely recommended what has been carried out in many American schooners and the Maria (although I was not at the time aware of it,) I believe. You can have just as much propelling power, without the top weight necessary for a gaff-top-sail.

I am, &c.,

To the Editor of H.Y.M. ROBERT MONTAGU.

ON THE SPIRIT OF YACHTING.

" Be sure whatever pleasant tales you tell,
Be so like truth, that they may serve as well!"

CRESCE.

SIR.—In your June number a contributor, who addresses us under the ominous signature of " Briny Deep," appears to me to have stated some fallacies in making an attack on our small Thames yachts. I have waited two months

in expectation that some better qualified penman, from among your numerous and spirited readers, would come forward to vindicate our little craft from the aspersions the writer has cast on them: but as he still remains master of the field, or the river more literally, permit me, sir, to break a lance with this bold challenger, who assumes the airs of great experience, and lays down the law with all the authority of an oracle.

The question is as to the sea-going qualities of our 6 or 8 ton yachts, which "Briny Deep" declares to be "as sluggish in a tumbling sea as a water cart;" and he adds that "a twenty feet ship's launch would ride over the waves like a cork, while the heavily ballasted little clipper would go down stern first;" and as if this were not enough to make us lift our eyebrows as high as the rim of our sou'-westers, he straightway declares that such a ship's launch, "under proper sail, and with little or no ballast, would in a seaway beat many a six-ton clipper yacht. *I have seen the experiment tried on more than one occasion.*" "Some says that hanimal never lays down, "said the exhibitor of the elephant, "but that's fabulus, 'cause I seed him." In both cases the testimony of the narrator's senses is supposed to be sufficient evidence for your conversion. "Seeing is believing," says the proverb, and what this gentleman says he saw, politeness requires that we should believe, and I hope "Briny Deep" will appreciate my respect for his veracity, when I assure him that I should not believe it if I saw it myself.

But as if aware that he was asserting too much, your contributor admits "the Pet however may be an exception, and is probably a sea-going vessel." The Pet is no doubt an exception to the rule he has adopted, but she is the perfect type of the Thames yachts generally, and possessing in the extreme what "Briny Deep" considers their bad qualities.

As described by her enterprising owner at page 311, of your first vol. the Pet is eight tons O.M., very deep, drawing six feet and a half, very sharp, and very much over sparred. Her boom projects seven feet over her taff-rail, and her other sticks are in proportion, or rather in similar disproportion. She carries seven tons of iron ballast, and so on.

After asserting that fishing boats of "five tons and under will put out to sea in half a gale, and actually make good weather of it, when a ten ton cutter would be certain to be lost," he gives us his opinion of what it is safe and prudent to do, and we are glad to find that "a twenty-five ton yacht might go round the coast in safety *during moderate weather*," and then becoming bold and exulting, he says that if we have an efficient crew, jolly companions, and a tight vessel, we may turn in for the night, or play a rubber, or a game of chess with perfect *nonchalance*, whilst the vessel is going ahead rapidly; nevertheless; if you encounter a gale you won't soon forget it, nor be desirous of another, and "pleasure yachts are not to be pl- with in gales at sea," neither we believe is a first class steamer of the P- sular and Oriental Company, nor even a line-of-battle ship, so we ne- contest this point with him.

But "Briny Deep" thinks he is most severe on us when he says "I often met with these miniature vessels of five or six tons, upwards -f

miles from home, without even a tolerably good seaman aboard, at which no one can be surprised, as no experienced man would venture to take such vessels far out to sea," and then drawing on his long experience he harrows up our feelings by preparing us for a sad catastrophe, which not many years ago it seems did *not* happen in corroboration of his theory. It amounts to this in fact, some light-hearted young fellows, little thinking or caring what was to happen, started (as hundreds since have done,) from the Thames for Harwich in a ten ton cutter, R.T.Y.C. They arrived off in the night, mistook the lights, and ran on to Orfordness; finding themselves wrong they wisely kept the vessel in deep water, and were knocking about at sea all night and fetched the harbour by daylight next morning. "Oh! most lame and impotent conclusion."

Now, sir, as your contributor has made so many strong assertions in condemnation of our small yachts, as unseaworthy and badly handled, it behoves him to furnish us with a list of the casualties for the last year at least, which have happened to them at sea, which, as they are, he says, so unsafe and always ready to go down stern foremost, when an open boat of twenty feet long would "ride over the waves like a cork," and as he often meets them "fifty miles from home," surely if his argument be true, there can be no lack of examples to confirm it.

Many of your readers will think that the reasoning of "Briny Deep," if that can be called reasoning, which consists in making unsustained statements, is not worth pulverizing, but all are not equally experienced, and that which is published in your columns on nautical matters, may be received as authority by the uninitiated, until the *alteram partem* comes to be heard, and it would be matter of regret if any of our yachtsmen, owners of six and eight tonners, were put out of conceit of their beautiful and able little craft by the solemn plausibilities of Mr. "Briny Deep." No one is more conscious of the capabilities of a well managed open boat than I am, and few perhaps have dared more in putting the good qualities of such a one as your contributor describes to the test, but to compare it for speed and safety with a Thames clipper yacht of six or eight tons, decked and ballasted to her proper bearings, seems to me the height of absurdity.

In the little Cerf Volant, of about the size of the Pet, we never fall in with an open boat of any dimensions that we do not leave her out of sight to leeward in a single stretch off the land, and the more sea on, the more utterly hopeless is the chance of the flat-floored buoyant craft. On the question of safety, it is useless to pretend that it is safe to be at sea in a gale of wind, in any vessel whatever. Every yachtsman knows he must venture something, and he becomes an owner with the determination to do so; and it is our pride as a nation that those sports and pastimes, which afford occasional opportunities for the display of skill and daring, are in England the most highly esteemed. Poor Apperly, the sometime Nimrod of the Sporting Magazine, used to say that the highest evidence of courage he could conceive was "to charge timber with a blown horse;" most of your readers would probably think however that he must be a still bolder

man who would undertake, in a twenty feet launch, to accompany the Cerf Volant in her next cruize to Boulogne!

Possibly Mr. "Briny Deep" would like to bring the question to a test on this issue? At the very idea perhaps those who possess what Mr. Dickens calls a strong imagination, will picture to themselves "the heavily ballasted little clipper" going down stern first, while the redoubtable occupier of the launch rides over the waves "like a cork" to the assistance of her unfortunate crew. Stories of this sort, Mr. Editor, may do for the marines, but will the sailors ever believe them?

Mr. "Briny Deep" promises us further revelations on the hair-breadth escapes of yachtsmen; let us hope they will be something more to the purpose than his last, or he may possibly hear again from one of

MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS.

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

HIGH WATER TIDE TABLE FOR OCTOBER.

D of M	High Water Lon. Bridge morn.		after.		The time of high water at the following places may be ascertained, by adding to, or substracting from, the time at London Bridge.						
	h.	m.	h.	m.			h.	m.		h.	m.
1	8	35	9	23	Aberystwith	add	5	23	Aberdeen	sub 0	56
2	10	15	11	2	Alderney		4	38	Aldborough	3	23
3	11	43	—	—	Bantry Bay		1	39	Belfast	4	2
4	0	14	0	43	Bridlington		2	23	Brighton	2	29
5	1	4	1	28	Carmarthan		4	3	Carnarvon	4	47
6	1	51	2	9	Cork Harbour		2	23	Cowes	3	22
7	2	30	2	47	Dartmouth		3	58	DublinB ar	2	55
8	3	5	3	24	Dudgeon Light		5	23	Dungeness	3	17
9	3	40	3	57	Eddystone		3	8	Folkestone	3	37
10	4	15	4	30	Exmouth Bar		4	18	Foreland, North	2	22
11	4	47	5	5	Falmouth		3	8	Foreland, South	2	47
12	5	22	5	42	Flamboro' Head		2	23	Gravesend	0	37
13	6	2	6	26	Guernsey Pier		4	23	Greenwich	0	20
14	6	48	7	19	Hartlepool		1	38	Harwich	2	37
15	7	58	8	43	Humber Mouth		3	23	Howth Harbour	2	59
16	9	28	10	13	Kinsale Harbour		2	23	Ipswich	2	7
17	10	56	11	30	Lands End		2	23	Kentish Knock	2	37
18	—	—	0	1	Leith Pier		0	15	Lowestoft	3	37
19	0	22	0	43	Lynn Regis		4	38	Margate	2	2
20	1	2	1	18	Plymouth		3	26	Nore Light	0	58
21	1	36	1	51	Swansea		3	48	Portsmouth	2	27
22	2	7	2	24	Torbay		3	58	Sheerness	1	28
23	2	40	2	58	Waterford		3	43	Southampton	2	27
24	3	17	3	33	Weymouth		4	23	Spithead	4	37
25	3	52	4	10	Whitby		1	38	Yarmouth Roads	5	27
26	4	30	4	50	Amsterdam		0	53	Calais	2	19
27	5	14	5	37	Antwerp		2	18	Dieppe	3	2
28	6	2	6	33	Bourdeux		4	45	Havre de Grace	4	15
29	7	6	7	47	Cherbourg		5	23	Ostende	1	—
30	8	34	9	22	Hamburgh		3	53	Honfleur	4	
31	10	7	10	49	Brest		1	39	New York		

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HUNT'S

YACHTING MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1854.

A PERILOUS POSITION.—A True Narrative.

BY A VETERAN YACHTSMAN.

It would be rare indeed if any one could be found whose bread has been toiled for on the mighty deep who in the course of a long service, had not encountered many hair-breadth escapes or perilous adventures:—amongst the numerous contingencies to which the writer of this paper has been subjected, he selects for the perusal of the reader the following:

A sharp and bitter easterly wind had howled for a period of five weeks, the snow lay thick on the ground, the sleet and hail rendered it excessively painful to look to windward, the sun had attained his maximum amount of southern declination; in short reader without further "yawing" to starboard, or "luffing to port," it was *not* just then the middle of a summer season; but the very depth of winter when H.M. schooner the P—— was ordered by the port admiral of Plymouth to take on board an extra quantity of provisions and water, to proceed therewith to the chops of the British Channel, and relieve from starva-
on any unfortunate merchant ship detained by the hard hearted east-
y wind. This service trifling as it may appear when spoken of in the
umns of a newspaper, entails great hardship, and no inconsiderable
ount of danger, to those appointed to carry it effectually out.

This will be apparent enough when we reflect that a long continuance
adverse winds to the homeward bound ships, is safe to create a

frightful amount of sea at the *embouchure* of the channel, and that in the trough of this formidable danger, a comparatively insignificant boat laden with casks of beef, pork, or water, has to pull alongside the recipient thereof, and whilst awaiting the hoisting of her cargo out, the boat is momentarily in danger of being dashed to pieces against the ship's side. The schooner, however, after a tedious cruize overcame these difficulties, the wind had changed to the westward, the struggling old bruise-waters of merchant ships,) for those were not the days of clippers, were wending their way up channel at the rate of six knots an hour, instead of double that amount of speed as would have undoubtedly been the case with the ships of the present day, whose builders repudiate the idea of modelling them after the fashion of an *ironing box*.

In the mean time the man-of-war was in pursuance of her orders, awaiting the lapse of twenty-four hours after the westerly wind had commenced, before she bore up to return to Plymouth: this accomplished, the helm was put up and all were sanguine that on the following day the craft would be snugly moored between Drakes Island and the Man, (at Plymouth,) on the strength of which the gun-room officers indulged in broiled ham with their breakfasts, the middies in a tattoo on the table with knives and forks, and the crew in a loud chorus of

"Rise up Bill, let Jack sit down,
For we are homeward bound, my boys,
For we are homeward bound."

By 8h. p.m., the wind had veered from west to S.S.W., and had brought with the change the usual thick weather, the breeze had freshened to a smart gale, the schooner was under reefed fore-and-aft-sails, but with a view to get her into port on the succeeding day, the jib was set with the traveller eased in at one-third, and the craft was bowling along at a tolerably smart pace. As we had not seen land for a fortnight, or obtained observations of the sun for several days, the ship was steered well to the southward and eastward, to avoid the formidable rocks of Scilly.

On the night in question I had the middle watch, but all went well until three o'clock, when a smart crack like the breaking of a stick induced me to haul down the jib, and on examination the cap of the bowsprit was found to be split in two pieces; this we soon remedied by lashing the jib-boom to the bowsprit, and the sail was again set l little after four o'clock, just as my relief came on deck; and wh left the watch in charge of my messmate H—y, (who by-the-bye, fr defect of vision could scarcely see a hole through a ladder,) the mor was extremely dark, and the fog so dense that you would barely

out the end of the jib-boom from the quarter-deck. Having premised this much the reader will soon fully understand the narrow escape we had from destruction.

I had been in my hammock about half-an-hour, and having endured the fatigue and anxiety of a four hours' watch, was not long before I was soundly asleep; suddenly there came a tremendous bump against my suspended dormitory, and being aroused thereby, in no very amiable mood, I was consigning the disturber to a place where the thermometer is supposed to be *never* below zero, when my mood was speedily changed by the dire intelligence that a large ship was running us down, and that in less than a minute we should all be

"Shuffing off this mortal coil."

Without much painstaking in my toilet, seeing that I had nothing on but my shirt, I rushed upon deck, and looking over the starboard bow, where the officer of the watch pointed to what he thought was a ship's light, I instantly recognized the revolving light of St. Agnes, Scilly.

Reader,—lay off on any Channel chart, with a pair of compasses, the distance of one mile to the westward of this light, (for it bore E.S.E. of us,) and judge for yourself our perilous position. "Wear ship instantly," I sung out to the near-sighted officer, "that's the Scilly Light; quarter-master, call the commander; up with the helm at once!" and with my own hand I let go the peak-halliards of the main-try-sail.

Whilst the schooner was paying-off before the wind, the commander hurried up the after companion ladder encased in a blanket; as rapidly as possible the state of affairs was made known to him, and with the greatest coolness imaginable and presence of mind, he brought the vessel to the wind on the other tack, and ordered her to be steered *the opposite course to that by which we entered the perilous navigation;* and giving directions to the master to look out, he descended to the cabin for the purpose of glancing at the chart, whilst the master ascended the fore rigging.

In a minute afterwards a dreadful cry arose from twenty voices on the forecastle,—"A rock right ahead,—up with the helm for God's sake!" "Silence!" sung out the commander, as he came up again. "Wear, sir?" said the master. "No! no! Mr. S———, we've no room, e must 'shave' the rock. Port a little, my lad," called out the gallant ommander to the helmsman. "Steady, so."

The rock was now visible to all, it had been "opened a little on the ort bow;" the surf dashed against it with tremendous violence; no one ı board knew what hidden dangers might be jutting out therefrom, ıd in breathless anxiety we approached, and awaited what seemed

inevitable destruction. At length the rock became abeam of the schooner,—hearts began to lighten,—we had not struck, and had passed it near enough to pitch a stone on it.

"Luff," said the commander, "and keep her north-west,—keep a good look out forward." "Aye, aye, sir!" responded several. But Providence was on our side; guided by its merciful hand we threaded the dangerous channel, and as the vessel emerged from her peril the daylight broke, and we were safe. On an examination of the chart, which there was now time to make, it became apparent that nothing but "shaving the rock" could have extricated us, as formidable beds of sunken ones were to leeward, upon which we must have struck had the ship been again "wore" round.

It only remains now to inform the reader how it happened that she got there. I believe the great cause to have been the strong indraught which sets towards the Bristol Channel, and as we had not seen the sun for several days, there was consequently no means of correcting the dead reckoning, which led us to suppose that we should by the course we were steering, pass thirty miles to the southward of the Scilly Islands.

THE DOOMED YACHT.

(Continued from page 400, volume 2.)

BY VINCENT.

The Biondina, thoroughly repaired and refitted below and aloft, her lockers and harness casks well stored anew, her owner and his party with all their traps aboard, and the latter stowed away in the sleeping berths, her anchors on the bows, her main-sail, fore-sail, big jib, and biggest gaff-top-sail set, is at length outside L—— Harbour; and has nearly shut it up, by bringing Blackstone Head on with Harbour Island.

The day is bright and fine, the water smooth, the breeze just enough and no more, to keep the sails "asleep," and she is forging along at the rate of some three-and-a-half knots, two points free, and lying her appointed course. The hour is about two bells in the forenoon watch. *i.e.*. 9h. A.M., and the day is the fourteenth after the accident which d[illegible] Biondina of her chance of a cup, at the late regatta of the Royal P[illegible]ton Yacht Club.

Harry Milton, her owner is, as we have said aboard, so is John W[illegible]. his prudent and quiet cousin, so of course are the consequential s[illegible]

Wilson and the regular crew, and so are three ladies and two gentlemen whom Harry Milton has invited out for a cruize.

The redoubted Blanche Harville, whose very name so frightened steady-going John Wright, as has been mentioned in the last chapter, does not after all seem to have anything very frightful about her. She is a fair, brilliantly fair, girl of some twenty summers, with bright laughing eyes, a merry, good natured expression, fine but delicately moulded figure, and a silvery toned voice. Undoubtedly she *is* formidable, that is to say to young men's hearts!

The aunt,—the grave, sedate aunt, the *chaperone* of the fair Blanche is a lady of some six or seven years *remoter antiquity* than her neice. She is very quiet, very calm and serious looking; but there is nothing unpleasing or depressing in her look. On the contrary the eye reverts to her oftener than at first would be thought likely; and each time she appears more attractive. Her name is Emily Wingrove, or Mrs. Wingrove, for she has been married; but is now a widow.

Of the third fair dame's years, all that can be predicated is, to use the historian's pet expression, "its amount is lost in the night of ages!" she *was young* certainly; and she is a spinster, so much is certain. But beyond that we are in the regions of myth and conjecture: her dress and manner would bespeak sweet seventeen, while her voice, her figure and her face do not—do not *quite* bear out the same tale!

Blanche Harville's brother Edward, the youngest of the three gentlemen who accompanied her aboard, is a merry-faced, merry-hearted schoolboy lately home for vacation; and delighted already to rove away from it: not because of bad treatment there, but with the true vagrant instincts of a boy. Dr. Curwenson, brother of the doubtful aged *young* lady already mentioned, is the second of the male passengers, a full naval surgeon;—whose physical peculiarities are, a long body, long face and very long nose: while mentally he is remarkable for a supreme contempt of assistant surgeons; and a firm persuasion that he is not only skilled in his own profession, but a better seaman than any captain, or other executive officer he ever sailed with!

Number three of the gentlemen passengers is a jolly manufacturer from Lancashire, nearly a millionaire, and of more consequence in his own estimation than a peer of the realm! A freak of the moment induced Harry Milton to ask him; and the worthy trader having heard yachting called an aristocratic amusement, thought he could do no less than appear to have a taste for it. Hence is he on that deck now.

John Wright, as well as Harry Milton may be said to belong to the ship, so have not been described amongst the passengers. Nor will we

say more of them just now, than that Harry Milton is a light-haired, light-headed, light-hearted, and light-heeled young fellow of some three or four-and-twenty, good looking, generally liked among his acquaintances, though often pitied for his over-easiness of temper and inconsideratedness of act: while John Wright is some four or five years older, some twenty years graver, and beyond all possibility of estimate, steadier, and more sensible.

Having now sufficiently presented the party to our readers, we take up the thread of our tale again, just as the Biondina finally shuts up altogether the harbour behind her; and begins to open new reaches of coast upon her bow.

Breakfast had, with a prudence worthy of all commendation, been taken while yet the Biondina was within the harbour, the distance she had to run from her anchorage with a light though favouring breeze, against a strong flood tide, having given abundance of time for that meal. All of the cabin party were now seated aft, partly on the monkey poop of the cutter, and partly on cushions comfortably piled; and among the little groups into which they have broken, conversation is going on animatedly enough, and occasionally as blithesome as the free and pleasant air that was breathing over and around them.

Harry Milton is busy with Blanche Harville, John Wright is "talking sense," with Mrs. Wingrove; and perhaps for all their quietness that pair may be making way their own fashion quite as quickly as the more demonstrative and rattling couple first noticed; meantime Miss Curwenson is endeavouring to interest young Edward Harville in a description of her pets at home, of the dog, cat, monkey and parrot species, while her unwilling hearer is dying to get away to have a free run and a free chat with the men forward.

Dr. Curwenson has laid hold of the Lancashire manufacturer and is enlightening that respected individual upon points *of practical seamanship*, which certainly never came under the cotton-lord's cognizance before, during his five-and-thirty years experience as factory boy, regular hand, foreman, junior partner, and finally master employer.

"My dear sir," continued the naval and nautical doctor at the end of some long winded and intricate explanation of which his hearer understood not a word, "make yourself quite easy, the men that belong to the yacht I have no doubt know how well enough to manage her in ordin weather; and if any great emergency comes my experience will be command."

"Your experience Dr. Curwenson?" replied Lancashire: "why I am that in a matter of a broken leg, or a fever, you would know more t

the most of us; but are you as well acquainted with matters at sea: I thought you had little time or opportunity for that."

"Little opportunity sir, why should you think so? we are at sea the best part of our time, and the men not being always sick; or only so much of them as give our assistants something to practice on, what would we do if we did not interest ourselves in what is passing around. I have paid great attention Mr. Weavemore to what we in the Service call the carrying on the duty of the ship, and I would feel no hesitation myself in taking charge of a ship, if occasion came."

"What *do* you mean, Dr. Curwenson, that you would undertake to sail one of those great ships, big as the hospital ship for all nations that I see near Greenwich when going down to eat whitebait?

"My dear sir!" returned the doctor, emphasising slowly each word, with a slightly contemptuous tone as he replied, "I would undertake to handle the largest ship in her Majesty's navy, if entrusted with it! Men who, like me, combine mental activity, and close observation with the power of scientific application and deduction, find no mystery in the details of a merely mechanical art like that of navigation, either practical or theoretic. I only mention this Mr. Weavemore," continued he, "in order to give you confidence as to the chances of our little voyage: it is quite child's play to an old sailor like me, and you may rest satisfied that I will be ready for an emergency, should any arise."

"Emergency? oh yes there's an emergency," cried the boy Edward Harville, catching the last words of the conversation as he skipped past, just that moment happily escaped from the toils of Miss Adelgitha Curwenson; "yes," cried he, with all a wild youngster's love of mischief beaming in his eye; "the ship has sprung a leak, and there's forty-four fathoms of water in the hold."

"*Forty-four fathoms* of water in the hold!" ejaculated Mr. Weavemore in profoundest dismay.

"Yes, and I am going down to the cabin to write an account of it; and to put the paper in a bottle that it may float to land, and tell the people there we're all drowned!"

"Pho! nonsense," cried the naval *medico*, recollecting himself just in time to disguise the perturbation which for an instant he had really felt. "That young gentleman is impertinent enough to think he can make a fool of you, Mr. Weavemore. A fathom, my dear sir, is six feet, and if there were half that height of water in the yacht, you would not see the men so quiet. I wish I had that youngster aboard a man-of-war, he would not be so ready to try to play tricks on his superiors."

With these words, and professing a desire to set Mr. Weavemore's

mind entirely at rest, but secretly with a wish to quiet a little anxiety of his own, the doctor moved forward, and addressing one of the men, asked if there was anything really the matter.

"Why not much your" honor, returned the man, "the cutter has a little water in her to be sure; but there's not more than a five minutes spell at the pumps would clear her of, I dare say."

"Then why did ye not pump her before you left harbour? How long is it since you pumped her?"

"Beg pardon sir," was the reply, "here's Mr. Wilson, he'll tell you all about it, I must go and take my trick at the tiller."

To Mr. Wilson, the "skipper" or sailing master of the yacht, Dr. Curwenson accordingly turned, but with a *gaucherie* not uncommon to him, contrived to offend that important personage by the manner of his address, assuming what are called in the service "quarter-deck-airs," he spoke to Wilson in a tone and with a manner so imperious, that the latter accustomed to be made much of by his employer, and in fact to rule the vessel and all in her, would not brook. Accordingly he gave his enquirer a very short bluff answer, and turned from him unceremoniously to give an order to some of his crew.

While the two gentlemen were in this quandary, the one boiling over with indignation that for the moment made him forget his anxiety, and the other really nervous at the sudden suggestion of a danger totally foreign to his habits and ideas, and with which the only association in his mind, was that of the accounts of "dreadful disasters at sea," that occasionally filled the "accidents" column of his county paper. John Wright came to their relief. In the midst of his evidently interesting conversation with the quiet looking widow, he had overheard a word or two, and noticed more of what has just been recorded; and having certain suspicions of his own from the manner in which he had seen things done at L———, when the yacht was under repair, he had gone forward without making any bustle and quietly learned the true state of the case.

"There is a little water in the vessel gentlemen," said he addressing Weavemore and Curwenson, "but as soon as we can get the ladies below for a while, we can easily clear her of it. It would only frighten them unnecessarily were we to rig the pumps now."

"Water in the vessel! Oh! mercy on me we are going down," shrieked Miss Curwenson in high falsetto tones, clutching at the arms of brother and John Wright, close up to whom she had come unperceiv A slight shriek came from Blanche Harville at the startling announcement, and Mrs. Wingrove herself turned deadly pale, but mastered feelings so as not to utter a sound.

It was clearly no longer a time for any mystery; so while such of the gentlemen as retained presence of mind themselves, were endeavouring to quiet the ladies, the pumps were duly "rigged," a bucket of water hove down each to make them draw, and then to work the men went at the brakes. In little more than eight or nine minutes the pumps "sucked," the ship was reported dry, the pump gear was unshipped again and stowed away, and all became quiet again fore and aft. It is true the ladies were still a little fluttered, and more than one half expressed wish was heard that the cruize was over; but a little rallying from Harry Milton and young Edward Harville, and a few quieting words from John Wright, backed by the profuse assurances of the loquacious skipper, and the hesitating but pompous declaration of the naval doctor finally quelled any remaining symptom of perturbation. This result was also much assisted by what seemed the increasing propitiousness of the weather, the sky having become clearer, the gentle swell of the water less perceptible, and the breeze if any thing lighter, while at the same time fairer than before.

The sheets were eased away more, and the skipper began to make a fuss along the decks, preparing to set square-sail and top-sail. The light hearted Harry Milton resumed his close *tete-a-tete* with the fair Blanche. Miss Curwenson after a very evident but unsuccessful manœuvre to get hold of the Lancashire manufacturer, who was plainly on his guard against the sex, (at least in her person,) took refuge in a book. Weavemore and the doctor at the latter's suggestion, descended to the cabin to superintend the preparations for an early lunch, and John Wright walked fore and aft the deck with Mrs. Wingrove, sagely giving her his opinion upon things in general, and on their cruizing prospects in particular.

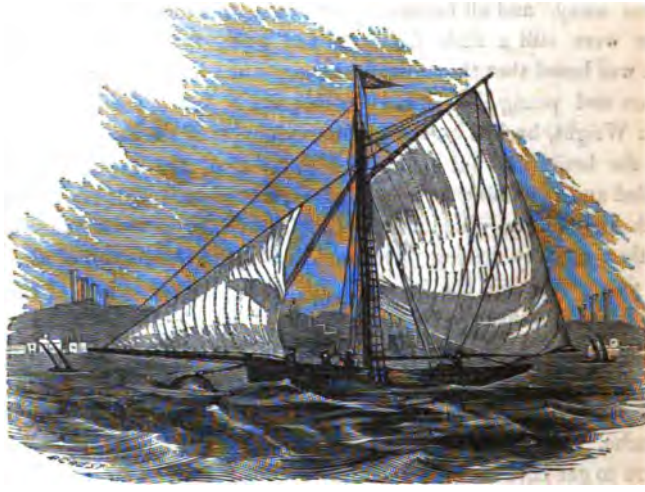
He took care however not to tell her the time which it took to clear the cutter of water when she had been pumped but twenty-four hours before; and the colour of the water itself as it was pumped out of and over the side, had made him resolve to get the cruize to an end as quickly as possible. He knew well that at so smooth a time the Biondina ought not to have made the water she did; and that its colour would have been deeper and darker, stained from the ballast and dirt below, if already too free an opening had not been given to the insiduous element. The Biondina was plainly to his eye and that of every seaman who was on board, in no condition to stand ordinary weather, much less to struggle with anything of a sea.

(To be Continued.)

RHYTHMICAL SKETCHES OF YACHT TRAVEL.

BY A COLUMBUS OF THE PLEASURE NAVY.

TABLEAU IV.—BRINGING UP.



Thus, try-sail wing'd, a turbid way we fought,
As by pale plyings of the vans of thought
Nerved raptly on, and steadfast course out-wrought;
'Till—lo!—like cloud, to distance cleaving,—
The dim horizon bluely leaving,
Another land in sight is heaving.
And *there* up-grows another nation,
Haloed with far association,—
A fact—yet still an expectation!
Another *anything* is pleasant,
The new is ever effervescent,
And prized *because* it's evanescent:
And nothing's newer than new places,
New scene, new manners and new faces,—
The idiosyncracy of races.
Yes! after home-keeping stagnation,
Each stage of travel's a sensation,
And a new-phasing of Creation;
As, leaving what's grown trite and same,
One realizes local name.

Yes! clockwork pulse and measured breath
Elaborate but vital death.—
He only *lives*, who, unconfin'd
By Place or Time, explores combin'd
The continents of Earth and Mind!—
To be is to transact the range
Of Self, the World-wide—Life is change!

Now, in comparing keel with wheel,
As travel's vehicles, the keel
Over the land-paddle hath these
Æsthetical advantages:—
A scene is fraught with most effect
When from all else 'tis disconnect,—
When—means and media concealed—
It strikes us, suddenly revealed!—*
Just as, at curtain-rise, the stage
Presents far shows of Earth and Age.

That time is wasted, is most true,—
In passages with nought to do;—
But *for this reason* I back sail
Versus the post-chay, coach or 'rail';—
In that such vessel-life possess
These intervals of nothingness.

Now, shoregoing travel's a progression
From stage to stage, in link'd succession,—
By palpable, prepared degrees;
But we "stoop," sudden, from the seas,
After a vacant, blank-blue flight
Thro' nether skies as one alight
Amid new types of Adam's Sons,
And Exile, Eve's unEden'd ones.

* * * *

But,—to return,—really, this
Yarn hath too much parenthesis—
As we were saying—that is, writing,
Land we're supposed in act of sighting:
But, howbeit blithely on careering,
And rapidly our harbour nearing,
One's nerves are conscious of a sense
Of feverish impatience.
The breeze seems dropping as we go,
And all the pace appears to grow,
Momently slower and more slow.
No whistling's of the least avail,
Vain trimming and retrimming sail,
Out pluming all our finest wings—
The telescope but farthens† things!

Yet steadily, to listening eyes,
Objects in clear succession rise;
The azure hills shew rough and green,
With latticed towns of white-wall'd sheen;
'Till now, spire, minaret, thro' hot haze,
Convent and palace greet the gaze;
And, there! beneath yon castled knoll,
Up points the light-house on the Mole!

But, now the harbour's mouth we near,
And it behoves to "see all clear;"
Behoves it that one station'd "hand"
By downhaul and by haulyard stand;
Eke, that the Punt be launched and manned,
And freighted with a coil'd warp-end,
The which 'tis tactical to send

* "The Unities," I think WRAN.

† "Eloigner."—There is no English word for it, and there should be. To "distance" is a course word.

Out to a buoy, and "take a turn,'
To check the ship, or slew her stern.

Needs, too, the bobstay up to slack,
And, having triced the main-tack,
For a clear berth to be all eyes,
And then th' old mainsail 'scandalize,'—
To let go everything readily—
Without confusion—smartly,—steadily,—
"Now, low'r all away! down with it!—so!—
Stand by the anchor there.....Let go!—"
The cable in the hawse-hole rings
And slowly, answering, round she swings.

Next with a for'ard warp and aft—
Fenders on side—they moor the craft;
And then we dream all's done,—but, no!
Off comes the health-boat soon, to know
Who are we? and from whence we came?
The passengers'—the owner's name?
And as to if the health-bill's clean?
And all the 'rot' of quarantine.

Jack to such gentry's scantly civil,
And vows them bluffly to the 'divil',
Respecting no vexations form
Or most official uniform,—
Pratique at length! and land we may—
Ho! for the shore there! "gigs away!"—

Having achieved a 'Mezzo-term,'
Once more, and treading 'terra-firm,'
Behold us now, this mid-end made,
Alike surveying and survey'd;
Like toads from wooden rock unpent,
As thro' mazed natives on we went,
With a calm sense of being God-sent
Striding up street like an event!

First comes a desultory chase
In quest of *the* inn of the place,
Slowly, for shops delay all gapers:
Then one's to read up the old papers,—
(That printer's ink to those who roam
Is murkily redolent of home!)
Stale *Galignanis* full of news
To errant wight's,—recording who's
Bankrupt, promoted, born or dead,
Or—worse than all!—who's married!
Nor lacks there often what ashore,
Tempts wandering England to explore;—
The curious to see or purchase,—
Pictures, antiquities, and churches:
Then, one's to test the local dinners,
Criterion of the polished sinners;
And to 'get up,' if realistic,
Of vice and folly each statistic.
Hiring a "valet of the place,"
A ruffian of the smoothest grace
And oiliest ease, it mostly is,
Free from all narrow prejudice,—

Promising what one's highness please,
And naming nameless services.

Brief,—one sees,—does—what's done and seen,
In lionizing's known routine,
Wherein are landsmen wont to be
Wise as the children of the sea.
Sooth! one discovers little more
To do, or see, or sing ashore—
The same things o'er and o'er again!
'Till sated, bored and fagged, one's fain,
To thence a morn *remets* the main*

L'ENVOI.

Thus ends this series of dissolving views,
The actual visions of a yachting cruize,
That, howbeit roughly, purport to present
The round of sea-going, every-day event,—
Partly from Fancy drawn, but strictly tactical,
A dream of fact, and technically practical.

But, as a frame for such asthetic etchings,—
A carved moral to truth-point these sketchings,
It seemeth meet, O shore-goer, for thee,
By way of parting summary, that we,—
From some experience of sea-travel, state
Its counter interests, and enumerate
The 'pulls' and drawbacks of a yachtsman fate—
Not in the Solent, or the Thames's mouth—
I mean abroad, afloat, and in the south,—
The Bay, the Mediterranean, th' Adriatic;
And this, despite the risk of being didactic!

Wherefore, O gentle 'Lubber of the land,'
Thy clayey soul and intellect expand
Of the Aquatic State to grasp each 'pro,'
Each 'con,' and balance all its weal and woe.

First, for the little ills wherewith is fraught
Of Nautic errantry the chequered lot,
Whereof the latter leaflets of the 'log'
Contain a brief but careful catalogue.

There runs a common popular illusion—
Born of "*the public mind*," that mère-delusion!—
That this same Mediterranean, the year thro',
One placid lakelet is of breathless blue.
Yet N. and N.W. winds, what time they blow,
Kick up a turmoil like a 'race' below;
Besides the sulphurous Scirocco there
Lurks like a tiger in its desert lair,
Then leaps in mist from out the southern morning,
Without the faintest note or sign of warning.
In very sooth, most mythical, I ween ———,
To think that here in winter "all's serene;"
And, then, in summer time, these southern seas
Are barely navigable, for the breeze
Blows for four hours, and oft, too, blows like hell,
Leaving a stark calm and an ugly swell,

* "Cras iterabimus æquor."

While down the sun beams hell-fire, blist'ring, tawn'ing,
The shrivel'd hide thro' parasol and awning.

Then, too, one hates the barbarous want of wealth,
With its lack-luxury; then bills of health,
And prying small officials mar one's ease,—
The soul's mosquitoes,—tribe of mental fleas!

I don't think sea-going habits quite conduce
To fortify the nerves, or gastric juice,—
Brain, mind or temper, in that things marine
Of mundane matters can be least foreseen.
In sooth, all ships by David Jones seem sent
To add to doubt one extra element;
Whereof this life's sufficiently endued,
Withouten haps of sea vicissitude.
In calms one gets into a dreamy state;
Physique and *morale* then alike stagnate;
And we must own that squalls and gales of wind
Somewhat perturb the surface of the mind.
Indeed, in little vessels with head seas
There's dev'lish little dignity or ease.
Besides one smokes all day and quaffeth brandy,
Oft but because the cellaret is handy.
Then *we'd* a perfect battery of bitters,
Which tear the coats stomachic all to fritters,—
Vermuth, and Ellis' mixture, Quinine, Gentian,
Dutch,—Indian tonics more than I may mention,—
Absinthe, and that those pious men infuse—
French monks,—"*L'Elixir de la Grande Chartreuse*;"
And, then, on shore, instead of living quiet,
One getteth dissipated despite the diet—
Strange! that where beauty is as scarce as dinner,
One grows less moral as one waxeth thinner!

No! a shore-life is, doubtless, on the whole,
Less noxious to the body, and the soul,
And fraught with less disquietude,—and yet
We'd little cause for grumbling or regret.
Indeed the cruize went smoothly off enough,—
Always excepting when 'twas very rough,
Being achieved in absolute inaction,
Without the slightest flurry or distraction,—
The passive vision of an expedition,
Dreamed more than done, in placid inanition—
A state of personal rest in perigrination,—
A kernel of repose 'mid perturbation!—
Free from those miseries so very racking
To nerve and brain,—the passports and the packing,—
The catching trains and petty claims defraying—
I hate to be perpetually paying!—
Besides the 'pull,' that, where you chance to be,
Appliance is of domesticity,—
In any given ocean of the earth
Your private ménage and your proper hearth,—
The 'raw material' of the British sailor,
Your native *cuisine* and your floating cellar,—
Vernacular "tars" so hearty and so handy,
And then your lockers stored with Cognac brandy,
Pale Sherries, very 'curious and dry,'
And clarets of a quaint antiquity;

Not to forget an humbler kind of fluid,
The beer of Bass, for Bass alone can brew it.—
That poetry of malt, the Indian Ale:
There too those western weedlets that exhale,
As from their cedar coffins, perfumed breath,
Fuming themselves away, "without a death,"*
The vegetable mummies that enfold
A soul of smoke,—long-warehous'd, mellow, old!

Yes! when afloat 'tis very sweet to know
That where thou goest, such things with thee go;—
Flâne where thou wilt, meander or maraud,
There—there is all that's best of home abroad,—
Locker'd in forest-ribs of England there,—
An home of father-land aneverywhere!

Nor absent thence the records of *their* ken,—
Heroes of Thought, one's favourites of the pen;
Whose nibbéd tongue, low-voiced as from afar,
Talks to the unborn, while we give ear and are!†—
Large hearts and brains, in books embalmed to be
An host for aye of inner company:—
There, in their corporate binding, rang'd in reach,—
Mute passengers of mental presence each,—
There's what they thought—felt—were,—their finer selves,
Looking their names down from their latticed shelves!

Sweet, too, small yachtsman, 'tis to feel that you're
Dazzling some pauper race, '*en grand Seigneur*,'
Hid in eccentric mystery, *abordo*
"*D'un proprio bastimento, vrai Milordo!*"‡
'Till the small squireen of his ain countree—,
Waxing in fancied scope and dignity,
Dreams him a Corsair-king, marauding Dane,
Some Pirate-chief, or stalwart Ocean-Thane,—
A little feudal Baron of the Sea,
There in his floating principality!

Certes; there's much that's flattering and grand
In such an irresponsible command,—
To have dominion o'er a subject ship,
Without the pénible apprenticeship,—
A fount of discipline,—the motive will,—
A petty Providence for good or ill;—
As Byron hath't,—with boats'-crews at one's beck,
"Moving, the monarch of a peopled deck"—
Peopled with twice five sailors, and a boy—
Nothing above one—all below—great joy!—
I wish 'twere free from worry and alloy,
Internal squabbles,—mutinies to quell,
For even the best of subjects will rebel;

* Vide Keats.
* * * * "His frosted breath,
Seemed taking flight to Heaven, "without a death."
EVE OF ST. AGNES.

† "Je lis, donc je pense;
Je pense, donc je suis."
DESCARTES.

‡ The mixed jargon of "Valets de Place."

Yet, I've said before, *we'd* altogether
But little cause to blame or crew, or weather.
Having, without *fiasco*, brought the sport
To a round term at this yacht-lubbers'* port,
And 'done,' besides each British, vulgar sea,
France, Spain and Portugal, Riffland, Algerie,
Sardinia, Elba, Greece and Sicily,
Malta, Ionia's Isles and Italy;—
A profile of itinerary action
Fraught with a certain sense of satisfaction.

But, like all else, the Expedition had
Its changeful phases, between good and bad;
The which, methinks, we've summed up pretty fairly,
From some experience, for we tried it early;—
And we repent us neither that we spent
Thus a few sands of Time, and that we went
Southward, nor either,—now the thing is done,—
That we are moor'd here by the *Bouches du Rhone*;
Where end alike the Mediterranean cruize,
With the wet flights of Her, my Cogn-aquatic† Muse!

THE CHANNEL CRUISERS.

(*Continued from p* 372)

BY VANDERDECKEN.

CHAPTER XVI.

"There's a charm in deliv'ry, a magical heart,
That thrills like a kiss, from the lips to the heart;
'Tis the glance, the expression. the well chosen word,
By whose magic the depths of the spirit are stirred,
The smile, the mute gesture, the soul-stirring pause,
The eye's sweet expression, that melts while it awes,
The lip's soft persuasion, its musical tone;
Oh! such were the charms of that eloquent one!

MRS. A. B. WELBY.

TRULY, gentle reader, the sea and its charms hath claimed us much of late, and it is time we return to "St. Leon" and his misfortunes.

In Queenstown no one thought of anything else, at Passage it was a sort of half-way house all engrossing topic; but once in good, dirty,

* Marseilles.

† The coining of this somewhat startling composite word needs defence: luck thority has said:—

"Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum."

ARS POETICA.

An excuse for the meaning thereof, and a plea for Bacchic inspiration seem also 'lee voici.'—

"Nulla placere diu nec vivere carmina possunt
Quæ scribuntur aquæ poteribus."

HORACE, I, EPIST.

straggling, yet still interesting Cork, you could hear nothing, see nothing, speak of nothing, save the great trial for smuggling, which was about to take place.

In the clubs and in the coffee rooms, the fate of the wretched offender against the laws was freely arraigned; the newspapers varied according as the public appetite required pampering; the scandal-mongers looked immensely mysterious, and mysteriously immense, as day after day, and hour after hour, the "idlest rumours" assumed the reality of "startling facts."

The most extraordinary and incredible tales of our hero's personal appearance, life, and adventures, wealth and associates, were circulated and believed by the many; his friends reprobated them, and they were but the few.

Commodore De Walden and Hayward seemed possessed of the gift of ubiquity, they were here, there, and everywhere, now in Dublin, again in London, and by-and-bye in the Isle of Man. Eminent counsel were to be consulted, evidence to be sought after, and the mystery of the Fairy Elly's contraband cargo unravelled if possible. Ozwald Peyton and Marvin were poor St. Leon's constant companions, for he was indeed borne down and spiritless; every artifice was resorted to to cheer him up but in vain; misfortune he might have borne up against, but to be disgraced—branded as a felon—thrust forth from amongst his fellow-men as a degraded being,—and the cause thereof unknown.

Day after day passed swiftly by, and his hitherto unwearied friends began to despair; nothing could be elicited that gave promise of acquital; the facts were there, staring them in the face; they had seen with their own eyes, case after case, and package after package, containing liquids and solids abominable in the eyes of the law, but delicious in the eyes of the revenue, as "Calipash" or "Calipee," to worthy Alderman Smith, of the Fishmongers' Guild.

The talented solicitor made out the case for the defence, and the eloquent barrister pocketed his fee, looked brilliantly polite, and profoundly acute, and yet their legal erudition was set at naught by the fussy, self-important, get-out-of-my-way-I'm-a-government-official-sort of personage, who represented the interests of the crown. It was reduced to a very small compass indeed.

"We have done all we could, Godfrey, my boy, and we are of the same mind, but fate is against us; this infernal machination appears triumphant, and—"

"Say no more, Sir Harold!" exclaimed St. Leon. "It was a devilish trick, and whoever they be, they have jammed me: it seems I am to go, and to be disgraced too!"

"Avast, man, avast there I say, let them do what they like, or say what they like, I'll say my say when all is over!"

It was a glorious evening in the fall of the year, and the sun was setting beyond the Western Atlantic, sinking as it were amongst billows of molten gold, as a toil-worn and travel-stained seaman entered the town of Dingle by the mail car road. Wearily he moved as though his journey had been long and hurried, and nature seemed exhausted; his eye sparkled however and his step regained its firmness as he crossed the threshold of a small house situated upon the beach road, apart and isolated; over the door-way a white painted sign board announced to the travelling public, that, "Eugene Moriarty, was licensed to sell—'Good New Milk,'—'Entertainment for Man and Beast,'"—whilst the village Rubens enlightened the ignorant, and filled the remainder of the board with a huge glass of whiskey and a very small leaf of tobacco.

"Jack Flaherty as I'm a sinner!" exclaimed the aforesaid Eugene himself, "Musha thin, Jack, more power to ye, ould stock, how's every six feet uv ye, alanna? Eily asthore machree, throw a few more sods uv turf undther the fire, an bile up the kittle. Arrah, Jack, man, musha how-are-you, bud it's myself that's glad to see you, Mabouchal!"

"Well and hearty, mate,—well and hearty, after reeling off more knots of dry land than I'd wish to do agin in a hurry,—but harkye, Eugene, I've no time for yarning now, for life is sweet, but liberty and honour is sweeter,—where's the young counsellor, I heard beyond that he came across the bay to-day?"

"Throth an they tould ye no lie agra that tould ye that, for there he lies shure enough, away, yon by the clump uv furze."

"Give me a shove a-board in the canoe then Eugene,"

"Och thin, Musha Jack, is id goin' with the curse uv the house upon you, ye are; shure I'll put you any place you like but in heaven in five minutes, if ye'll only just wet your wather ways, jist dhrown the dust in yer throat: God bless you, Jack, here's success to you avick. Why thin, what on airth dhrives ye huntin' afther the young counsellor, unless maybe you're goin' to sling a hammock wid him!"

"Now ye have it, as the lanceman said to the whale; but I say, mate, heave short and sheet home, I must on board the New-bird."

In a few minutes Jack Flaherty and Eugene Moriarty, were urging one of the light calico covered canoes of the western coast rapidly ac the harbour in the direction of a yacht whose delicate tracery of s and rigging stood out in strong relief in the clear twilight. Euge curiosity was thoroughly aroused by the eager haste displayed by Ja but the latter was deaf unto all hints for confidence, and spoke not "

they paddled alongside the New-bird. Their hail was answered satisfactorily, and in as short a space of time, Jack Flaherty was face to face with the renowned counsellor, and well-known yachtsman, Maurice Mahon.

"Why, Jack man, I thought you were off in the Arctic Regions, or some such out of the way place: well I suppose you are come to ship with me at last?"

"Why not just yet your honour; but I don't care a rope-yarn how soon I do!"

"Well then, why not now old ship, we've sailed together of old Jack, and know each others ways pretty well!"

"True your honor, every word true as holy writ, but you see as how I'm just now shipped in another craft!"

"What can I do for you then?"

"That's just the hitch your honor: Master Maurice, you often told me if ever I wanted a friend at a pinch you'd stand by me?"

"Say no more Jack, but sit down there, if it's anything within the power of man ask and it shall be done!"

Assured by the tone of goodnatured familiarity, Jack took a seat as directed, and drawing near he lowered his voice cautiously, glancing furtively around at intervals as if fearful of being overheard or observed.

"I have been unintentionally guilty of injury, Master Maurice, to a man: one whom I believe to have been good and well meaning in his ways, and as honest as is the fashion amongst most men; for aught I know to the contrary, he may now be numbered with the dead, and 'tis this as has unlaid my conscience a bit.

"This savours more of relieving a guilty mind than seeking for any assistance that I can give, Jack?

"Stand clear a spell your honour until the kinks gets out of my yarn it will pay out handsomely enough directly; as I was saying it has unlaid my conscience a bit for it has brought those into trouble that I know he valued as the apple of his eye:—Lord stand between us and harm!" exclaimed the astonished seaman, struggling from the seat to which a weighty hand laid upon his shoulder with a grasp as of iron held him bound; turning with a startled and fearful gaze, a wild cry burst from his lips, for there before him, clearly a being of flesh and blood, as stalwart and stately as ever, though perchance with a few shades more of care upon his brow, stood the missing and long sought for pilot, Ronald Renshaw.

It was some hours afterwards, and when Eugene's patience had been well-nigh exhausted, that Jack ascended from the cabin; his manner was

solemn and his countenance grave and thoughtful; silently taking his place in the canoe he motioned for the other to shove off, when a few rapid strokes brought them to the shore: it was with difficulty that Eugene Moriarty could still curb his curiosity, but supposing that a night's rest and a sunny morning would relax the caution of the seaman's speech, they took their way in continued silence to the house. In the morning when Eugene sought the lowly pillow of his guest he found it deserted, the early dawn had seen Jack Flaherty far upon his journey.

The worthy and indefatigable Mr. Jonas Tapethrift, attorney-at-law, sat upon his wisdom-stool in his office in Cork, at an early hour upon the eventful day which was to decide St. Leon's fate; the little man looked puzzled as his eyes wandered over goodly ranges of tin boxes, with flaring yellow lêtters announcing Sir Thomas Such-a-one's title deeds, or the Dowager Lady Midgeley's marriage settlements, or such like mode of puffery as resorted to by those cunning in law and human nature; and it was an unwholesome, convulsive, querulous sort of tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, which answered his chuck at the bell wire; a cadaverous, squeezed-out looking individual responded to the summons, with a quill behind his ear, a second in his mouth, and a third in his right hand, whilst his left played nervously with the red tape bindings of a huge bundle of dirty-be-thumbed looking documents, which the arm of the said left hand held tightly to his side, bespeaking him to be the man of ink, and parchment, and tape, and all-work.

"Mr. Skreekem, sir, are you in a position, sir, to state, sir, as to whether any positive intelligence has been gleaned, sir, as to the precise locality where Counsellor Mahon could be found, sir?"

"No, sir!" meekly uttered the slave of the quill.

"Well then you may go, sirrah!" and he went accordingly.

Mr. Tapethrift immediately proceeded to put a mass of documents in transportable order, and in due course caused them and himself to be transported with all due fuss, clerks, and importance, to the arena, where the last communication made by his confidential, Mr. Skreekem, led him to think that both his client Captain Godfrey St. Leon, and himself, stood but a poor chance of success. Sir Harold De Walden was there, as were also Hayward Marvin and Peyton; and Gaston Rodin pointed out to the latter where were seated Sir Charles Meriton and the Ear Pirston: the former of whom was in close conversation with the pomp looking individual who conducted the case on behalf of the crown. that wealth and influence could do had been brought to bear on be of Godfrey, but there also appeared to have been an equal amoun influence brought to bear upon the part of the prosecution, and a

revenue case, that a common police court magistrate could have summarily dealt with, had been by these means transferred to a much higher tribunal, and invested with all the solemnity of formal trial; counsel on both sides, and in formidable array, made their appearance; but of all he had retained none did good puffy little Mr. Tapethrift place so much reliance in, or long more to see, than Maurice Mahon. Cool, wary, and collected, possessed of unusual and persuasive eloquence, the advantages of a graceful person and captivating address, apart even from the fact of his being the son of the first lawyer and the most distinguished orator of the time, Maurice possessed the reputation of being a rising barrister, and that too amongst cotemporaries of no mean pretension. A sailor by inclination he became a seaman by practice, independant in circumstances as the eldest son of one of the oldest families in the county, his first essays at the bar were merely induced by the darling wish of his father to see him so distinguished; that accomplished was enough, and but few of his days now were spent upon the land: in anything pertaining to maritime law he was rarely gifted, and many a bold mariner of the broad Atlantic owed liberty, and in some instances life, to the professional acumen of the young counsellor.

Formally were the proceedings opened, and amidst a mass of technicalities and profound humbug of detail, St. Leon was placed at the bar, charged with the grave offence of being a smuggler on the high seas, and the names of his crew specified at length as aiding and abetting in the same.

Abstruse and subtle were the terms in which the accusation was delivered, and St. Leon shook again with suppressed rage as he listened to hypocritical commisseration, blended with unfounded slander and astounding falsehood: slowly and with peculiarly marked clearness of intonation the speaker proceeded with his task, and with an earnestness of purpose, which seemed to betoken his perfect acquaintance with, and belief in, all the circumstances which he so graphically described: clear and melodious swelled the fine and manly voice in indignant denunciation, and anon sunk into the softest tones of pity worthy of the most accomplished enthusiast in melo-drama: swayed to and fro were judge, jury, and hearers, by the manner and the language, and not only they, but ven the accused themselves, began to believe that guilt of the deepest ıd blackest dye required immediate visitation by the outraged law. ır. Tapethrift verged on desperation, every position he had calculated on maintaining had been skilfully turned, and Tapethrift,—the im- culate, knowing, skilful Tapethrift, was about to be defeated in the eat revenue case;—with frantic energy he wrote undecipherable slips

innumerable, and passed them along to counsel; little particular points which he had intended for Maurice Mahon alone, were scattered broadcast to be made as much as the talent he had secured were capable of; the crisis was rapidly approaching, and the silence and suppressed breathing in the court manifested the most intense interest in the issue of the proceedings: suddenly there was a murmur, an uneasy movement, a crowding of the passages, and hurrying of footsteps.

"Silence!" shouted the crier, and all eyes sought eagerly for the cause of the interruption, the crowd to the right of the bench opened hastily and Tapethrift slapped the table in undisguised delight, as Maurice Mahon made his appearance amongst the counsel for the defence: a buzz of many voices announced that an extraordinary display might be now expected; and the conductor of the prosecution was observed to fidget about uneasily, for he well knew the power of the man that was now arrayed against him; with commanding dignity Maurice Mahon arose, brightly sparkled his clear blue eye, and silent merriment pervaded his features; breathless were all to catch each sentence that fell from his lips.

"My Lord and Gentlemen of the Jury!" he commenced in the loud cold authoritative tones of one who was used to command and to be heard, "my client is, I respectfully submit, as innocent of the charge brought against him, as the child which has not seen the light of day!" Another pause, during which Godfrey strained eagerly to catch a look at the man who seemed so assured of his perfect innocence. "Ay so innocent that I only regret we have so long occupied the valuable time of the court!" bowing profoundly as he spoke to the bench. "My Lord and Gentlemen, my client is accused, that upon a certain day, in a certain year, he was knowingly and wilfully guilty of, and detected in, the act of "smuggling" upon the *High Seas*; this is not the fact, inasmuch as the act complained of took place *within* the line of demarcation, which by maritime law *defines* what may be termed the *High Seas*: I therefore call for the acquital of my client."

A cheer, loud, long and joyous, burst simultaneously upon the ear, and the crown prosecutor withdrew from the court, amidst the suppressed laughter and ill-concealed jeers of its excited occupants. Tapethrift was beside himself, and absolutely gave an invitation to dinner; w[illegible] Skreekem his clerk insanely borrowed five shillings, and was taken insensible in the morning.

(To be Continued.)

VAGARIES OF A YACHTSMAN.

BY "VALE-DE-GABIA."

"Newspaper! who has never felt the pleasure that it brings?
It always tells us of so many strange and wondrous things!
It makes us weep at tales of woe—it fills our hearts with mirth—
It tells us of the price of stock—how much produce is worth—
And when, and where, and how, and why, strange things occur on earth.
Has war's loud clarion called to arms? has lightning struck a tree?
Has Jenkins broke his leg?—or has there been a storm at sea?
Has the sea serpent shown his head?—a comet's tail been seen?
Or has some heiress with her groom run off to Gretna Green?
All this, and many wonders more, you from this sheet may glean."

J. T. WATSON.

"I TELL you what it is Master Sandy Marlinspike, here be three of us on board of as clipping a sixty-tonner as ever swam, a jolly Englishman, a canny Scot, and a blackguard Irishman, which I acknowledge myself to be, we have been knocking about in yachts big and little all our lives and here's the first bit of printing we've seen solely devoted to the poor little creatures whom we've paid so much money for, and see so mnch fun in."

As the last word issued from the lips of the speaker he held up to view a volume of *Hunt's Yachting Magazine*.

"True for ye, Mister Neil O'Bryen," answered the individual addressed, "and unco pleasant yarns will you read in that same wee booky odds o' times!"

"Ay and it's a shame if yachtsmen don't support it!" exclaimed the third of the party, to wit, honest Jack Bulmer.

"Every man to his means you know mate, some can do it by their money, some by their pen, but to arrive at something tangible, here have we, as I said before, been knocking about for odds of I don't know how many years, d—n it old shipmates let us class some of our adventures on paper, past, present, and to come: sure if we are not ready-made scribblers, they'll take the will for the deed, and we'll laugh at ourselves -- well as our neighbours.

"'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book's a book, altho' there's nothing in't."

"Agreed, agreed!" said all. "But I say Neil?" enquired Bulmer, what if we should fall foul of some warlike bantam in our yarns, he ight call us out you know as they do in Ireland; or we might get

stupid perhaps and go down all standing some fine morning when the worthy editor was waiting, as 'tis technically expressed, for 'more copy.'"

"Divil resave the fear of one or the other!" was Neil's confident response, "don't you remember the Old Joe Miller, of the Man who made a wager with another that he wouldn't meet him in the Phœnix at six in the morning. 'Done' said the other, and done he was too faith, for there sure enough was the wiseacre walking about shivering upon a winter's morning until nine o'clock, so he jumps in a car and drives into town, with his teeth shaking out of him. 'I'll trouble you for five pounds if you please, Phelim?' 'The other way, John dear, it's I that'll trouble you?'

"'Did'nt you make a wager I would not meet you in the Phœnix at six this morning.'

"'And you didn't meet me for I was not there—I was winning your five pounds you goose, up to my chin in the blankets!'—Well now as to foundering Jack, you remember what the yankee captain said to the pilot going up the River Mersey?"

"You are making a good beginning any way Neil!" answered Bulmer. "Go on my boy?"

"Well there was one of these new yankee flyers made her appearance off the Great Orme's head, one of these all legs and wings, ocean spiders, Donald Mc'Kay craft you know, and the pilot had only just barely time to make up his mind as to which jaw he'd stow his quid in, when she was up, there was a scramble, he was hauled on board, and she was away again like an oiled sunbeam; so my bold pilot sees the chief officer near him and he asks him as in duty bound, 'What water does this 'ere ship draw?' The mate looks aloft at the brace blocks, shoves his hands into his breeches pocket, and then looks down at the water-ways.

"'Stranger I guess you'd better ax the capting, he's from Bosting! I don't think it's more than seving—I don't by heaving!'

"Pilot walks aft to Captain Amos Spreek, and repeats his enquiry, Spreeks balances himself accurately from his heels to his toes, and from his toes to his heels, and studies the firmament, as if to find the ship's draught of water registered there: at last sticking his two eyes into the pilot's face as if he meant to clinch 'em there he answers with [illegible] twang.

"Water stranger, water did you say, what water this [illegible] mine acti'lly drew, wa-ll now stranger I guess as how this ere ship mine will swim *anywhere at all* in the *Universal Creation* [illegible] *damp!*"

The above conversation took place not very many weeks ag

fine and sunny afternoon on board the gallant little Mariposo of sixty tons, duly numbered in *Hunt's Yacht List*, and the property of John Bulmer, Esq., of Bulmer Hall, as she rounded the chequered buoy of the Drag Stone off Penlee Point, and shaped her course for the Western entrance to Plymouth Sound.

In a short space of time she was snugly moored, and dinner being disposed of, the three yachtsmen resumed their seats upon the quarter-deck, after having exhausted the topics which the surrounding scenery and shipping suggested; Neil O'Bryen exclaimed.

"Come most noble John of Bulmer. 'Faith, thou hast some crothets in thy head now! so let's have 'em, most excellent specimen of the nearly defunct race of Bulmers!"

"Merry be your heart, Neil, boy,—I'll marry yet lad and leave a whole regiment of young Bulmers if you vex me,—but to our yarns, I am to begin so here goes!"

"It is now odds of twelve or fifteen years gone past, when one morning as I was poring over a chart of the St. George's Channel, I received a square official looking document, bearing the Cork post mark and sealed with a most imposing coat of arms; it was from Geordie Parsons,—'Gentle Geordie' as he was called, from the fact of his being one of the most obstinate headstrong devils, that ever the Lord put breath in: the contents thereof were brief enough:—

"*Passage, June*, 18—,

"Dear Jack,

"All right, the craft is nearly finished, hurrah for the opening cruize, thirty-five tons and a real beauty,—no excuse, lose no time, there are a few more of the right sort coming with us.

"Your's ferociously,

"G. P."

"So packing up my traps, in a few days I found myself in a fishing boat with a lug-sail set, slashing down the River Lee from the good City of Cork.

"I discovered Geordie housed at a little hostelrie convenient to the ship builder's yard at Passage; and if ever man set eyes upon a nautical museum, his sitting room was that place: models both home and foreign, from the stately line-of-battle ship down to the humble coble, and from the Chinese junk, joss house and all, to the Bombay dinghy, charts and parallel rulers, dividers and scales, sheer plans and body plans, and calculations of areas, specimens of timber, rope, canvass, copper, and bunting; estimates for cooking stoves, patent windlasses, mast winches, sailors' discharges, draughts of sails: in fact, lads, it would set any other

man but Geordie mad, to awaken on a morning and find himself knocking about amongst such a conglomeration of odds and ends.

"In the morning after a regular cruizing breakfast, we started for an overhaul of the craft, and as I had pretty well anticipated from Geordie's description of the previous night, he had fairly succeeded in producing a handsome looking craft upon the water; but when you came to look at her points, faith what between the profound mass of nautical literature, in the shape of works of Naval Architecture, which he had brought to bear upon his own brains, as well as those of the luckless builder; they had forgotten to give her any at all, and any sailor-man with half an eye could have told what she was; but I suppose that from constantly looking at her, her imperfections had been overlooked, and nobody ever tired gazing upon the beautiful Gazelle.

"Well I said but little of course, for when a man cannot praise from his conscience, why let him be silent altogether; but I could perceive that Geordie was half-savage at my not being pleased with his favourite effort in ship-building, and I overheard the builder confidentially express as his opinion, 'That I did'nt know the stern post from the breast hook, or the main clew from the jib tack!'

"Geordie had a skipper, as good a fore-an-aft man as ever handled a tiller, he was the least bit timorous, but whatever he failed in by over-caution, his master made up for by dare-devil hardihood.

"It was on the third morning after my arrival and the Gazelle was duly declared ready and 'fit as a fiddle,' we were joined by Jonas Eyre and little Aby Morton, two pious and well disposed youths you will admit; an addition which caused more than one old salt to shake his head, as with a dubious smile he observed, 'If the old one was to take a cast of the net now, he'd have a queer haul!'

"'Heave up your anchor and make sail, Mr. White!' exclaimed Geordie, after we had 'made the sun' through the medium of a stiff glass of grog.

"Well we waited, and waited, and waited in vain; the windlass gave out no cheering note, nor were any hardy group of blue shirted tars busied in casting off the stops: occasionally we could hear a loud voice as if in angry remonstrance in the forecastle; at last Geordie's patience would stand it no longer, down he went, and was as speedily on ' ' again, his features crimson with ill-suppressed rage:—'Come, lads!' exclaimed, 'Off with your jackets and lend a hand to get the craft un way!' We asked no questions but turned to with a will, and as we had pretty well cut our eye-teeth in yachting matters, we soon had t Gazelle underway; but as we were heaving up, from an odd glanc

cast below I could see that sulky looks and dogged silence gave promise of anything but a jovial crew.

"A short sail brought us to Queenstown, and as the flood had made, Geordie thought it best to come-to until the first of ebb, so myself and Aby Morton stood by the anchor awaiting the word: Aby was leaning over the bows,—'Let go!' shouted Geordie; I sprung to the cat-stopper and cast it off; a loud shout ensued, and I just had time to see Aby Morton's heels as he went down head foremost along with the anchor. Now, lads, ye may laugh, but what I now tell you is as true as that 6,079 English feet make a nautic mile, and the state hydrographer himself won't dare deny that: you may be sure there was a pretty row, the sulky crew came tumbling up the forecastle to the hoarse cry of 'A man overboard!' I heard a rush along the deck, as in amazed stupor I watched the line of silvery bubbles that rose beneath our bows, a dark body glanced past me, and Geordie Parsons plunged overboard close to the spot where Morton had disappeared: loud shouts succeeded as we hove the boat over the side with frenzied haste, but a hearty laugh brought our anxiety relief, and Aby Morton jumped on board by the chains as Parsons was hauled in over the bows; both were safe and unhurt as their joyous laughter bespoke. Morton had a long Spanish knife which he wore over his woollen shirt attached to a lanyard with a loop round his neck; the knife had got adrift as he stooped over the bows, and fouling the stock, 'ere he could clear it, he found himself on his passage to discover whether turbot, skate, or conger eels, were pleasanter company than those he had so unceremoniously been compelled to leave; however the lanyard burst, and he was spared the introduction to the scaly population: the only evidence of concern he exhibited upon the occasion was a systematic and quarter-hourly fit of anathematizing his eyes for the loss of his favourite knife.

"One would have imagined this little incident would have smoothed over whatever difference had existed between Geordie and his crew, and White several times spoke to him deprecatingly in a low tone; it was of no avail. I saw the 'laughing devil in his sneer,' he was in one of his obstinate moods; he had the boat hoisted in again, and at a little after seven we found ourselves beating down the Man-of-war roads with the wind at south, as nasty a sea on as a man could wish, and the 'beauty,' the Gazelle, doing anything and everything but what she ought. I did not half like the aspect of things at all, poor White was in an awful way, and I did not like saying a word to Geordie lest I should be set down as being in a similar state of mind:—the glass too was falling and every thing gave indication of a coming gale. I ventured to hint this, and also

a few of what I considered to be sage observations respecting the stretching of new rigging, untried spars, the probability of a bolt being left unclinched in the keel scurph:—'Pshaw! he'd seen them all done himself, I need fear no leak there; and as for hemp and timber, it was not for nothing he had spent his winter at her.'—'Well but where are the crew Geordie?' I cried, losing all patience at last. 'Ay that's just it!' he exclaimed with a sardonic grin, 'they said they did not like to sail a craft's first cruize on a Friday, that it boded ill to some of us, tho' I do believe it was some jollification ashore that was at the bottom of it!'

"'Be warned Master Geordie, be warned;' said White in a low voice, and as I thought mournfully.

"Jonas Eyre and Morton added their suggestions that we should bout ship and come to until the weather cleared a bit; but the advice seemed to set Geordie almost beside himself, and more so when White said that Mr. Abraham Morton had given us one good warning already. Geordie was at the tiller, and every plunge she made seemed only to render him more determined:—we were now well outside, and the wind westering he laid her head up east and by south, this was running into the jaws of the lion with a vengeance; however there was no help for it, so I determined to go and get the crew to work if possible, as I saw we were in for a night of it: down I went accordingly, but it was of little avail, 'They were Christian men and would'nt be treated like dogs, and if there was law or justice in the land they'd have it of Mr. Parsons!' I ventured to hint at the rising gale and that it would be better to make the vessel all snug and right now, than maybe to have it to do by-and-bye for their lives.—Ah, 'twas of no use! there is no animal two-legged or otherwise so deaf to reason as a sulky sailor.

"When I came on deck again the sea had risen tremendously, and the gale was roaring up astern of us in wild fury;—I saw Geordie begin to look anxious, and giving White the tiller, we then proceeded to take the canvass off her: after a hard hour's work, for the canvass was like a deal board, everything new and stiff, and the running gear like bars of iron, we succeeded in getting three reefs down after a fashion; stowed the foresail, and shifted our working for a storm jib,—housed the topmast, and I can tell you we all felt a little proud in having proved ourselves so independent of our refractory crew; but the sea was getting worse and worse, the shrouds and lanyards were stretching like a J conscience, the sails were settling all into bags, the mast was sagg about at every jump she gave, and the boom was buckled up li schoolboy's bow; she was taking the quarterly sea in over her deck tons; the night was set black and dreary, with a heavy damp pal

mist, so that you could not see your hand before you. Still Geordie said not a word although I knew he was sorely tried; at length he turned to White and whispered to him. I never will forget the look of Geordie's face as White said gravely.

"'It is the only course left now, Sir, and if you miss the Hook light in the fog, you may square up the log as soon as you like:—she's not the craft to live through such a night as this!'

"One by one the startled crew made their appearance; it was no time for recrimination; there was a pull here and a pull there, but it was now too late—the wild fierce rage of nature laughed at man's weakness, and the strong and slashing crew, the gay and gallant yachtsmen, and the bounding bonny bark, which had left the roadstead of Queenstown a few hours before in all the pride of pomp and beauty, was tempest-tost and storm-riven; her rigging and gear flying wildly, the foaming billows of the great Atlantic hissing, boiling, roaring her requiem:—ever and anon were heard the wild unearthly scream of the mackerel diver, and to sum up all, the steward burst upon deck with the tidings that 'the water was over the main cabin platform!' It was at this moment that Geordie Parsons showed what he really was, a noble generous fellow; 'Lads!' he cried with a stern firm voice, 'I have been wrong, and I hope you will forgive me, but for me none of you would be here! Your hands!—let us work like men, and not drown like rats!'

"There was a shout, a frenzied cheer rose fitfully on the gale, as if in mockery of its rage, and cheerful alacrity and prompt obedience took the place of sulky submission and morbid indifference: such are sailors; you can lead them to the cannon's mouth, but you cannot drive them across a silken thread.

"'Keep her away sir, keep her away!' shouted White, 'keep her edging along the land, 'tis thicker and thicker ahead!'

"The warning came too late, we heard a stern, rolling, booming sound ahead of us, now crashing,—anon a solemn heavy sound, and then a wild hiss;—whilst upon our starboard hand loomed a huge dim red glare. 'By heaven! it is the Hook Tower light!' shouted Parsons, 'and we must jibe or we are lost!'

"'Steady Master Geordie!' roared the warning voice of White, 'steady r, you have plenty of room yet, watch the smooth and stay her!'

"The fiery obstinacy of the young master defeated the cool sagacity f the old man—hard up went the helm, and over went the boom, there as a snap, a crash, a jerk which took us off our legs, and the next oment the Gazelle was lying a dismasted wreck, hurled hither and ither, a bubble in a boiling cauldron!"

(To be continued.)

KINSALE HARBOUR REGATTA.

The aquatic sports of this time-honoured regatta, which has been in existence for a period longer than is included within the recollection of even the oldest lover of naval festivities, had their commencement the 24th of August. There may have been similar occurrences in previous years more numerously attended with spectators, or more attractive on account of the value of the prizes offered to the successful competitors, but there has probably never been a regatta at Kinsale, which, taking all the circumstances into consideration, has been more calculated to afford amusement and to display the sailing qualities of the various craft which attended it. In anticipation of the occurrence, the three great channels of communication with Kinsale, the Cork and Bandon Railway, the river steamers, and the Cork, Blackrock and Passage Railway, were put into requisition, and conveyed a large number of respectable parties to witness the sports.

Seldom has the voyage from Cork to Kinsale been made so pleasantly as on this occasion. The sea, despite the severe winds of the previous day, was almost as smooth as glass; and the two steamers, continuing not far from each other the entire distance. H.M.S. steam tender Advice, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Sir W. F. Carroll, left Queenstown at an early hour and arrived at Kinsale during the day. H.M. brig Wizard was beating round the harbour unsuccessfully for a considerable time, but at length arrived off the Old Head.

Through the exertions of those to whom the management of the regatta was confided, the entire affair passed off, under all circumstances very creditably to all those who were engaged in it. The committee of management included J. G. Daunt, M. C. Cramer, H. H. O'Bryan, S. Hodder, R. Heard, C. Knolles, T. Townsend, P. S. French, R. Lander, H. T. N. Meade, M.D., S. Herrick, and S. Lewis, Esqrs., with S. Dorman Esq., secretary. The course over which the races were to be run, as arranged by the committee, was from the quay round the Sovereign Islands, thence to the flag-boat stationed two miles south-east of the end off the Head of Kinsale, back round the islands and into the harbour. This course is in extent about twenty-five miles, consi[illegible] longer than the course in the Queenstown regatta.

The harbour of Kinsale is exceedingly well adapted for m[illegible] races; few, indeed, if any, can in that respect compete with it. [illegible] freedom of its navigation, the absence of shoals and obstructions, [illegible] fresh breeze which continually raises a ripple on its waters, the prox[illegible]

of a large number of independent and maritime-loving gentry, above all its compactness of form, render it unrivalled as a harbour for aquatic festivities. Add to this, that the day was promising, the breeze stiff S.W., the following yachts, though perhaps, few in number, first rate in sailing qualities, and it will not be surprising that the spectators enjoyed a rich treat on this occasion.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
38	Antelope	cutter	17	W. Hull, Esq.
195	Cygnet	cutter	19	R. Lander, Esq.
268	Echo	schooner	64	R. Heard, Esq.
291	Enchantress	cutter	48	S. Hodder, Esq.
308	Experiment	cutter	5	P. S. French, Esq.
360	Fleak	cutter	10	H. E. Chatterton, Esq.
486	Imp	cutter	10	H. H. O'Bryan, Esq.
587	Louisa	cutter	72	C. Penrose, Esq.
625	Mask	cutter	25	J. C. Atkins, Esq.
	Spray	cutter	15	— Hayes, Esq.
1049	Vision	cutter	45	J. Daunt, Esq.
1076	Water Wagtail	schooner	25	R.N. P. Fitzgerald, Esq.

The First Race.—For First Class Hookers, of 22 tons and upwards. £7 for the first boat, and £3 for the second. The following started:—

Boats' Names.	Owners.	Boats' Names.	Owners.
Falcon	Mr. Smith	Fanny	Mr. Cadogan
Mary Dawson	Mr. Dawson	William	Mr. Lander

The gun fired at 11 o'clock, and the four vessels started exceedingly well, but unfortunately the jib-boom of the Falcon was carried away, owing to some accident, just as she had passed Spehane-point, and she had to put back and give up the race. Mr. Dawson's boat came in at 5h. 25m.; the others were not timed. It was a curious circumstance but one which not unfrequently occurs on similar occasions, that the winning boat was the last at the outset, and was the one which showed the least sailing qualities in the beginning. As the race advanced however, she gained on her competitors, and before the race had terminated, she was by a considerable distance the foremost.

Second Race.—For yachts not exceeding 15 tons.—Prize, a Silver Cup: Time race.

Only two yachts started for this race, viz: the Imp, 10 tons, H. H. O'Bryan, Esq., and the Spray, 15 tons, T. Hayes, Esq. They got off very nearly together, and so continued for some time, but great disappointment was occasioned by the Spray giving up, and entering a protest; the Imp however continued her course.

Third Race.—For four oared gigs, the prize being £3.

Five boats entered, but only three started, viz: the Mary, Mr. Betson; Royal George, Mr. Williams; and Vision, Mr. Daunt. After a well contested race the Mary was declared the winner.

Fourth Race.—For a prize of £2. Between the Falcon from Belgooly and Mr. Cole's Polka (these were the two boats which entered for the former race). They had an excellent start, and from the plucky rowing of the crews, it was doubtful which would be the winner. Near the close of the race the Belgooly boat appeared a-head of its competitor, and was certain of winning. Owing, however, to some misapprehension or inadvertence, she did not keep the prescribed course, and in consequence lost the race. The Polka, though behind her rival by some boats' lengths, was adjudged the winner.

Fifth Race.—The prize, a set of flags, for yachts under 5 tons.

Two only entered, viz: the Warhawk, Mr. Daltera, and the Jenny Lind, Mr. Shaw, after a good display of seamanship the Warhawk was hailed the winner.

Sixth Race.—This race was announced by four-oared gigs, rowed by gentlemen, but Falcon's crew being manned by Messrs. J. & P. Connell, Crowley and Anderson, and steered by Mr. Burke, deterred any other parties from entering, consequently there was no race.

The amusements concluded for this day with walking a greasy pole for a pig.

A Ball took place which was very numerously and fashionably attended.

Second Day.

The morning broke in exceedingly fine, but apprehensions were for some time entertained that there would not be breeze sufficient to test the sailing qualities of the different craft. The fineness of the weather, however, induced a large number of schooners, yawls, cutters, &c., to come into the harbour, and its appearance at about two o'clock was exceedingly interesting and picturesque, Boats filled with ladies were passing continually to and fro, the yachts which were very numerous, slowly sailed across the bay, the Wizard brig being also off the Point, while on shore the scene was not less exciting, the club quay being occupied by numbers of gaily dressed parties, and enlivened by the music of a military band. The River Steam Company's boat, Prince Arthur, Captain Livingston, arrived at half past twelve, after an unusually q passage, and the Cork and Passage Railway's new boat Albert, arr some time previously, both vessels being freighted with a respec assemblage of passengers. Some time will probably elapse before sale will again present so gay and animated a scene. The beau walk from the "Long Quay" and thence up the road to the "C

was taken advantage of by several parties, who enjoyed an excellent view of the harbour, and the several races which took place during the day. Other persons preferred viewing the harbour from an opposite point of sight, and accordingly walked past the ramparts, which form an elevated promenade, affording an extensive view of the sea and the various craft which it included. This walk terminates with the pretty row of seven almshouses, where several poor aged Protestants are furnished with a home and maintenance. Situated at a short distance is the Green, and the Assembly room, where the ball had been held the preceding evening. The green consists of a small, but well situated piece of ground, planted with trees, and fronting the Assembly rooms. It affords an excellent view of the harbour, and was frequented by several parties during the day.

The chief interest of the regatta, however, naturally centred itself at the quay adjoining the committee room. Here a military band played a number of excellent airs, and under the shade of an awning, large numbers of ladies were accommodated with seats. Here they had an uninterrupted view of every race as it commenced and terminated: and the eye could take in at a glance the entire extent of the harbour, studded as it was with vessels decorated with flags of a thousand hues, besides numerous small boats and other craft.

First Race.—The Corinthian Cup, value £20, which was on the card for this day, open to yachts over ten tons, was not filled up to six o'clock on Thursday evening, and the committee consequently judged it best to change it to a race open to all yachts of fifteen tons and upwards, upon which the following started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
38	Antelope.....	cutter	17	W. Hull, Esq
	Firefly.....			Wheeler, Esq
291	Enchantress.....	cutter	48	S. Hodder, Esq

This was a time race, half-minute per ton up to thirty-five tons, and above that half rate Acker's scale. The three boats made a very pretty start, the Antelope leading the way, and the Firefly and Enchantress following nearly lose together. As the race advanced, however, the Firefly got ahead, and ıme in soon after five o'clock.

Second Race was by small sailing boats. Prize, a smoking cap, for which three contended.

Third Race, was by first class gigs, prize £1. Two started. This race as very well contested, and was an exceedingly and interesting trial of speed. t was won by the Polka. which was rowed all through in good style.

Fourth Race, was by two boats of H. M. Brig Wizard, manned by naval apprentices. This was also very closely contested, the winner being only wo or three lengths ahead of her rival.

The amusement of the day terminated, as the preceding one had done, with a "pig and pole," which was productive of much merriment.

Each evening there was a grand display of fireworks.

Mr. Hayes, of the Spray, having objected on Thursday to the prize being adjudged to the Imp, the flag-boat not being in her proper place, the committee however, decided that Mr. Hayes having hauled down his racing flag before coming in was not entitled to lodge an objection, and Mr. O'Bryen having stated that he went round the flag-boat, the Committee considered that he had won the prize.

DOVER AND CINQUE PORTS REGATTA.

THIS regatta took place on Tuesday, the 29th August, which was well attended.

Sailing match, for a cup, value £30, for yachts over 14 tons, and not exceeding 40 tons O.M., half a minute allowed for difference of tonnage; entrance £1. 1s., three to start or no race.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Ton.	Owners.
69	Avalon	35	James Goodson, Esq
108	Bonita	30	T. Barnes, Esq
628	Maud	25	Captain Andrews
25	Amazon	35	A. J. Young, Esq
487	Ino	25	T. Groves, Esq

The Avalon arrived at the flag-ship at 8h. 30m. P.M., but was protested against by the owner of the Bonita, the Bonita came in at 8h. 34m. 39s. and the Maude at 8h. 50m.

A sailing match for a cup, value £20, for yachts not exceeding 14 tons O.M.; time for tonnage; entrance half a guinea; three to start.

For this race the Kitten, ten tons, Thomas Harvey, Esq., and the Thought, 25 tons, G. Coope, Esq., started, but, being becalmed, they resailed it on the following day, when the Thought arrived at 6h. 39m., and the Kitten at 6h. 32m. It appears strange to us, and doubtless will so to our readers that the conditions of this race, should have been departed from, we m that the Thought of 25 tons, should have been admitted to a contest wl was supposed to be confined to yachts of 14 tons; but we can only giv account as it has reached us, and doubtless the explanation will follo

Liberal prizes were given for rowing, which produced some excellent The day's amusement closed with a display of fireworks.

YACHT RACE IN BRISTOL CHANNEL.

A PRIVATE match between the Bonita, thirty tons, built by Messrs. C. Hill and Son, of Bristol, for Thomas Barnes, Esq., R.T.Y.C., and the Adiante, twenty-two tons, built and owned by William Patterson, jun. Esq., R.W.Y.C. of Ireland. The owner of the Bonita challenged the other to run a course of forty miles, on which he would allow twelve minutes (double the usual allowance for difference of tonnage,) and stake the thirty guinea cup won at Milford against the Adiante's twenty guinea cup won at Swansea. The race came off on Thursday, the 12th Oct. The course chosen was from the buoy on the Cardiff grounds, round the buoy on the West Nass Sands, and back. They were started at one P.M., with a light easterly breeze, the Bonita taking a most decided lead, which he gradually improved. The wind died away, and shortly afterwards the tide turned, and there not being enough to stem it, they both anchored.

At nine P.M., the Bonita got underway, stemming the tide with a very light breeze. The Adiante had previously done so, and ran down close in shore in the slack, rounding the steamer which showed the position of the buoy by her lights ten minutes before the Bonita, the wind continuing very light. About two hours after a steady breeze sprung up dead ahead, and it soon became evident that the Adiante had no chance. In two tacks the Bonita left her far astern to leeward, and they arrived home as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Bonita	7	42	55	Adiante	8	45	55

The Bonita thus beat her opponent one hour and three minutes, in the course of twenty-three miles, and consequently retains the cup she won at Milford, and regains the cup lost at Swansea, over a course of eight miles, when she came in three minutes and twenty-two seconds ahead, but having to allow fifty seconds per ton on that short course, stood little chance of winning.

DUNOON AND KIRN REGATTA.

This regatta took place on the 22nd of August at Dunoon, in the Firth of Clyde. The proceedings were under the auspices of the Royal Northern Yacht Club, G. Middleton, Esq., acting as Commodore, the Orion Club vessel was anchored off the pier. There was a numerous attendance of yachts, which is mainly attributable to the good management as regards the time of the two regattas, Dunoon and Largs. From the great depth of water the Commodore determined to start the vessels, whilst under canvas, and time them as they passed the Orion.

The first race was for a cup value 30 guineas, for which the following cutters contended.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
197	Cymba	cutter	53	J. M. Rowan, Esq
194	Coralie	cutter	35	A. E. Byrne, Esq
	Foam	cutter	25	Capt. Longfield

The course was taken from inside the Orion, round a flag-boat in Wemys Bay, on the opposite side of the Clyde, along the eastern shore to a flag-boat off Ashton, thence back to the western shore, to a flag-boat off Kilcreggan, rounding a flag off Strone Point, and winning between the Orion and the pier of Dunoon, about 23 miles. Every flag-boat to be left on the port hand.

There was an excellent start, and the three clippers were soon settled down to their work, with a nice though variable breeze at W.S.W. The Cymba, as was expected, went away with a strong lead, which she gradually increased to the flag-boat in Wemys Bay, from whence to Ashton the wind lightened considerably, and the little Coralie drew rapidly up to her flying rival, too closely pressed by the Foam to render her chance certain. The Cymba, however, soon set the matter at rest after rounding the flag-boat at Ashton. She hauled her wind for Kilcreggan, and careening over to a slashing breeze, W.N.W., bade her competitors adieu, and for a second time during a three-and-twenty mile race proved her extraordinary speed. The Coralie was beautifully handled throughout, and is at all times a dangerous rival. The Foam is one of Wanhill's last build, and a pretty and fast vessel.

The subjoined is the Commodore's timing:—

Names of Yachts.	Started.			Arrived.			Time.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Cymba	12	41	18	3	27	16	2	45	58
Coralie	12	41	0	3	34	49	2	53	44
Foam	12	42	53	3	44	51	3	1	58

Allowance of time for difference of tonnage, twenty seconds per ton. Thus it will be perceived that the Cymbia beat the Coralie, exclusive of her allowance of time, 1m. 46s., and the Foam by 6m. 58s.

For the 15 guinea cup the following vessels started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Na mes of Yachts.	Ton.	Owners.
714	Onda	20	R. W. Laurie, Esq
870	Siren	19	W. Verner, Esq
180	Cormorant	20	J. Charley, Esq

After a very pretty race and admirable display of nautical skill they were placed as follows:—

Names of Yachts.	Started.			Arrived.			Time taken.	
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.
Onda	1	31	7	4	20	59	2	57
Siren	I	31	42	4	45	15	3	13

Cormorant not placed. The course similar to the larger vessels. A ance of time for difference of tonnage 20 seconds per ton.

For the 10 guinea cup a most exciting struggle took place, betwee

Emily schooner of seven tons, built by Fife, of Fairlie. for Mr. Huggins, of Glasgow, and the Stranger, on the model of the famous little American clipper the Truant. It was won in gallant style after a determined struggle, by the pretty little Emily, beating the Stranger, Gipsy, and six other vessels.

Numerous rowing and sailing boat prizes were contended for, wherein much skill was displayed, and the winners were greeted with loud and prolonged cheers.

The regatta passed off in most admirable style, and we must congratulate Commodore Middleton upon his very successful management.

YACHT CLUB ROYAL BELGE REGATTA.

As Antwerp is becoming a fashionable place of resort of our yachtsmen, it will not be out of place to give a short description of the city, which is strongly fortified with a citadel on the right bank of the Schelde, here it is navigable for vessels of large tonnage. The tide rises about twelve feet, and the water is brackish. Antwerp contains about 80,000 inhabitants. No city in Belgium presents grander streets and squares, the finest of which is the Place de Meir; and its magnificent line of quays, along the Schelde are unrivalled in the country. An old author describing the condition of Antwerp in the days of Charles V. says that, "2500 vessels were to be seen at one time lying in the river, laden with the productions of all quarters of the globe: 500 loaded waggons on an average entered its gates daily from the country. The money put into circulation annually exceeded 500,000,000 guilders, and 5000 merchants met twice every day on the exchange."

There are several splendid buildings worthy of careful attention; and within the Cathedral and Museum the connoisseur and artist will find many works of the great masters.

Antwerp enjoys a high reputation from its encouragement of the arts, and the eminent artists it has produced. It will be sufficient to mention the great names of Rubens (who lived here and whose parents were of Antwerp,) and of Vandyck, without alluding to others also great in their way, as Teneirs, Jordaens, Quentin Matsys, &c., who were all natives of Antwerp or its neighbourhood.

According to the programme which we received from the Honorary Secretary, Mons. A. André, the patronage of his Majesty Leopold I. and their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Brabant, and Count of Flandre, was extended to this regatta. Ever since the establishment of the Club the Annual meeting has been hailed by all parties as a general holiday, and liberal prizes both for sailing and rowing, have caused much com-

petition, not only among the natives of Belgium, but our own yachts have entered and successfully contested.

The first day (23rd of August) is that on which the natives excitement is at its "highest pitch," the rowing matches creating among them much speculation; the value of the prizes being set at nought, in comparison to the honor gained by the victory.

On the second day (24th of August) the *president 'd honneur*, H. R. H. the Duke of Brabant gave a most magnificent silver vase to be sailed for by yachts belonging to all nations, which brought the following to the start:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1854.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.
69	Avalon	33	J. Goodson, Esq
198	Bonita	30	T. Barnes, Esq
350	Fawn	25	H. Fillis, Esq
	Petrel	16	F. Scheepsma, Esq
	Sperwer	18	Amsterdam Club
960	Thought	28	G. Coope, Esq
1342	Victorine	18	G. Collings, Esq. Com.

The Meermin, 53 tons, belonging to Capt. Isinger of Amsterdam was expected, her non-arrival caused some disappointment.

The course to be sailed was from off the steam packet pier, down the river about eighteen miles, round a flag-ship stationed off Bath, returning past the pier to a flag-ship moored a mile up the river, after rounding which to return to the pier.

On board the English yachts much alacrity was displayed, they seemed to feel that the honour of Old England was at stake. On the signal being given the start took place, at 10h. 23m, A.M. The Avalon had the lead, closely followed by the Thought, and the others, except Bonita and Sperwer, the latter unfortunately fouled in canting, the Sperwer's bowsprit catching her boom, a few minutes elapsed before they got clear, then away flew the Bonita in pursuit, overhauling each yacht successfully except the Avalon and Thought, these yachts having obtained considerable lead, kept ploughing a-head, but in rounding the flag-ship at Bath the Thought was first as will be seen by the following statement:—

Names of Yachts.	At Bath.			Passed the Pier.			The Finish.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Thought	12	14	30	2	11	30	2	19	9
Avalon	12	16	45	2	13	50	2	24	5
Bonita	12	22	20	2	21	30	2	30	--
Fawn	12	28	5	2	35	35	2	46	
Sperwer	12	36	7						
Victorine	12	38	0						
Petrel	12	38	5						

From the flag-vessel at Bath to the flag-vessel moored beyond the there was a good display of seamanship, as the breeze having freshe

they shifted top-sails, and as may be imagined by the above table, a splendid race was the result. The Avalon was declared the winner, as the Thought was only allowed to sail upon sufferance, in consequence of the absence of her register. The Bonita received the second prize.

TEIGNMOUTH REGATTA.

The Annual acquatic sports of this place came off on the 22nd day of August, which caused an influx of visitors and holiday folks. There was however some disappointment in the Sailing matches, owing to the non-attendance of that goodly fleet usually seen disporting the bunting of the various Clubs on these occasions; but sufficient amusement was afforded by the rowing matches to gratify those who came with a determination to be pleased.

A prize of twenty guineas, for yachts of any rig, fifteen tons and upwards, the property of a member of a royal yacht club.

The only yachts entered were Phantom, S. Lane, Esq., twenty-five tons, and Annie, S. Triscott, Esq., twenty-two tons.

The wind was W.N.W., a fine breeze, and had the mark boats been placed so as to have tried the yachts on all points, might have been an interesting race. The committee, however, placed the mark boats so as to exclude all beating to windward.

At about half-past two, the yachts started, the odds being on Phantom from her greater length and size. Just after starting the Annie unfortunately sprung her boom, not, however at first so badly. In going from the eastern to the western stake boat, she weathered the latter a point free, whilst Phantom only fetched nearly half-a-mile to leeward, thus gaining on her between those mark boats. In the second round the wind veered more to northward, and both yachts fetched all the stake boats. The prize was ultimately carried off easily by the Phantom.

A prize of eight guineas, for pleasure boats belonging to the port of Teignmouth, not exceeding twenty tons, was won by Ithiel, thirteen tons, beating Ruby, twelve tons, and Mary, ten tons. This race was looked forward to with great interest, inasmuch as the owner of the winner, (W. Stiggins,) was one of the unfortunate pilots who was upset and nearly lost his life on the bar some few years ago, and this vessel was raised for him by subscription, but her sailing qualities had never but once before been tested, we hear, in a race, and the Ruby was the favourite, but it was soon discovered she had no chance, and the prize was won easily.

A piece of plate, value five guineas, the gift of the ladies of Teignmouth for four-oared boats not exceeding thirty-four feet, to be rowed by amateurs, was won by the Amateur, (Mitchel, Exeter, E.A.B.C., thirty-two feet,) beating the Sylph, (Moss, Exeter, thirty-two feet,) Undine, (Turner, E.B.C. thirty-two feet,) and the Flirt, (Pratt and Reed, thirty feet). This was a

most spirited and exciting race, the boats keeping well together throughout, and had not the Undine taken the wrong side of the mark boat in rounding, it is more than probable she would have come in first.

Several rowing matches were nobly contested, and the sports ended with a punt race which excited some fun, as the punt being caught the rower contrived to get sufficiently near the shore as to jump on land and evade being captured.

A ball took place at the Assembly Rooms in the evening which was fully and fashionably attended.

ROYAL CANADIAN YACHT CLUB.—*Toronto.*

Yachting is making its way in all parts of the world. In North America it is going ahead, as will be seen by the annexed letter which we have received from the Vice Commodore, E. M. Hodder, Esq. The club now boasts of a large number of members, and registers about twenty-five yachts of various tonnage on its list.

September 30th, 1854.

"SIR.—I herewith beg to enclose to you a copy of the laws and regulations of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club for the year 1854.

"This club was originally established about four years ago under the name of "The Toronto Yacht Club," but from the success which has attended the efforts of its members, and the present prosperity of the club, the officers and members were emboldened during the visit of Lord Elgin to Europe, (the Governor-General of British N. A.) to petition her Majesty for permission to become a Royal Club.

"This request was most gratiously granted to us, by her Majesty, upon his lordship's return to Canada, and we are, therefore, now styled by her Majesty's warrant "The Royal Canadian Yacht Club."

"The officers and members of the club have to request that you will kindly give us a berth in your *Universal Yacht List*, for the year 1855, and in the hope that you will comply with their request, I enclose a rough sketch of the club burgee, which as you will perceive is blue with a white cross, the crown in the upper square, and the beaver, (the emblem of Canada) in the lower.

"The ensign is blue with a crown in the centre of the union.

"I enclose also a list of the boats belonging to the club with their respective measurements, tonnage, &c."

I am, &c.,

E. M. HODDER, *Vice-C*

To he Editor of H.Y.M.

Among the rules we find the following which will show the s[illegible] manner the club is conducted:—

"That the boats of the club assemble at four P.M., on every Sat[illegible]

during the season (weather permitting) about five hundred yards off Maitland's Wharf, in the direction of Privat's Hotel, and sail thence to the Garrison Wharf, and back to Queen's Wharf, under a leader, to be selected previously by lot, (owners of club-boats to draw first). All boats to keep astern of the leader until they reach the Queen's Wharf on their return, when the leader may haul down his flag, and the other boats be at liberty to proceed according to pleasure.

"That a challenge cup of the value of £25 be given every year by the club.

"That all prizes given by the club to be in plate not money."

ROYAL CORK YACHT CLUB.

The annual general meeting of this ancient yacht club was held on Thursday the 5th of October, at their new and handsome club-house, Queenstown, Richard Frankland, Esq., Vice Admiral, in the chair.

The routine business having been accomplished, the subjoined resolution was unanimously adopted:—"That all owners of yachts who shall be members of other Royal Yacht Clubs, not resident in the Province of Munster, be admissable as members of the Royal Cork Yacht Club, without payment of Entrance Fee, in an Annual subscription of £2; to be ballotted for in the ordinary way; such members to be designated 'out port members', to be permitted to carry the colours and warrant of the club: such persons to be eligible only while owners of yachts of at least ten tons, or to the end of the season in which they shall have disposed of the same."

The annual club dinner took place on the same day, when the assembled members passed a most delightful and social evening.

We understand that it is the intention of the Royal Cork Yacht Club to hold a Grand Regatta during the season of 1855; and also that they purpose giving an opportunity to all Corinthian crews of testing their prowess against the gallant Royal Cork men in their own waters: verily the Irish yacht clubs are going ahead, and upon the true course too. We have little doubt that these Corinthian matches will do more to further the spirit of yachting and to produce a fine school of practical yachtsmen than any other mode of proceeding we know of: at all events to wear a gold band and gilt buttons now a-days it seems that you must first prove you are deserving of the privilege, and very justly so Such measures as these are the only effective ones to keep up the proper *Esprit de corps* amongst true yachtsmen.

We are truly glad to hear that the members of the oldest of the Royal Yacht Clubs are as usual in their proper position; and furthering by their example a genuine yachting movement.

ROYAL YACHT CLUB STATION, KINGSTOWN.

A season of unexampled brilliancy has just been brought to a conclusion upon this now renowned yachting station. There are probably few stations in the United Kingdom where the noble pastime of yachting has gone so rapidly ahead as at Kingstown: from the known capabilities of its noble harbour, the beautiful scenery of the fine Bay of Dublin, within which all the racing and trial courses are marked out; its proximity to the Irish metropolis, rendered by the aid of steam but some five and twenty minutes run;—the great accommodation to English and Scottish yachtsmen, afforded by the daily departure and arrival of some of the fine fleet of steamers plying eastward to Holyhead and Liverpool; northward to the Clyde, and southward for the Bristol Channel, Falmouth, Plymouth and London,—together with the facilities of approach by railway from all parts; may justly entitle Kingstown to be called amongst yachtsmen the "Newmarket" of the sea; and has already rendered it the favourite head quarters of Channel yachtsmen. In addition may be mentioned the courtesies extended by the clubs to members of other royal yacht clubs, and their friends visiting Kingstown;—by the Royal St. George's and Royal Irish at their fine and elegantly appointed club-houses which occupy such prominent positions on the margin of the harbour; by the Royal Westerns on board their commodious and well-found club yacht the "Owen Glendower", and at their cheerful and comfortably arranged little town club-house in Grafton Street Dublin.

The winter quarters for yachts are not less worthy of commendation than are its summer attractions: there are two commodious basins; one situated at the north side of the Liffey, viz: the Custom-house docks; whose lessee, a well known yachtsman, Henry Scovell, Esq., is remarkable for his attention and courtesy, not only to the members of his own club (the Royal St. George's,) but also to all other yachtsmen, who winter their craft in this secure haven; and the obliging harbour-master, Captain Moppett, discharges his duties with an equal regard to their convenience.

The other wintering basin is situated on the south side of the river, at the Ringsend Docks, of which the Dublin Dock Company are the proprietors; their Dock-master Mr. Pollen, is always to be found — attentive and ready to oblige. There are upwards of forty yachts a present time in these basins, where they will remain until the sn 1855 invites them o'er the bright blue waves.

Although the season has but just ended, the coming one i anticipated, and the regatta of 1855 has already been the su

consideration: we understand it will be held under the auspices of the Royal St. Georges's Yacht Club; and we have little doubt that it will prove as successful as any of its predecessors. We trust that the example set by the Royal Westerns upon this station will be followed up, and that a valuable Champion prize for Corinthian crews may be found upon the lists of 1855; we have little doubt that if such should be the case, and that early intimation be given, a large muster of Corinthian crews from all the Royal Yacht Clubs will be found eager to contend for the Championship.

It has been spoken of that a fleet of the three squadrons, red, white, and blue may be assembled after the Royal St. George's regatta of 1855 for a cruize to Cherbourg, and a visit to the Paris Exhibition.

PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB.

Commodore Berncastle being appointed to an official situation in Melbourne, resigned the Premiership of this club, and R. Hewitt, Esq. (owner of the celebrated little clipper Gnat,) was unanimously elected to the office. This gentleman is a thorough yachtsman, and we congratulate the Club on their selection.

RANELAGH AND ANGLESEA YACHT CLUBS.

But a few years ago the sailing on the waters of Old Father Thames as relates to yachting, was confined to a few small boats, which had occasional matches in the reaches above Old London Bridge. Now-a-days the 100 ton schooner "walks the waters like a thing of life," and the humbler but not the less famed cutters of eight, ten and twenty tons, contend with honest rivalry against each other, beneath the fluttering bunting of half a dozen red and blue burgees, a fleet of more than 200 sail range themselves under the presiding care of half a dozen broad pendants, and ever and anon, the varied incidents of this noble pastime animate the supporters in the club-room, on the steamer, and at the ball. No pastime has ever attained such a degree of nationality as yachting. The hunter may point to his sport as that best calculated to maintain, and keep up that fine old English spirit of his ancestors; but, it is to the stalwart arm and the sinewy frame of the bold British sailor, that we look to preserve the fame of the wooden walls of Old England. Everything must have a beginning, even a natural taste can only be gratified by small means at first, and it is to the origin of that glorious result that

we now refer, which "growing with its growth, and strengthened with its strength," has made the Royal Thames Yacht Club the pride of the river, the giant offspring of the Coronation Sailing Society of 1823. The compeers of this noble club, the Royal London and the Prince of Wales in honorable rivalry, without antagonism have followed the course of their progenitors and gone below preferring, the "real salt," with its angry flood, to the more placid waters of Battersea Reach. They are quite right, vessels of large tonnage should go seawards and seek for opportunities of shewing the proficiency of their amateur crews. But "whilst we are feasting with the great, we must not forget the small." The infant school of yachtsmen, Neptune's nursery, must not be abandoned. We must train up the young sailor "in the way he should go that when he is old, he may not depart from it." Battersea and Putney Reaches, with "Robert's punchbowls," and the little sprit-sail, and other small craft of that ilk. Here are the places and these are the things for our embryo yachtsmen.

We are glad to see that this has not been lost sight of, and once again we shall see some sailing, under good management and organization, amongst the minor craft in these waters. Two good clubs have started, the Ranelagh and the Anglesea, both bearing characteristic names, the former reviving in its name the scenes of the glories of the far famed "Ranelagh" of old, when flaunting dames and gay cavaliers discoursed sweet converse, in the enchanted gardens of this locality, the latter perpetuating a name glorious in itself, dear to every Englishman, whether landsman or sailor, and alike honored and renowned in the "court, the camp, and the grove."

These clubs have both been founded this year, and possess in their formation those elements which must command success,—energy, spirit, and gentlemanly feeling. One bears the red, the other the blue ensign with letters. The burgee of the Ranelagh is blue with the letters R.Y.C.; that of the Anglesea is red with the Marquis's coronet. May these emblems float in generous rivalry and strive together to promote agreeable diversions amongst themselves, and for the pleasure also of the residents along the river side. The surrounding scenery is so beautiful that we prognosticate next year the sports in this part of the river will create general attraction. We trust the nobility and gentry inhabi this locality will support institutions calculated to promote the inter of the watermen and others, whose livelihood since the advent of steam have become somewhat precarious.

The Ranelagh hold their meetings at the Swan, Battersea; t Commodore is J. Tombleson, Esq., and their Vice-Commodo

Guest, Esq., both active men. The Anglesea hold their meetings at the Pier Hotel, Chelsea; their Commodore is C. F. Chubb, Esq., one of the original members and the active secretary of the Prince of Wales Club; and their Vice-Commodore, Robert Hewett, Esq., also a member of that club, but as this gentleman has just been promoted to the office of Commodore of the Prince of Wales, we presume his appointment will devolve on some other gentleman.

At the last meeting of this club, after the business was concluded, and a select body of members had partaken of a social supper, Commodore Chubb in returning thanks for his health, made some remarks so pertinent to the principles on which the club has been established that we cannot refrain from giving them.

He said,—"Gentlemen, I will take this opportunity of repeating what I said at our first preliminary meeting, that this club has been established for the promotion of yacht sailing in vessels of five tons and under, above bridge: it is founded on the principles of perfect cordiality and fraternization with every existing yacht club; its interests are identical with each, and its objects antagonistic to none. It is exceedingly gratifying to me to find so many members and friends rallying around us, because it shows that our views have not been misconstrued, that our object is a legitimate one, and that the vacancy existing in the yachting world we were destined to fill.

"The Ranelagh has recently been established on principles similar to our own, though limited in extent as to members.

"We have established the Anglesea on the broad basis of non-exclusion; our motto is, "open to all, influenced by none." We only hope members will exercise a wise discretion in submitting only those names to the ballot, which from personal experience will ensure a course of gentlemanly conduct in the club.

"The Rules and Regulations which have been submitted to you will shortly be in the hands of members, and will point out the several distinctive features of the club. Let each member do his utmost to assist the committee in carrying them out, and next year I shall have the satisfaction of congratulating you on the full and complete success of your undertaking.

"I need hardly urge upon you the necessity of attending the meetings of the club, and supporting its Annual Dinner and Ball, the latter especially, as we look to the Ladies as one of the most special sources of promoting harmony amongst us. Appear always on these occasions in the Uniform of the Club, and I feel from your energy, your yachting spirit, and your gentlemanly bearing that that Uniform will soon be as

honourable and respected a mark of distinction as that of any other Yacht Club in the Kingdom.

"I feel honoured at the proud position in which you have placed me, and I promise you that my best exertions shall ever be used to promote the honour, the success, and the prosperity of the Anglesea Yacht Club."

This is the proper spirit to carry out the objects of this Club, and we have no fear of its success. All hail to thee Anglesea! All hail to thee Ranelagh, our pages are open to you, and next year may we live to record your bright doings: we wish you a brilliant season and a glorious career.

Our Editor's Locker.

THE LOSS OF THE EAGLE YACHT.

Enniskillen, October 20th, 1854.

SIR.—I beg to hand you the following account of the late fatal accident on Lough Erne, by which the Eagle Yacht, twenty-one tons, the property of W. D'Arcy, Esq., of Necairne Castle was lost, and three men drowned.

On the 22nd of September last, Arthur D'Arcy, Esq., was out cruizing in his father's yacht, the Eagle, in company with three other yachts belonging to the Erne Yacht Club; about five o'clock in the evening he started for Castle Caldrock, the seat of his brother-in-law J. C. Bloomfield, Esq., a distance of fourteen miles down the lake. It was then blowing fresh from the south-west with heavy showers and squalls.

The yacht was on a close haul, and under a single reef; when she had proceeded about half way, it being then about half-past six o'clock and duskish, Mr. D'Arcy having had the fore-sail previously lowered, found it afterwards necessary to lay the yacht to, to take another reef in the mainsail: whilst she was lying to and the crew were in the act of hauling down the reef, a violent squall struck her, threw her over and drove her down by the stern before anything could be eased to right her. Mr. D'Arcy and a sailor boy named Oliver, the son of the skipper, were washed overboard and escaped in a gig, which was attached to the yacht. When they caught the gig the yacht with three men in her, namely, Wm. Oliver the skipper, Samuel Moore, a builder, and John Gudian, Mr. D'Arcy's servant, were no where to be seen. The painter, fortunately for the survivors had snapped, but the gig was still held by the end of the main-sheet, which had been bent to for security, from its length allowed the gig to float after the yacht had disappeared. was instantly cut off by Mr. D'Arcy, who with the boy, remained for s time in the gig about the place where the illfated yacht had gone d in hopes of being able to find the remainder of the party; but they sa rise no more: they then made their way before the wind to an island

three miles off on which J. G. Acheson, Esq., has a cottage, and where they were kindly received and every attention paid to them for the night. The locality of the yacht has since been discovered in about twenty fathoms water.

The body of the skipper has been taken up with a drag, but neither of the other bodies has yet been found. It is supposed Mr. Moore is in the cabin of the yacht, and that the servant got entangled in the rigging. It is understood to be Mr. D'Arcy's intention to have the yacht raised, more for the purpose of getting the bodies than from any wish he has again to see the unlucky Eagle. This is the second time she has visited the bottom, having gone down at her moorings last winter in the ice.

She was lengthened by the bows the season before last, and has since proved herself anything but a weatherly craft, she was heavily sparred for carrying large racing sails, as indeed are almost all the yachts on this lake.

This dangerous practice is to be attributed to a mistaken rule of the club, forbidding the use of the gaff-top-sails in a race, and which was originally designed by some wiseacre for safety. The consequence is that the yachts carry masts and mainsails out off all proportion to their power, which renders them unfit, even when close-reefed, to stand the weather that a properly rigged vessel could encounter without any inconvenience.

The Banshee, twelve tons, is the only yacht on the lake rigged with a gaff-top-sail, and she can weather all storms.

It is to be hoped the club will cause this absurd rule to be erased from their sailing regulations, and have their yachts rigged as those of every other club. There is another absurdity in the rules for whilst the Erne Yacht Club profess to have its prizes open to the yachts of all clubs, this regulation must necessarily put them out of the race in fair weather.

I am, &c.,

A SUBSCRIBER.

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

THE LOSS OF THE AJAX STEAMER.

SIR.—The loss of the steamer Ajax, on the rocks near the Plymouth Mewstone, entailing, as we read by the papers, misery and destitution, upon some three hundred passengers, induces me to point out to some of your nautical readers, the excellence of a little work on *Channel Pilotage*, by Lieutenant Hay, R.N., being confident with such a publication in one's hand, it must be a man's own fault if he runs upon a rock, (that is if the weather be not foggy.) The author has most judiciously divided the whole line of coasts into sections, and in supposing a vessel to be working up between the different headlands and ports, he clearly enumerates every danger, and the means of avoiding them, in the simplest and most concise manner. Had the captain of the ill fated Ajax possessed the work, he might have read at page 21 and 22 as follows:—

"In working up from Rame Head to the Bolt, keep the former open of the *little* Mewstone about a ship's length, to avoid the Slimer Rocks, just eastward of the Mewstone, and by keeping the Bolt Head open to the southward of the Mewstone, you will be outside all the shoals about the entrance of Plymouth Sound. In *passing the Mewstone*, give it a berth of at least *one-eighth of a mile*, and in consequence of numerous outlying rocks, between the entrance to Yealm and Stoke Head, keep the town of Cawsand open of it."

Now, Mr. Editor, can any thing be more explicit than the above, but "to make assurance doubly sure." Lieutenant Hay gives in the work charts of the Coast and Harbours, and in No. 14 the very rocks the Ajax struck upon are correctly laid down.

I am, &c.

To the Editor of H. Y. M. AN OLD COASTER.

ON THE SPIRIT OF YACHTING.

"Of all the horrid, hideous notes of woe,
Sadder than owl-songs on the midnight blast,
Is that portentous phrase, 'I told you so,'
Uttered by friends, those prophets of the past,
Who 'stead of saying what you now should do,
Own they foresaw that you would fall at last;
And solace your slight lapse 'gainst 'bonos moras,'
With a long memorandum of old stories.

BYRON.

MR. EDITOR—I agree with Mr. Briny Deep in some points contained in his article in your June number and I do not in others, and upon the whole I am inclined to think, that had the advancement of the "Spirit of Yachting," (as our dear "Mother Carey's Chicken" very properly heads his article in your last Number,)—at heart; it is not by such a terrific announcement as that of the "*Perils* of Sea-voyages in Small Yachts," he would evince it; however as my maxim is, when you write or speak upon any matter, go at the point at once, and avoid everything in the way of sarcasm or ill-natured remark, as perchance those who indulge in such a method of reasoning, may find themselves high and dry upon the rocks of "useless disputation." So therefore let us all yachtsmen in whatever we write for *our* Magazine, endeavour to improve each other, lend a helping hand, encourage the timorous, and cheer on the adventurous, but above all let us avoid knocking our heads together, pelting ourselves with nasty hard lumps of English grammer, twisted up like corkscrews, and such like proceedings, which are only suitable to such like personages, as Irish Poor Law Guardians, Vindictive Churchwardens, that unfortunate animal which I am happy to observe is fast disappea from the columns of our public journals, viz., "a constant reader."

Every yachtsmen must have read with pleasure, the cruize of the d little Pet; and if I err not we may look out for even a more exciting from her adventurous owner, as I perceive she has been away up the R-

and at the taking of Bomersund: all honor therefore to such a gallant exploit, she must be an out and out wee craft, her owner a sailor, and a plucky one it has pleased his fancy, and no one has any right to censure a man for doing what he likes with his own, and after his own fashion. He has added a brilliant exploit to the annals of yachting, and if we had not some few daring spirits to lead the way, why the North-West passage would never have been discovered, and the heights of Alma would still remain under the shadow of the Russian eagles. But I will agree with "Briny Deep" in so far as I myself am concerned, that I have had now a life's experience in all sorts of craft, deck and no deck, and from no tonnage up to 800; and I confess I fully agree with him that I would *rayther* have a somewhat roomier craft under me when it came to blow "three reefs" down: however that is simply a matter of opinion, in which friend "Briny," you, and I agree; and probably having served our time in small craft, (at least I will answer for myself,) we abhor the recollections of our novitiate, but lord love thee "Briny Deep," deter not others, or we shall have no yachtsmen at all, nor not one of those beautiful little seven or eight ton clippers, which are a credit and an ornament to our yacht clubs, and are the certain forerunners of larger, abler, and more seaworthy craft: for believe me friend with the "deep" designation: when yachtsmen become like you and I

"Fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age."

Though faith I ought to beg your pardon, mayhap you are a fresh stalwart young fellow; although I can't think it: you may depend upon it its not skylarking about in a ten ton cutter, with a ton of wet clothes, and not a dry spot for their biscuits, they'll be—no, no!—its a good comfortable jog-along fifty tonner, which they never would have thought of but for commencing their career in a rattling little ten. No "Briny Deep," it will not do, we must not discourage such men as the Pet, or the Cerf-Volant, so I say for one,—at it ye little clippers!—ye are the thews and sinews of our royal yacht clubs, and may we always find plenty of ye cruising about; for a man will learn more of the real science of cutter sailing on board a small thing of eight or ten tons in one week, than he'd learn on board a fifty ton cutter during the course of his natural life; I know I served my apprenticeship in them, and although I am free to confess, that I now like a good roomy craft under me, with all the comfortable adjuncts of a dry shift of clothes, &c., when I require them, yet still no yachtsman will deny, that to learn the manhandling part of the science of cutter sailing, there is nothing to equal a small thing to commence with: in a small cutter you are taught to work for yourself and think for yourself, and you gradually acquire a confidence, which ventuates in the satisfactory feeling which will as surely develop itself, that you are master of the secret of sailing a cutter yacht,—your little craft is rigged the same, looks the same, is handled in the same manner, and upon the self-same principles as the veriest flying fifty of them all; and you gradually begin to think that if you were at the tiller of that fifty, that you

could possibly handle her every bit as well as the grey-haired veteran that gazes upon her well set canvass with watchful eye.

It is a good and a wholesome line of thinking, the results of which are that at the opening of the next season we see the poor little eight or ten tonner cast aside, and a handsome twenty-five or thirty-five tonner glides into her place, and thus builders are benefitted, science is benefitted, seamen are employed, and another royal burgee comes to the starting buoys. But had the embryo yachtsmen been confined to "open boats" or "ships launches," my dear "Briny Deep," the proper yachting spirit would never have shown, they would lack the *Esprit-de-corps*, would remain mere boat sailers to the end of their days, and would never have the pluck to sing—

"Hurrah! the riven spray shall furnish jewels for my crown,
A tiller for my sceptre, the quarter-deck my throne;
And the daring little burgee of white, or blue, or red,
The only flag I'd ever care to see above my head."

Thine dear Editor, and also "Briny's" fraternally,

CHEEKS THE MARINE.

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

ON PRACTICAL NOTES ON YACHTING.

17th of October, 1854.

SIR,—In reply to Lord Robert Montague's polite letter of the 16th of June, inserted in your last number, I beg to apologise in so far as I misunderstood his lordship in supposing that both the forestays suggested by him, were to be made fast permamently in some shape to the cutter's bows. His lordship now explains that he means these stays to be slacked and hauled taut alternately in a manner analagous to the backstays. This plan might do but I doubt it,—could you sufficiently secure your mast; and if you could, would the runners and tackles necessary to haul taut your stays, not interfere with the catting of your anchor?

His lordship refers to the head sail carried by the Maria,—Commodore Steven's Maria I presume he means,—that is quite another thing; as he very truly says, the stay is carried through the bumkin, or short bowsprit end, and set down to the stern head; the sail is set on the stay and works with a boom and a bonnet, so that it is never shifted; and my chief objection to such a sail in a cutter is at once removed. So it is in that fine vessel, Colonel Brown's Plover, and indeed in all the sloop-rigged vessels I have seen. I have no objection to a sloop, if she be a fair honest downright sloop, but I cannot bear the idea of mangling an honest old English cutter,—the more I see, and the more I sail, I am satisfied the more, it is the best sin going.

Again, as to the top-sail, I must repeat, that no sail set with a yard above a cutter's main-sail, will stand on a wind. The Maria has a top-sail although a short one I admit, and doubtless has a very high peaked top-sail I can cordially agree with his lordship in recommending; though

all no top-sail will stand with the main-sail, not even a jib-headed one, lace it to the mast as you like.

I am, &c.,

AUTHOR OF PRACTICAL NOTES.

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

LONDON MODEL YACHT CLUB.

London, October 24th, 1854.

SIR.—Knowing from personal observation, the interest you took in this club prior to the unjust interference of a select few with the press, I venture to hope that you yet possess kindly feelings towards its well-doing, and that you will allow me to draw your attention to the fact of the resignation of the commodore. This is the second resignation of that office within twelve months.

The commodoreship is once more in the market, and the members ought seriously to think, before they elect another. Party feeling will no doubt run high, but if the members wish the club to retain its present title and also allow the *originals* to keep among them, the new blood that has been infused into it, must permit their elders to look out for a commodore, who will not be ashamed to be seen at the matches on the Serpentine in his official capacity. A gentleman who can write esquire to the end of his name, and whose aristocratic ideas are above the minors, is not a fitting leader of a model club; it should be a tradesman, one whom the *original members* may look upon as one of themselves.

Now, Sir, there is at present an officer of the club, who belonged to it from its commencement, and who has exerted himself to keep the club together, and from his uniform kindness, good temper, and manly advocacy of justice and impartiality has gained the esteem of every one. I allude to Mr. Williams, the present vice-commodore, and I feel confident that no man would do more honor to the station. He is a highly respectable tradesman, unassuming, and affable to all; a good model yachtsman, and an owner of a yacht of ten tons; so that in electing him to the office, the Serpentine as well as the Thames matches will always find him at his post.

Apologizing for the length of this epistle, and with your leave launching my bark on the ocean of criticism, I beg to thank you for placing the London Model Yacht Club, so often, and so prominently before the yachting world in your valuable Magazine.

I am, &c.,

AN ORIGINAL OF THE L.M.Y.C.

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

[We cordially agree with our correspondent, and venture to add that there not another member in the club more fitting to the office. Its our opin- on the *originals* will feel "at home" under the guidance of Mr. Williams. ose who oppose him will not benefit the club. As regards the observation uding to ourselves, we assure our correspondent we wish the club every ccess, but cannot disabuse our mind of the evil intention of a party.—ED.]

YACHTS FOR SALE.

Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.
Owen Glendower.....	cutter	123	Undine.....	yawl	13
Snake	schooner	41	Pearl.....	cutter	30
Fay-away	cutter	12	Zuleika.....	cutter	20
Viola.....	cutter	25	Gnat	cutter	4
Olivia	cutter	25	Secret	cutter	25

HIGH WATER TIDE TABLE FOR NOVEMBER.

Day of Month	High Water Lon. Bridge morn.		High Water Lon. Bridge after.	
	h.	m.	h.	m.
1	11	27	11	54
2	—	—	0	21
3	0	44	1	6
4	1	26	1	45
5	2	3	2	22
6	2	39	2	56
7	3	14	3	31
8	3	47	4	5
9	4	22	4	40
10	4	57	5	15
11	5	37	5	57
12	6	22	6	48
13	7	17	7	55
14	8	36	9	18
15	9	56	10	30
16	11	3	11	32
17	11	56	—	—
18	0	16	0	36
19	0	56	1	17
20	1	35	1	55
21	2	14	2	33
22	2	53	3	14
23	3	34	3	57
24	4	19	4	43
25	5	9	5	36
26	6	5	6	35
27	7	6	7	41
28	8	21	9	2
29	9	38	10	14
30	10	50	11	20

The time of high water at the following places may be ascertained, by adding to, or substracting from, the time at London Bridge.

		h.	m.			h.	m.
Aberystwith.....	add	5	23	Aberdeen.....	sub	0	56
Alderney.....		4	38	Aldborough.....		3	23
Bantry Bay.....		1	39	Belfast.....		4	2
Bridlington.....		2	23	Brighton.....		2	29
Carmarthan.....		4	3	Carnarvon.....		4	47
Cork Harbour		2	23	Cowes		3	22
Dartmouth.....		3	58	DublinB ar.....		2	55
Dudgeon Light.....		5	23	Dungeness.....		3	17
Eddystone		3	8	Folkestone.....		3	37
Exmouth Bar.....		4	18	Foreland, North.....		2	22
Falmouth.....		3	8	Foreland, South.....		2	47
Flamboro' Head.....		2	23	Gravesend		0	37
Guernsey Pier.....		4	23	Greenwich.....		0	20
Hartlepool.....		1	38	Harwich		2	37
Humber Mouth.....		3	23	Howth Harbour		2	59
Kinsale Harbour.....		2	23	Ipswich.....		2	7
Lands End.....		2	23	Kentish Knock		2	37
Leith Pier.....		0	15	Lowestoft.....		3	37
Lynn Regis.....		4	38	Margate.....		2	2
Plymouth.....		3	26	Nore Light.....		0	58
Swansea.....		3	48	Portsmouth.....		2	27
Torbay.....		3	58	Sheerness		1	28
Waterford		3	43	Southampton		2	27
Weymouth.....		4	23	Spithead		4	37
Whitby.....		1	38	Yarmouth Roads		5	27
Amsterdam.....		0	53	Calais		2	19
Antwerp		2	18	Dieppe		3	2
Bourdeux.....		4	45	Havre de Grace.....		4	15
Cherbourg.....		5	23	Ostende.....		1	12
Hamburgh.....		3	53	Honfleur		4	37
Brest.....		1	39	New York.....		5	7

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AGRICOLA.—His suggestions will be attended to when practicable.

ANCIENT MARINER.—We thank you for the "Sketch of Yachting Incident," and shall engrave it forthwith.

R. H.—The "Night Scene in Weymouth Bay," is in the hands of the artist, and will ap next month.

All communications for the Editor must in future be addressed to HU YACHTING MAGAZINE OFFICE, 291, STRAND.

HUNT & Co., Printers, 6, New Church Street, Edgeware Road.

WEYMOUTH BAY.—August, 1853.

HUNT'S

YACHTING MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1854.

A CRUIZE THROUGH THE PENTLAND FRITH IN THE SUMMER OF 1854.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

LOG OF THE PET—LOGS IN GENERAL—YACHTING LITERATURE—EIGHT TON YACHTS; THAMES YACHTS OF THAT CLASS.

THE narrative of the following cruize is written in humble imitation of the "Log of the Pet;" the genial gentlemanly style of the author of that journal, affords a model which all yachtsmen would do well to copy. There are men, indeed, who will travel from Dan to Beersheba, and find in the course of their wanderings not a single incident or adventure to narrate; but of such unimpressible stuff yachtsmen are not generally made. The romance of yachting is more than half its charm; but to value this romance a certain amount of imagination is required, and he who possesses this, is not likely to want subjects to record, although his voyage be but from Blackwall to Erith. I would not indeed wish my fellow yachtsmen to follow the example of those; who chronicle such small beer, as that they rose at 8 A.M. to wash decks, the English people are a cleanly race, and the washing of decks may be taken for granted; nor yet of those who favor the public with a detail of their adventures in pot houses, and the back slums of low Provincial Theatres, if yachtsmen will frequent such places, the less said about them the better. There is an ample field for more profitable entries in their logs, than such as these. It may not be the lot of every yacht owner

to take so long and so adventurous voyages as those of the Pet, but even in waters much nearer home, there will be no want of incidents, and stirring enough ones too, if properly dealt with, to insert in the diary of the cruize. Facts of natural history if you have a taste that way, the sail carried and the performances of your vessel under different amount of cloth, the other yachts and vessels met, and lastly interesting details connected with the various places visited. These often present themselves in a varied point of view to a yachtsman and to an ordinary traveller, the very manner of your approach to a place gives a different direction, and a peculiar colour to your enquiries. An account also of the courses steered and the harbours taken, would be invaluable to those who might follow in your track. Did yachtsmen but commit such matters as these to paper from day to day, as they occurred, and then freely give the result of their cruizes to the world, how much improved our yachting literature would become. Then the pages of our periodical, instead of being filled up with the *crambe bis cocta* of regattas, already reported in half-a-dozen newspapers, and which no body ever cares to look at, would become the record of the real performances of our yachts and their owners.* Regattas as managed now-a-days are miserable affairs, and the only thing more disgusting and wearisome than reading about them, is the being present. Such a yachtsman as the owner of the Pet, (although I have not the honor of his acquaintance,) must be worth I am sure all the cup and purse hunters in the clubs put together.

Though I take the Log of the Pet as my model, I cannot pretend to have any thing so interesting to relate as that cruize, much of that interest resulting from the fact that the vessel in which it was made, was only eight tons. Now I can boast of no such adventitious source of interest, the cruize, the journal of which I am about to submit to the readers of this Magazine, was made in a stout cutter of some thirty tons and upwards, a vessel if well handled, perfectly fit to contend with such seas as summer gales are likely to raise on our Northern coasts.

While giving every possible credit to the thorough English pluck of the gallant owner of the Pet, both in his Scotch cruize, and still more his recent voyage to the Baltic. I admit myself by no means an advocate for long or exposed voyages in small vessels. The Pet is unquestionably a large and powerful vessel for her class, the fact of her carrying seven tons of ballast and drawing some six and a half feet of water is a proof of this, still as such a vessel must have a deep cockpit liable to be filled with water over her low bulwarks in a heavy sea, I cannot think but the

* We have repeatedly offered our pages for that purpose.—Ed.

voyages performed by her are more hazardous than most yachtsmen would like to undertake. When you arrive at such a size of yacht as to have her decked all over, then she becomes a safe vessel in a sea way, but my own experience of eight ton vessels is that they are quite the reverse. I have never yet seen one that you could keep free from water in really bad weather, and on more than one occasion, I am certain that such a vessel would have foundered under me, the cabin being half full of water, had I not had a harbour of refuge to run to. They are so low in the quarter, and their buoyancy is so destroyed by the weight of ballast to counter balance the heavy spars, that notwithstanding all the arguments of one of "Mother Carey's Chickens" in the October number of this Magazine, I cordially agree with "Briny Deep" in a previous number, in thinking many an open boat where you can bail freely, much safer. Indeed I have known a small Newhaven fishing yawl with a close reefed lug, beat to windward when a heavy revenue cutter could not shew face to the gale. It is quite true as the "Chicken" says, that one rarely hears of accidents with these small vessels, but then they only cruize in summer, and but very few of them ever go where they have not a snug anchorage under their lee, if they should be caught out. From my own experience I should say 25 tons is the smallest size of a vessel, which ought really to go to sea with the downright honest intention of facing a gale when it comes. In such a vessel you have some deck to work upon. Clap a try-sail on her and you can either lay to, waiting for better weather, or thrash her thro' it till you find shelter. In an eight ton boat when it comes really bad, you have no footing either to work your pumps or hand your sails, and if you have not a harbour you can take, the chances are certainly not in your favor. Very much I admit depends on the construction of the boat, and the way in which she is decked, but I am satisfied that no eight ton cutter I have been aboard of, would have lived in the sea I experienced in the Pentland Frith this summer, and yet I had fine weather to make my passage in.

I have never seen the Pet, and therefore to some extent I am speaking without book, but I am satisfied from the description given of her at page 311 of the first volume of this Magazine, that the "Chicken" is mistaken in supposing her to be a perfect type of a Thames eight ton yacht. The ordinary criterion for ballasting yachts is to put metal into them to the extent of one half their tonnage, upon this principle the Pet would be nearer fourteen tons than eight. If you compare her with such Thames built vessels as the Romp, the Valentine and the Julia, I have little doubt but that her displacement (if her tonnage were to be

measured by it) would show a ratio of pretty nearly eight to fourteen. She is I believe a Poole built vessel, and like most of these remarkable for her length of leg, and therefore of great power and displacement for her nominal tonnage. I am quite sure my worthy friend the owner of the Julia, than whom our metropolitan clubs boast of no better yachtsman, would be the first to decry the idea of that pretty craft, (whose portrait lately graced the pages of this Magazine) taking a cruize either to Bomarsund or round the Land's End.

I trust that nothing I have said, will, for a moment, be interpreted as arising from a wish to depreciate the performances of the Pet; were she double the size she is, I think her voyages would be still among the most remarkable we have in the annals of yachting, and most creditable to the courage and seamanship of her respected owner. I only trust that he may soon favor us with his cruize to the Baltic, narrated in the same pleasant strain that delighted your readers so much, in that round our tight little island.

I trust in my next chapter to detail how I got under way, and made a start for the regions, to use the graphic description of Byron

"Where roars the Pentland with his whirling seas."

A SUMMARY OF THE REGATTAS OF 1854.

The aquatic racing season has not been of that magnitude which the prior year (1853) showed, but still it far exceeded the expectations of the majority of those who usually devote a few summer months to this healthful recreation. The sum of money given at the different places does not come up (in bulk) to that of last year by some £800 or £900, several places postponing their usual regattas till next year, Many of our yachtsmen (who belong to the army and navy) are battling for the honor of their country, and to this war may solely be attributed the falling off of the sports; but let us hope another year will see peace restored, and our brethren again enjoying yachting.

We have arranged for easy reference our tables, on the principle of last year's, which will afford the yacht owner a chance of knowing not only the names of the winning yachts but those of the losers also.

ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON.—West Cowes.

Date of Sailing.	Winning Yachts.	Rig	Tns	Owners' Names.	Valu. £	Losing Yachts.
Aug 15	Arrow.....	cut	102	T. Chamberlayne,	100	Julia, Osprey, Aurora
" 19	Alarm.....	sch	248	J. Weld, Esq.	100	Arrow, Osprey, Julia, Titania, Ginevra
" 21	... ...	...	...	... ...	100	Sailed over

ROYAL HARWICH YACHT CLUB.—Harwich.

Date of Sailing.	Winning Yachts.	Rig	Tns	Owners' Names.	Value £	Losing Yachts.
July 15	Avalon	cut	35	J. Goodson, Esq.	30	Kitten, Aquiline, Minx
" 15	Phantom	cut	25	S. Lane, Esq.	30	Marina, Thought, Emetic

ROYAL IRISH YACHT CLUB.—Kingstown.

July 18	Coralie	cut	35	A. E. Bryne, Esq.	40	Meteor, Champion, Fingal, Siren
" 18	Cymba	cut	33	J. M. Rowan, Esq	60	Bonita, Cynthia, Wildfire
" 19	... ...	...	...	... ...	100	Wildfire, Coralie, Champion, Cynthia
" 19	Sybil	cut	8	T. Hodgens, Esq.	10	Torment, Truant
" 19	Siren	cut	16	W. Verner, Esq.	30	Cormorant, Fingal

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB.—Thames.

May 20	Mischief	cut	10	J. K. Kirby, Esq.	15	Kitten, Cormorant, Romp
" 20	Kitten	cut	10	T. Harvey, Esq.	5	2nd Prize
June 20	Phantom	cut	25	S. Lane, Esq.	40	Thought
" 20	Vampire	cut	15	C. Wheeler, Esq.	30	Walked over
Sept 16	Gnat	cut	4	R. Hewett, Esq.	15	Blue Belle, Blue Eyed Maid

ROYAL MERSEY YACHT CLUB.—Liverpool.

June 7	Ranger	cut	12	G. W. Moss, Esq.	30	Challenge, Mirage, Victoria
July 8	Coralie	cut	35	A. E. Byrne, Esq.	100	Cynthia, Blue Belle, Electric, Stanley

ROYAL NORTHERN YACHT CLUB.—Largs.

Aug 25	Cymba	cut	33	J. M. Rowan, Esq	70	Coralie, Blue Belle
" 25	Foam	cut	25	Capt. Longfield	30	Onda, Siren
" 26	... ...	...	...	... ...	30	Coralie, Onda, Viola
" 26	Sunbeam	cut	10	J. C. Raitt, Esq.	10	Stranger, Evadne, Emily

ROYAL SOUTHERN YACHT CLUB.—Southampton.

Aug 8	Arrow	cut	102	T. Chamberlayne,	40	Wildfire, Bonita
" 8	Elizabeth	sch	73	R. Wright, Esq.	40	May-fly, Wasp, Ginevra, Aquiline
" 8	Vesper	cut	15	P. Roberts, Esq.	20	Mazeppa
" 9	... ...	...	...	... ...	50	Arrow, Thought, Elizabeth,

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB.—Thames.

May 22	Phantom	cut	25	S. Lane, Esq.	50	Thought
" 22	Vampire	cut	15	C. Wheeler, Esq.	30	Vesper

ROYAL VICTORIA YACHT CLUB.—Ryde.

Aug 10	Arrow	cut	102	T. Chamberlayne,	100	Wildfire, Bonita, Ginevra, Eugenia

ROYAL WESTERN YACHT CLUB, (England).—Plymouth.

Date of Sailing.	Winning Yachts.	Rig.	Tns	Owners' Names.	Valu. £	Losing Yachts.
Aug 2	Annie.....	ber	23	S. Triscott, Esq...	32	Pixie, Wasp, Dolphin
" 2	Osprey.....	cut	59	Liet-Col. Huey....	35	Marina, Sea-flower

ROYAL WESTERN YACHT CLUB, (Ireland.)—Kingstown.

July 20	Cymba.....	cut	33	J. M. Rowan, Esq	100	Coralie, Nimrod, Bonita
" 21	Siren.....	cut	16	W. Verner, Esq ...	50	Viola, Cormorant
" 24	Nautilus.....	cut	10	J. Walker, Esq ...	10	Sybil, Torment, &c.

ROYAL WELSH YACHT CLUB.—Carnarvon.

Aug 15	Coralie.....	cut	35	A. E. Bryne, Esq.	45	Hirnaut, Ada
" 15	Siren.....	cut	16	W. Verner, Esq...	25	Mirage, Louisa

PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB.—Thames.

June 7	Little Mosquito	cut	8	T. Bartlett, Esq ..	20	Britannia, Julia, Blue Eyed Maid &c.
" 7	Blue Eyed Maid	cut	4	W. Tuckwell, Esq	5	2nd Prize
July 28	Little Mosquito	cut	8	T. Bartlett, Esq...	5	Idas, Julia, P. of W., &c.
" 28	Britannia.....	cut	7	G. Legge, Esq.....	20	
" 28	Blue Eyed Maid	cut	4	W. Tuckwell, Esq	5	
" 28	Idas.....	cut	6	E. Knibbs, Esq....	5	
Aug 18	Little Mosquito	cut	8	T, Bartlett, Esq...	20	Yarra Yarra Gold Cup
" 18	Gnat.....	cut	4	R. Hewett, Esq...	5	2nd Prize

LIVERPOOL YACHT CLUB.—Liverpool.

June 8	Electric.....	slp	8	T. Wilkinson, Esq	30	Jessica, Sirocco, Kelpie
July 12	Challenge.....	slp	8	A. Bower, Esq	20	Electric, Priestess, Spirit, Kelpie
Aug. 23	Electric.....	slp	8	T. Wilkinson, Esq	20	Sirocco, Kelpie, Challenge
" 24	Priestess.....	cut	13	R. Dunn, Esq.....	30	Electric, Spirit

DOVOR REGATTA.

Aug 29	Avalon.....	cut	35	J. Goodson, Esq ..	30	Bonita, Maud, Amazon, Ino
" 20	Kitten.....	cut	10	T. Harvey, Esq...	20	Thought—Time r[illegible]

MEDWAY REGATTA.

Sept 4	Little Mosquito	cut	8	T. Bartlett, Esq...	10	Julia, Ottilia, Gnat
" 4	Kitten.....	cut	10	T. Harvey, Esq...	15	Fawn, Sea Nymph

GREAT GRIMSBY REGATTA.

Aug 3	Maud.....	cut	25	Capt, Andrews ...	25	Kitten, Fairy, Quiz
" 3	Phantom.....	cut	25	S. Lane, Esq.....	60	Thought, Phœbe

POOLE REGATTA.

Date of Sailing.	Winning Yachts.	Rig.	Tns	Owner's Names.	Valu. £	Losing Yachts.
Aug 29	Vesper	cut	15	P. Roberts, Esq	20	Gem, Ianthe
" 29	Surprise	cut	10	R. Bound, Esq	10	Foam, Susan
" 30	Phantom	cut	25	S. Lane, Esq	25	Surprise, Sea Serpent, Vesper
" 30	Surprise	cut	10	R. Bound, Esq	10	2nd Prize

LOCH ERNE REGATTA.

Aug 29	Banba	cut	20	J. Johnson, Esq	50	Walked over
" 29	Halcyon	cut	9	H. D'Arcy, Esq	25	Sorcerer
" 30	Banshee	cut	10	R. Johnson, Esq	25	Halcyon

LOWESTOFT REGATTA.

July 18	Shark	sch	150	W. Curling, Esq	100	Titania, May-fly, Aquiline, Georgiana
" 18	Thought	cut	25	G. Coope, Esq	30	Phantom, Avalon, Maud
" 18	Vampire	cut	15	C. Wheeler, Esq	20	Waveney, Sea Nymph

WEYMOUTH REGATTA.

Aug 23	Gem	cut	20	C. Stone, Esq	20	Fairy, Merlin
" 24	Phantom	cut	25	S. Lane, Esq	100	Volante, Delvin, Edith
" 24	Volante	cut	48	H. Birch, Esq	20	2nd Prize

BIRKENHEAD MODEL YACHT CLUB.—Liverpool.

June 17	Spirit	slp	5	T. Wilkinson, Esq	20	Challenge, Electric, &c.
Sept 16	Electric	slp	8	... ...	50	Challenge, Truant, &c.

LONDON MODEL YACHT CLUB.—Thames.

June 19	Gnat	cut	4	R. Hewett, Esq	10	Quickstep, Blue Eyd Md Adelaide

DUNOON REGATTA.

Aug 22	Cymba	cut	33	J. M. Rowan, Esq	20	Coralie, Foam
" 22	Onda	cut	20	R. W. Laurie, Esq	15	Siren, Cormorant

ATHLONE REGATTA.

Sept. 6th, Mary Alice, cutter, 14 tons, P. Grehan, Esq., won £35, beating Avenger and Aurora.

BRISTOL MATCH.

Sept. 12th, Bonita, cutter 30 tons, T. Barnes, Esq., won £20, beating Adiante,

CULTRA REGATTA.

Aug. 18th, Cormorant, cutter, 19 tons, J. Charley, Esq., won £25, beating Sprite, Breeze, Fairy and Vestris.

DAWLISH REGATTA.

Aug. 28th, Vampire, cutter, 15 tons, C. Wheeler, Esq., won £12, beating Fairy, and Rowena.

HERNE BAY REGATTA.

Sept. 11th, Little Mosquito, cutter, 8 tons, T. Bartlett, Esq., won £30, beating Julia, Ottilia, Gnat.

MILFORD REGATTA.

Aug. 1st, Bonita, cutter, 30 tons, T. Barnes, Esq., won £30, beating Adiante, Eulalia, Sylph.

SWANSEA REGATTA.

Aug. 29th, Adiante, cutter, 22 tons, T. Patterson, Esq., won £20, beating Bonita.—Time race.

TORQUAY REGATTA.

Aug. 4th, Vampire, cutter, 15 tons, C. Wheeler, Esq., won £30 beating Annie, and Dolphin.

TEIGNMOUTH REGATTA.

Aug. 22nd, Phantom, cutter, 25 tons, S. Lane, Esq., won £20, beating Annie.

GREAT YARMOUTH REGATTA.

Aug. 1st, Thought, cutter, 25 tons, G. Coope, Esq., won £50, beating Phantom and Sheldrake.

WOODBRIDGE REGATTA.

Aug. 28th, Little Mosquito, cutter, 8 tons, T. Bartlett, Esq., won £10, beating Ottilia, Ondine, Iris.

YACHT CLUB ROYAL BELGE.—ANTWERP.

Aug. 24th, Avalon, cutter, 35 tons, J. Goodson, Esq., won £50 beating Thought, Bonita, Fawn, Sperwer, Victorine, Petrel.

NEW YORK REGATTA.

Aug. 10th, Maria, sloop, 170 tons, J. C. Stevens, Esq., won 500 dollars, beating Julia, Haze, Una, Gertrude, Irene, Ellen Jane, Cornelia, America.

LIST OF WINNING YACHTS FOR 1854, AND VALUE OF PRIZES WON.

Adiante	£ 20	Electric	£130
Alarm	200	Elizabeth	40
Annie	35	Foam	60
Arrow	240	Gem	20
Avalon	110	Gnat	30
Banba	50	Halcyon	[illegible]
Banshee	25	Idas	
Blue Eyed Maid	10	Kitten	
Bonita	50	Little Mosquito	
Britannia	20	Mary Alice	
Challenge	20	Maud	
Coralie	135	Mischief	
Cormorant	25	Nautilus	
Cymba	350	Onda	

Osprey	£35	Sunbeam	£ 10
Phantom	345	Surprise	20
Priestess	30	Sybil	10
Ranger	30	Thought	80
Shark	100	Vampire	122
Siren	115	Vesper	90
Spirit	20	Volante	20

ON THE BOATS OF SWITZERLAND, SAVOY, AND NORTHERN ITALY.

(Reprinted from Bell's Life with corrections by the Author.)

MR. EDITOR:—Though many thousand travellers annually visit these lakes, and spend their time in exploring and investigating every corner of the shores, few of them pay any attention to the boats and craft which navigate the waters, beyond expressing a passing opinion that they are clumsy and unsafe. It is perfectly true that they are clumsy and unsafe, and that very little nautical instruction is to be derived from studying these rude and barbarous machines; still from their numbers they would deserve a page in any general history of boats, and in an antiquarian point of view they seem to be well worthy of attention. I have not visited all the lakes in these countries, but from what I have seen and heard, I collect that the boats on them may be conveniently classed under three heads:—

The Boats on the Swiss Lakes.—The passenger boats on the lakes of Lucerne, Brientz, and Thun are very similar, and may probably be described as the most barbarous and original craft in Europe, not even excepting the craft on the Rhine. They are generally about twenty-two feet long, and five feet wide, with a flat bottom about three feet wide, and sixteen feet long, and flat sloping sides and ends, the ends being slightly tapered. In the middle of the boats are seats on each side, on which the passengers sit, and there is generally a canvas awning over them like the tilt of a waggon. The oars are fir, of a single piece, but of the roughest and most clumsy make, with a cross piece at the end like that on a punt pole; they row on grommets made of withes. There is always one man at the stern, who stands up and both rows and steers with a large oar, which he pushes in the same manner as is represented in pictures of the Venetian gondolas. The second man rows sitting in the usual manner, just forward of the awning; if there is a third, he rows sitting on the same side as the second man, but abaft the awning, and close to the steersman; and the most singular part of the arrangement is, that if there is a fourth, he rows with a short oar in the bow, and on the same side as the others, thus there are three

men on one side, two of them being forward, and one man on the other side abaft, who then shifts his oar far aft, and rows nearly across the boat, making his oar a rudder to counteract the others. I am utterly at a loss to understand the meaning of this arrangement: but it is invariable, and the boatmen persist that though the steersman has then to work very hard, the boat goes faster than if they rowed two on each side. They can hoist a kind of lugsail when they have a fair wind; but they generally use their oars alone. These boats are built of inch fir, with huge knees and timbers; they are not so slow as, but more ticklish than, would be expected from their appearance, and are, no doubt, very unsafe and unmanageable in bad weather. It seems however, that on these lakes there is very seldom any wind at all, in fact, I have always found a dead calm; but they speak of high winds, and I suspect that whenever it does blow at all, it blows so hard, and with such squalls from the mountains, that all the boats run for shelter, which is of course never far off, and at such times it is no doubt as the boatmen assert very dangerous to venture out in such boats. There are some large barges on the Lake of Lucerne, not unlike river barges in England; but there is very little traffic. On the Lake of Geneva there is apparently more wind, and rowing is not so universal. There are there a considerable number of large barges, with high bows and sterns, which hoist a very large latteen sail. I suspect that they can only sail with a fair wind, and if there is a strong wind they do not show themselves at all. At Geneva there are a few private rowing and sailing boats in imitation of English models. On the Lake of Constance there are also many barges, with very tall masts and large square sails, and a few rigged with main-sail and fore-sail; but on all those lakes the rowing boats are nearly on the same principles as those described above.

The Boats on the Lakes of Bourgeot and Annecy in Savoy.—It is very remarkable that on these small and remote lakes the boats are really ship-shape, and are built and fitted something like English sea-going gigs, and are quite as good as those which are usually to be found in the inland waters of England. The oars are much too large and too clumsy, and work on a single iron thowl, which is fixed on a kind of short iron outrigger, and then passes through a hole in the oar. Some of the men pull very fairly, and appear to take much pains about th rowing and about their boats. The boats carry a lug-sail, really w fitted, and sometimes carry a fore-sail, and regularly turn to windwa a thing utterly unheard of in the other lakes. At Annecy there w quite as many and as respectable pleasure boats as would be seen in English town similarly situated. I was unable to learn the cause of

obviously nautical genius displayed by the Savoyards, who are in this respect far ahead of the Swiss and of the Italians.

The Boats on the Italian Lakes, Lago Maggiore, Lago Lugano, and Lago di Como.—These boats are perhaps not quite so rude and barbarous as those on the Swiss lakes, and are much more interesting, as they resemble the representations both of the vessels of the ancients and of the middle ages so strongly, that it may reasonably be supposed that they have remained unaltered in form for some 2,000 years. There are slight but not material distinctions between the boats on these lakes. The dimensions of one on the Lago di Como were as follows:—Length twenty-three feet, width seven feet, rake of stem five feet, rake of stern three feet. The main breadth was at about two-thirds of the length from the bow, exactly where the latest improvements in England would have placed it. The bottom is flat, and about three feet wide at the widest, but tapers considerably at each end, and the forward and after parts of the bottom (or "fore-swim" and "after-swim," as they are called, in a barge,) taper considerably, so that the bow and stern each come to a point. The sides are flat, or nearly so, and slope out. The bow rises slightly, the stern rises a good deal, the boat being amidships about two feet out of the water, forward about two feet eight inches, and aft about four feet. There is in the middle a canopy about fourteen feet long, like the tilt of a waggon, to cover the passengers. On Lago Maggiore the canopy is well forward, and of slight frame; in the other lakes it is near the stern, and is supported by three broad stout arches or hoops of wood. The oars are not very large, but very rough and clumsy. They work in rowlocks, with two thowl-pins, but the oarsmen almost invariably stand up and push the oars.

On the Lago Maggiore the rowers all stand abaft, and each has two oars or sculls, and the lower part of the framing of the canopy forms an outrigger, in which the thowls are fitted. On the Lago Lugano and Lago di Como, one man stands abaft the canopy and works two oars or sculls, and steers the boat; the others stand or sit forward, and work one oar each. These boats have huge rudders, and the tiller works up and down loosely in a vertical direction; on the underside of the tiller is a piece of iron plate, which fits into notches cut in a bar which runs across the boat, so that the man at the stern, by putting the tiller into a suitable notch, can fix the rudder where he pleases, and so counteract the effect of side-winds, &c. When there are two men in the boat, the forward man has only one oar, and the helm is put over by the above mentioned arrangement so as to counteract his oar. Immediately forward of the canopy is a very tall mast, on which a square-sail can be

hoisted. The square-sail is of hemp or flax, apparently homespun, is miserably thin, and wretchedly fitted with packthread and other deplorable makeshifts. The sheet is usually hitched to the different hoops of the tilt or canopy, according as the sail is to be trimmed. The sail has often coloured stripes or checks, and is frequently bent to the yard by straps of its own material, precisely in the manner represented in ancient pictures. In many of the boats there is no sheave at the masthead, and the halliards actually go over a fork, the mast being made of a forked tree for this purpose. The halliards always lead aft, and are hoisted and belayed by the steersman; there is no tack, and when before the wind the sheets are carried forward, leaving the sail to belly out exactly as sails are represented in old pictures. It is obvious that these sails cannot be carried in bad weather, and in fine weather the wind seems invariably to blow with a gentle breeze down the lakes from sunrise till about 10h. a.m., and up the lakes from about mid-day till sunset, there being no wind whatever in the intervals. This phenomenon, perhaps, renders a better system of sails not of so much importance, as the vessels wait for these winds exactly as a river barge waits for the tide. Besides the boats which I have described, there are a good many barges of considerable burden, which are built much in the same manner as the small boats, except that instead of a rudder they carry a huge paddle on each quarter exactly as in old pictures. Though these lakes are not large, there are small pier harbours at every village on them, from which I conjecture that there is occasionally a good deal of sea, when all these boats are probably obliged to run for shelter. The small boats which I have described are built of fir plank about an inch and a half thick, there are clumsy knees and timbers, and the planks are also fastened together by iron dogs. They cost, when new and all complete, about £10, and do not last above ten years, though many of them look fifty years old. Several noblemen and others, who have villas on these lakes, keep boats constructed and rowed more or less after the English plan, but their example does not seem to have had any effect on the natives. The most remarkable thing about the native boats on these lakes is the illustration they afford of that most difficult subject, the *res nautica* of the ancients, and it is rather surprising that they appear to have been overlooked by all the writers on that subject, even by Mr. Smith, of Jordan Hill, wh[illegible] work, under the title of *The Voyage and Shipwreck of Saint Pa* is immeasureably the best that has ever appeared on that subject. [illegible] one who has seen these boats can doubt that both the ancient painte and also Raphael and his contemporaries, actually painted the vess which they saw, for these boats are exactly like those represented in

ancient pictures; there can be no doubt that the single bellying square-sail, the halliards leading aft, the high stern, the paddle rudders of the ancients, and the huge rudders of the middle ages, and the smallness of the boats as compared with the men in them, were no pictorial fictions but were correct representations of the vessels of the period. It ought to be mentioned that the boats on the Italian lakes are not slow, considering how large and roomy they are, and that in such a climate a canopy is almost a necessary appendage. There appeared to be only one sailing boat properly fitted on any of those lakes, though it is difficult to conceive a place more delightful or better adapted for sailing about, in a vessel from fifteen to fifty tons with large sails and a good cabin. The water is deep everywhere, the climate delicious. There are innumerable places on the shores to visit, and there is as before stated, generally a very pleasant but light breeze nearly all day long.

C. M.

THE CHANNEL CRUISERS.

(*Continued from p* 578)

BY VANDERDECKEN.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Love is a passion by no rules confin'd,
The great first mover of the human mind;
Spring of our fate—it lifts the climbing will,
Or sinks the soften'd souls in seas of ill.
Science, truth, virtue, sweetness, glory, grace,
All own love's influence, and adorn his race;
Love, too, gives fear, despair, grief, anger, strife,
And all th' unnumber'd woes which tempest life."

AARON HILL.

It was an autumn morning, and a lovely morning too, as the three cutters took their departure from Cork Harbour, nature smiled merrily as if forgetful of the stern enemy, which was slowly and surely advancing to lay his blighting hand upon her: every thing and every one seemed gay and joyous, all and each, save and except St. Leon and the crew of the Fairy Elly. As they glided into the broad Atlantic all hands were assembled upon their decks; it was the first time they had separated that year; and although a sailor's calling may render him rough in exterior and rude in manner, yet beneath that coarse jacket there oftentimes beats a heart as susceptive as the veriest exotic of human sensibility.

"Do not forget our rendezvous, place, date, and time, St. Leon!"

shouted Commodore De Walden, "and be of good heart until we all meet again!"

A spiritless response was borne slowly across the sea, as waving a farewell to the Bernice and Abeona, he descended from the deck. There was a parting cheer as the two yachts laid their heads out seaward, it was not that hearty-rollicking-dare-devil cheer which men utter after having achieved a triumph; and no wild answer arose thereto. The Fairy Elly laid her course up along the Irish land; a few waves of their hands alone from her silent crew, told those they were parting from, that their spirit had passed away.

Thus much had evil machinations clouded the hitherto merry hours, of a band of hearty and joyous cruisers.

Dame Elspeth Renshaw sat by her snug fire-side, the kettle bubbled busily beside the little roaring fire and the privileged cat purred forth in solemn gravity her vesper contentment:—Neatly as ever was attired the worthy Elspie, and neither care nor sorrow appeared to shadow her benevolent features; her snowy cap was worn as jauntily, her comfortable shawl plaited as precisely, and her warm stuff gown arranged in the exact number of folds which accorded with her ideas of effect and economy, moreover she was consoling herself with a cup of most unmistakeable tea—tea with a flavour, none of your second hand sloe-leaf trash; but of rare (as the newspaper advertisements have it) "bouquet," incomparable "Lapsang Souchong," emitting a confidential come-and-sit-down-here-make-yourself-comfortable sort of perfume, which filled every nook and cranny of the cheery little apartment; then there was the snowy bread, that precise little loaf, with the appearance of plenty, and no waste; the nice butter, and the inviting little earthenware pot with its ridge of honeycomb giving notice of its contents; the spotless little table cloth, and the wee table for two; the sweet pure wholesome look of everything, which the hand of a good housewife will cause everything to assume, and then the dame herself sat gazing upon the fire, the cup raised to her lips, slowly imbibing its soothing contents, one eye half closed in a kind of comprehensive wink, and that side of her face corresponding thereto, whilst the other eye was wide open and the features gathered up towards the raised eyebrow, just the sort of look g reader, which had you entered that little chamber of comfort, affli in mind and broken in spirit, would have invited you to one brief h apart from the evils of earth, and unburthening for consolation, let troubled heart rest.

A light footstep grated on the gravel path, the latch was hurri

raised, a graceful form glided into the room and throwing herself into Elspie's arms the "Lily of Douglas" gave expression to the feelings which wrought sorely at her heart in a passionate flood of tears.

"Rest the my winsome one!" murmered the kind old woman as she gently placed her upon a chair,—"ye are sairly troubled and hardly dealt wi', and I guessed main weel that leetle gude wad ever come of those unco mickle doins.—Wha's wrang wi' ye noo lassie, could ye na send for me—and na come sa lang a trot—and aw by yersel to,—my bonny bairn!"

"Oh! Elspie!—Elspie!—my heart is breaking fast. I have written and written, and re-written, and yet no answer, nothing but contemptuous silence. I have been foolish Elspie, very very foolish, but I am resolved now to seek him and tell him; and yet what have I to tell him after all?" she cried, proudly parting her lovely hair, whilst her eyes gleamed like diamonds through her tears.

"Of the winsome Earl lassie—of the winsome Earl wha made ye forget the honest heart for the glittering coronet. Nay, nay, lassie; dinna frown, ye tried him sairly; ay mair than ye are tried noo. Ah! Miss Eleanor, my more than bairn, ye little ken a man's heart, an' honest ane I mean. Nane o'your frippery light gottens, clad in silks an' satins, an' sic like stuff: hech lassie! if ye only kenned what it is to have a true heart by your side, ye wad ne'er ga flaunting aboot as ye ha done,—the town talk and the Island talk, wi' yon ne'er-do-weel Earl, whilk is na fit company for an honest woman's daughter!"

"Mercy,—mercy,—Mother Elspie!" almost shrieked the cowering Eleanor.

"Its aw for yer gude Nelly—its aw for yer gude,—and I'm main glad ye have thocht right to come and speer wi' me:—I did na like to come to ye, for I saw yer mither ancouraged ye, an' it was wrang, varra wrang, of her, or any of 'em, to put sich notuns into sa giddy a brain. I had thocht better of my bonny chiel, but noo I canna say sa muckle. Ye can mend tho' lassie, ye can mend, an' I would na say but my bonny boy wad forget and forgi!"

Eleanor had indeed changed since our first introduction of her to the reader, she had burst forth in all the ripe profusion of womanhood,—faultless she had been in figure and in face, but now the bashfulness of the girl had given place to the confident proud bearing of the woman, the woman of society—who walks, and sits, and smiles, and speaks, with a consciousness that eyes are upon her; that she is admired, and, worst of all, that she has a right, and feels possessed with the desire of compelling admiration.

"I have nothing to ask his forgiveness for Elspie!" she exclaimed pettishly, in answer to the old woman's speech.

"Naething Nelly, naething?" exclaimed Elspie elevating her eyebrows.

"His vows were to me, and if any, *they* have been broken Mother Elspie?" continued the beautiful intractable.

Wha's that lassie!" exclaimed Elspie, her kindly features crimsoned with indignation. "Call ye broken vows those that have well nigh broken his heart. Call you it naething to be forgi'en for, when ye were as plighted mon and wife; an' when ye mad' him the laugh and the lay-by amang 'em aw. I tell ye what lassie, a mon whilk is 'trothed to a woman, as he was to you, an' wha was passed in the crowd that ye might disport yersel wi' a pea-cock Earl, he wad be na foster son o' mine if he did na leave the lady-go-lightly, to go lightly as she liked!"

"Elspie! Elspie! have pity upon me,—indeed, indeed, indeed, I am innocent and will make him any or every amends for what he has suffered by my folly!"

"Aweel lassie, as I said before, ye may mend; but ye maun be more careful; he has a proud heart, and must needs be dealt wi' kindly:—if ye wad write?"

"I have done so, mother, often: ay perhaps oftener than I ought!"

"Hech! my poor bairn, if Rony was but hame!"

"And what of Rony Elspie?" exclaimed Eleanor eagerly.

"It's an ower lang tale just noo, and wad na do mickle gude to tell; but wha's this I hear tell, Nelly lass, aboot yer ganging awa' wi' these great folk for the winter?"

"It is true Mother Elspie, it is true, first to Liverpool and then to Dublin!" answered Eleanor in confusion.

"Ay lassie—ay—mair winsome Earls, and mair forgetfulness. I'm afraid Nelly, my heart's bonny bairn, that sair affliction awaits ye! Noo tak my advice, stay at hame here in Douglas, and dinna put yersel in the way of temptation!"

"I cannot mother, I cannot, and indeed I would seek him, for I fear I cannot have my wish, here he will not come, until he sees Rony or hears from you."

"There have yer wish my sweet child!" exclaimed Elspie in agitated tones, as advancing to the door of the inner apartment she threw it o and St. Leon entered the apartment:—as he did so Elspie withdrew Uttering a faint scream Eleanor was falling senseless when he cau her in his arms:—Oh, what racking thoughts passed through St. Leo brain as he held that fondly loved form locked to his heart. What c vulsive throbbings rent his very soul; to gaze upon that face of m

than angel beauty, and to think that the being he shrouded in his fond embrace was once his own, in spirit innocent and pure; but now, the world, the world of fashion; and he shuddered at the thought, had thrown its web of guile around her, and the heartless girl that won his first, his purest love, rumour had taught him, was converted into the heartless coquette. Could such things be, he wished almost that death would there, and at that moment, release their spirits from a world so fraught with sin; for the thoughts that this might be the last, the very last time, he should clasp the being for whom his first, his fondest love, was a term of mockery, love, it was worship; near to in sacredness as the worship of his God. The strong man shook with anguish, and scalding bitter tears rolled over the cheek, which since infancy had known them not: Woman! woman! ye little know the bitter hour, the death-strife of the soul, the overflowing of the bitter cup, the welling forth of the springs of a seared heart and a wounded spirit. Consigning her gently to a rude wooden couch he was about to seek Elspie to her assistance, when a letter dropped from the bosom of the still senseless Eleanor: mechanically he picked it up, and as he did so the cold clammy sweat of terror bathed his brow, it seemed as tho' he stood in some damp charnel vault: he held it towards the light, a large coat of arms was emblazoned upon the seal, surmounted by, did his eyes deceive him, yes it was: yet could it be, what horrible vision blasted his eye-sight? the walls seemed to crumble from him, the floor vanished from beneath him, fiery serpents seemed to hiss around him; a great abyss gaped to receive him; and that letter, that fatal, accursed letter, it was like a weight upon him, dragging, crushing him into vacancy, there in characters of blood appeared those expressions of fond endearment, the earl's coronet—and—and, but no more; dashing it from him with the agony of despair, he uttered neither cry nor reproach, but bending over the reclining, helpless, erring "Lily" he kissed her once, twice, thrice, and the *last*, the kiss of peace, the kiss of forgiveness; and raising his hands the rude and hardy seaman knelt beside the couch, as would the little child, and he breathed a prayer, it was an honest, and a fervant one, rose calmly and sternly; and when Eleanor became restored to her senses she found Elspie by her side and that they were alone.

The Liverpool journals chronicled in due form, and with the technical formality necessary for the information of the dyspeptic over the breakfast table, "That Sir Charles Meriton, family and suite had arrived at the seat, Crovan Manor, Lancashire."

It was an announcement which caused much sensation, as Lady Meriton's balls, dinners, together with many other minor entertainments

[illegible] specially esteemed; and had the [illegible] indeed was a notable boast, [illegible] the hospitality of a shire, [illegible] prince, oftentimes [illegible] of wealth and splen-

[illegible] the victim of [illegible]. Walden Chase [illegible] Beauty in pur- [illegible] Meriton with [illegible] the friendly rela- [illegible] Sir Harold De Wal- [illegible] order, and in [illegible] by Lord Sefton, [illegible]

[illegible] the toast, [illegible] Meriton's [illegible] beauty was a [illegible] the first ex- [illegible] the novelty of [illegible] in their [illegible] the ster- [illegible] The lady [illegible] ladies do, [illegible] woman. [illegible] to the [illegible] resolved to [illegible] the [illegible] Dove's cot- [illegible] she would [illegible] re- [illegible] such a [illegible] of dirty [illegible] was so

[illegible]

might it not prove flattering after all to her St. Leon, that he alone possessed the affections of *la premiere belle* of the season. And thus went on the pretty butterfly, revolving in the sunshine of luxurious adulation; the great and the noble suitors, if not for her hand, at least for her affections; until at last the arch tempter appeared, and the great game of deceit, of ennobled infamy, the beginning of the end was fairly accomplished; and Constance Meriton whilst giving light ear and slight courtesy to her lordly lover, surveyed with infinite satisfaction the abyss she had prepared between St. Leon and Nelly Graham, widen and become great, and from great to greater, and at last greatest, and it was accomplished: her arch workman had completed his infernal task, and she laughed an almost fiendish laugh, when one morning Crovan Manor became a scene of Chaos, a babel, of a verity a fashionable pandemonium. The event that created it so was this, "Miss Graham had disappeared in the society of the Earl of Pirston's valet!"

No one was more loud in condemnation of the fair fugitive than the stately Earl himself, but he seemed to those around to be more affected by the loss of his favorite valet, whom he vowed no money could replace.

Sir Charles Meriton paced through the lofty picture gallery of Croven Manor, he evidently awaited with anxiety the presence of some one. An easel stood before a portrait, and upon this easel lay a half-finished and exquisitely executed copy, Sir Charles gazed in astonishment, first upon the original, and then upon the copy, the former darkened by age, showed not so brilliantly in the lofty gallery; but the copy was there, life-like and natural; brilliantly true indeed, the offspring of no mean artist, for to a man of his penetration it needed little to suffice, that the heart as well as the hand had dictated the movements of that pencil; but most extraordinary of all, instead of the admiral's uniform the copy was represented in that of the Royal —— Yacht Club; there was no mistaking it, and he rubbed his eyes as if doubting their efficacy, there indeed before him, realizing the old pilot's fearful words, was his son, the persecuted St. Leon, "*Alive and more like the old Admiral in body and spirit nor ever you were!*"

The noise of an opening door recalled him, and mastering himself with that ease which he could at all times command, he walked carelessly up and down examining the portraits, as if it had not been the thousandth time he had done so before.

Advancing footsteps ceased, the baronet turned suddenly, and his step-daughter and heiress stood before him,—*she* then was the artist: what mystery could this be,—ha !—a thought shot like lightning through his busy brain, and Constance saw by the troubled look that she was betrayed.

"Your talents as an artist are of a higher order than I could have imagined Constance!" he observed in cold and careless accents. "Strolling accidentally through the gallery I could not imagine who the superior limner was we had attached to the Manor, but you have clothed the Admiral in rather an anomalous garb fair artist?" he continued enquiringly.

"A fancy,—mere fancy!—father," was the reply, whilst confusion covered her neck and features with crimson.

"A fancy which strikes me as being strong if one may judge by appearances!" said Sir Charles bending upon her one of his soul-reading glances. "But a truce to artistic discussion fair Constance, I have sought this opportunity for some time, a more fitting one can scarcely present itself. Lord Spencer Sefton, heir to the Ancient Earldom of De Walden and its vast estates, has spoken to me upon the subject of an alliance with you, his father approves of it: in fact it has been the subject of our conferences for the last few days, I may say since the occurrence of this scandalous affair of your protege's. I am angered, greatly angered about this affair, which has brought such scandal to my house. I have therefore arranged your marriage, apart from such an advantageous alliance, it will stifle this horrid scandal for which we may thank you.—And," continued the baronet in the lofty and indignant tones of an injured parent, "I command you from this moment to receive his lordship as your accepted suitor!"

Sir Charles expected confusion, and possibly remonstrance loud and vigorous, at not being consulted before hand in a measure so fraught with importance to herself:—he had made himself up for loud, authoritative, and convincing argument; but he had concluded preliminaries in which political promotion for himself formed no mean proportion, and he was prepared to see accomplished that very day, nay that very hour, the object for which he had toiled:—sleeping and waking it had been his darling vision, his castle towering into the firmament, to him the great and endless ladder leading into power and might, in the senate, at the court, and the councils of the land.

A single word rang clear and shrill, welling up loud and resonant through the great oaken arches of that lofty gallery—it seemed to run beneath his feet and to creep along the walls, to make the grim portr smile, to cause a gloom in the atmosphere he breathed, to enter int vitals, to hang upon his heart like a great cold isicle, clearer, and lo and shriller; it was re-echoed from the polished wainscot, that w hurling defiance to his will and destruction to his hopes;—it was deliv in the cold hard tones of a determined woman—"NEVER!"

And when Sir Charles looked again, the picture and the artist had vanished. As he left the gallery his eye caught the motto which adorned the frame surrounding the portrait of one of his ancestors—it might be accidental—although he was strongly tinged with superstition—might it not be a warning—upon the golden garter were emblazoned the words—

"*Avisez la fin.*"

POLISH EPINICION.

By Capt. W. H. Armstrong.

Hark to our cannon's thundering roar—
  Hark to the brazen trumpet-blast—
Hark to the war-shouts mingling o'er
  The dying as they strike their last.
On to the crimson strife, ye brave—
  On to the struggle, hand to hand—
Now is the time to nobly save,
  Or perish for our parent-land.
    This be our sacred battle-cry—
    "Death or dear Poland's liberty!"

Sons of the free (who erst have bled
  Like us on this red slaughter field)
Children of the immortal dead,
  Can we to slavery ever yield?
No! by the fame of those who strove
  And died to gain our country's right—
No! by the hope of woman's love
  We'll fall or win the coming fight.
    This be our sacred battle-cry
    "Death or dear Poland's liberty."

A moment's pause—the signal gun!
  Up to the shock, ye Polish brave,
And, 'ere the setting of yon sun,
  We'll rest as on our foeman's grave.
They come, they come—the crash is o'er,
  The Muscovite is slain or flown,
The northern Eagle soars no more,
  The well-won victor plain's our own.
    Still, still, be this our battle-cry—
    "Death or dear Poland's victory."

Iō Pæn—now let us sing
  Our hymn of praise for victory—
Iō triumphe—thou, O King,
  And God of Hosts, we kneel to thee.
On this carnage-ground we kneel,
  Listen to Sarmatia's breath
Deign to bless our patriot steel,
  Free us Lord or give us death!
    Then still be this our battle-cry—
    "Death or dear Poland's liberty."

VAGARIES OF A YACHTSMAN.

BY "VALE-DE-GABIA."

(*Continued from page* 585,.)

Some heard a voice in Branksome Hall,
Some saw a sight not seen by all;
That dreadful voice was heard by some,
Cry, with loud summons, "GYLBIN COME!"
And on the spot where burst the brand,
Just where the page had flung him down,
Some saw an arm, and some a hand,
And some the waving of a gown.
The guests in silence prayed and shook,
And terror dimmed each lofty look.
But none of all the astonished train
Was so dismay'd as Deloraine:
His blood did freeze, his brain did burn
'Twas fear'd his mind would ne'er return;
For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,
Like him of whom the story ran,
Who spoke the spectre-hound in man."

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

"Faith Jack you had a squeak for your lives there; I know the spot well!" exclaimed Neil O'Bryen.

"I tell you what it is lads, I have past many and many a hard hour on the sea, but the recollections of that night will never be effaced from my memory; it is almost before me now; the wild rush of the hurricane; the heaped up sea, curling, hissing, seething as if tortured into foam; now intense inky blackness; the cold pitiless pelting rain striking a chill into one's very soul; anon a lurid glare would light up the black vault above us, and spreading over the ocean reveal mountains heaving,—jumping,—spitting forth clouds of froth and spray, whilst away to leeward a rolling line of phosphorecent surf roared a warning not to be mistaken. Scarcely could a man keep his feet upon the deck, and it was only by fitful jumps here and there, and then holding on with the tenacity of a tiger, that we managed to get any work done at all; but there were brave men there who had grinned grimly at death before, so that there was little said but much done. White behaved cool, the gallant seaman; Geordie Parsons was everywhere like spirit of the tempest, and I'll be bound to say that a little band mariners never showed more determined pluck with the fierce w h wling their death song. The ropes were like bars of twisted i in t anvass like sheets of copper coated with ice, when the mast w

over the side, the jib got under her fore-foot, and as she lifted after a fearful plunge, away went our bowsprit to keep company with the rest, and to make it worse getting cross bound with the gear it got laid on to her broadside, and with every lift of the surge threatened soon to tear her side open ; however what will not cool, determined, desperate courage do. I declare to you we worked away without a word, save some short stern command from White, and not a murmur escaped although the booming surf was momentarily becoming nearer ; it astonished ourselves afterwards, but we secured everything ; and I don't believe the mark of a knife blade was to be seen in a rope-yarn. And now came the hour of triumph or a watery grave : over the stump of our mast, of which about twenty feet remained standing, after almost superhuman exertions we managed to get a gantline, and set the large top-sail lug-sail fashion upon it ; there was a dead silence fore and aft, naught save the whirling roar of the tempest ; man's voice was not there ; but in place thereof the firmly compressed lips, the withdrawn breath, and the stern eye; there was a scend, a livelier rise, the tiller no longer swagged to and fro, but pressed firmly against the hand that held it, a streak of light began to bubble up astern, and half a dozen throats bellowed forth in wild hoarse delight,—'There she goes!'—'Hooray !'—'She feels it !'—'Go it little lady!'—And we were off.

"I can tell you lads that some of us began to swagger, to light our pipes, and even hint at grog, but the devil a many laughs we had aboard of us as we entered the calm and pretty little harbour of Dunmore just as the grey light dawned.

"Well, my hearties, for a day or so we rested a bit, and then refitting was the word, and as it would take a week or ten days to complete I determined to take a run ashore. I have always been a prying curious sort of a chap you know, Neil ? and hydropathy at that time was making a stir amongst the 'savans;' I had heard a good deal about a certain celebrated Hydropathic establishment in a certain classical locality in the south, so during the progress of repairs I packed my traps for a shore cruize amongst the fresh water sharks. Upon the day I was leaving White took leave of me in a peculiarly impressive manner, there was something wild and unsettled in his eye, he had never been the same man since the night of our adventure off the Hook Tower, and I tried to laugh off his melancholy as in mournful tones he bade me farewell,—'I have misgivings, Mr. Bulmer, that we have made our last cruize together. I wish it had been pleasanter, sir, for your sake ; but I never seed no good come of sailing on a Friday,—a Black Friday, sir, makes a blacker log-book, and something tells me

we are not done with it yet, I wish we were well out of this here place, snug and comfortable tho' it be, for a cold shiver crossed me as we entered. It may be you or it may be me, sir; but its here like a weight of lead!' pressing his hand to his heart as he spoke. Again I laughed, and Geordie Parsons laughed, but 'twas no use,—there was that look about him, 'fixed as fate.'

"I duly arrived at Castle Aquador, and presented myself in due form to the worthy proprietor; and Anthony and Saddle Bags found themselves on the brink of everything that was damp: by the foot of Pharoah boys but it was a queer spot, and I mentally resolved to knock fun out of it the moment I laid eyes on place and people: why the aspect of everything was enough to make a fellow forswear his sex, and then and there become a damp looking Niobe. The proprietor was lank and thin and looked like a worn out-waterspout. The male attendants of whom there were two, looked even more so; I immediately designated one Pipe and the other Pump, for they were essentially watery in appearance and you could almost imagine you heard a soft 'sough,' as they walked or rather flowed about.

"At dinner that day what a motley group of individuals assembled around the table, there was one fellow there so stooped that his nose was polishing the knees of his breeches; another alarmingly obese whose buttons threatened to fly off with a crack like a pistol every motion of his body; a third with a squint so horrible that I'm convinced he seldom saw anything save the bridge of his nose; a fourth was gifted with a fearful snuffle; a fifth had a perpetual toothache, and groaned incessantly; a sixth had no teeth, spluttered confoundedly, and confidentially informed you he had 'clum thwa th hawden hith gwums;' a seventh bored you with politics; an eighth was bursting with a plan for the regeneration of Ireland, and I think his friends sent him there to wash it out of him; a ninth!—but enough, I found that my propensity to study human nature had led me into a perfect pandemonium of all the ills that flesh is heir to.

"I had from the description of this *charming* abode, engaged to remain a week, but I felt that the second day would qualify me for a Lunatic Assylum. I do not know how I slept for visions of the 'blind,' the 'lame,' the 'halt' and the 'maimed,' danced in fearful confusion around my pillow; until I was aroused from chaotic dreams by a r strong grasp, and Pipe and Pump had me in grips;—to my enquir to what the devil brought them there at such an early hour of the mo ing, they answered not a word, but a damp smile flowed slowly their wet looking features. 'Robbery!' I shouted struggling to ris

'Be quiet!' says 'Pump',—'Hold him tight!' says Pipe, 'It'll be over in a minute.' 'Murder!' screams I——'That's yer sort!' sobs Pump, and 'ere I knew where I was, or what they were at, I was rolled over and over in a wet cold clammy sheet, fold after fold, and roll after roll, and then blanket upon blanket followed, until I resembled more a great bale of flannel than anything bearing the proportions of a man: and then to crown all plump a'top of me goes a great feather bed; nothing but my head was at liberty, but now feeling re-assured that all was as it should be, I prepared to submit duly to the Hydropathic cure, though what it was for, unless my temerity in venturing there I know not up to this hour; save and except that the proprietor informed me confidentally at our first interview that he completely understood my case; that it was of common occurrence; no consequence, certain to cure, &c., &c.

"I must not be tedious lads, so will not detail to you furthermore, than how I became a mass of burning flesh beneath the wet sheet, how I cursed Pipe to let me go, how Pumps gazed steadfastly with his great fishy eyes upon the dial of a watch, big as a cart wheel, and with a tick like the spring of a kitchen jack, until the prescribed time was up; how I was then taken and thrust feet foremost into a huge tin coffin of cold, cold, icy cold water, the lid shut down upon me, my neck placed in a hole with a collar round it, and my head alone was in the outer world and alive, and then ye gods the nefarious blood-thirsty Pump actually placed a glass of water—water—undiluted water, my horror, to my mouth; and poured nearly a pint of my poison, rushing, gurgling, soughing, down my throat. I was let out boiling with rage and artificial perspiration, led in the iron grasp of my tormentors across an apartment knee deep in tepid water, as least so it felt to me, and placed with my chest against a sheet of water, which squelched forth in broad layers from a brick wall; human nature could stand this no longer, I felt endowed with the strength of ten thousand lions, 'Stand clear ye beggars!' I shouted frantically, ha! take that, a groan and a flop, and down went Pump over neck and ears in the floor bath, whoo! whack! and away limped Pipe with the *lower* part of his back in the full possession of both hands; and helter skelter away with me and never cried crack until I ensconced myself in my bed-room anp my clothes.

"This could not last, I would not be done out of my week's advancement for board and lodging, and half drowned into the bargain, I was resolved that the worthy Professor should get rid of me, and that too at his own request: so I went down very demurely to breakfast, and there again nothing but water, and water-cresses, brown bread and *tea* (water) ugh! I looked wild a-bit, spoke a good deal at random,

astonished the natives who were pitching into the *aqua* like good ones. At last the meal was over, the ladies and the Professor had left the apartment,—and now is my time quoth I. I walked over, locked the door, and threw the key into the fire, whistled a popular air with such force as nearly to blow the newspaper out of the hands of my friend with the snuffles; stood at the fireplace and proceeded deliberately to remove every article of dress from my person, until at last I stood before my—I wont say admiring audience, a veritable specimen of nature unadorned. I preserved my gravity of face and demeanour with the most business-like propriety; arranged four chairs back to back and a little apart, crossed the poker and tongs from one to the other, gave a wild whoo-whoop and cleared the whole at a spring.

"I then commenced piling footstools, the cups and saucers,—with the breakfast knives stuck upright amongst them, and finally the damp looking pictures off the damp looking walls,—and I think I rather astonished my terrified audience with my feats of lofty jumping—by this rope boys "Astleys" was nothing to it,—but when I commenced hurling the knives juggler fashion at the Professor's favorite black cat, and made her jump howling, tearing, scratching, screaming about the room; that was the climax!—the stooped man stood erect as a poplar tree, the squinty youth looked straight as a gun barrel; the snuffler recovered the use of his nasal organ; and in fine the miracles I wrought that morning were beyond belief;—at last two of the most courageous pinioned me; and I fairly screamed with laughter at seeing Snuffles poking the red hot key into the door, with the assistance of a blazing pocket handkerchief,—the Professor was summoned, and the raging "Madman" was handed over to his tender mercies. I swore I would bring an action against him for having been stripped and abused by a party of maniacs he had in his house,—they protested, I reiterated the charge,—and finally the bewildered Professor compromised it by begging me for God's sake to quit his house at any price or that I should be his ruin. I received my money back again;—travelled post and free to my destination, and if ever I'm caught within forty miles of a Hydropathic Institution again, may I be turned iuto a workhouse pump.

"Loud laughter from "Neil O'Bryen" and "Marlinspike" greeted the conclusion of John Bulmer's watery reminiscences.

"However to continue lads!—upon my return to Dunmore I fo poor White in a bad way, and Geordie Parsons in a sad state about h the man's mind was wandering, he was incoherent in speech, and so vous that a breeze louder than usual through the rigging would set all in a shiver. The medical man recommended quiet, and that he w

get over it in a few days,—some wild superstition had gotten hold on him and his smile as he greeted my return was perfectly unearthly. It might have been the third night, and after a day's fishing we turned in early; I was awoke shortly after midnight by a hand laid upon me heavily;—I jumped up hastily. 'Come here John!' whispered Geordie Parsons 'hist—listen?' A dull monotonous sound as of some hard body bumping alongside, and then bubbling, and gurgling of the water, and then scratch, scratch.

"Geordie seized my arm with the grasp of a vice—the cold sweat of terror stood upon his brow—'By heaven John I am no coward, but that sound has haunted me for the last four nights, and regularly at this hour!'

"I confess there was something so unnerving in the whole thing, that although I am not naturally so, superstition for the moment held sway over me. It would have formed a picture,—two strong able fellows cowering in a little cabin, at, it might be, the noise of some rock weed, or drift wood floating alongside: I burst into a horse laugh, but the sound seemed fastened in my throat, for at that moment a shriek so wild, so unearthly, so awful, rent the air above that we were deprived of breath and shook like helpless children: it was but a moment, and I hope I may never spend such another again; we were all on deck in the turning of a handspike,—it was a clear cold moonlight night, not a ripple stirred the water, nor was there the appearance of aught abroad; that moment White's words about the black Friday making a blacker page in the 'Log book' flashed across my mind: one by one the crew began to descend, Geordie cautioning them not to disturb poor White. The Steward, an old West Indian cruizer, fraught with legends of the buccaneering seas was standing near. 'As I'm a living man Master Geordie!' he exclaimed 'I heard the death watch struck upon the fore-scuttle this night!'

"Geordie shook perceptibly, and I confess I felt uneasy.

"A low wailing cry issued from the forecastle, followed by a warning shout, and the crew came tumbling up in wild dismay, some rushed to the boats, others jumped over the side and swam vigorously about the vessel. To the enquiry responded the hoarse broken answer of 'White's berth is empty Sir!' and as sure lads as I'm here to tell the story nothing was ever seen or known since of poor Andrew White!"

THE MATCH BETWEEN T. COLE AND J. MESSENGER, FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP, AND £200.

THE race took place at 2h. 3m. 35s., the men started themselves after two or three feints to get away. Both were short and clipping in their anxiety and haste, and Cole began to lead. He no sooner did so than his stroke began to lengthen, while Messenger's yet remained shorter than in his training, and more laboured than usual. Both boats shot at every pull at an enormous pace, Cole's gradually showing in advance until he got half his own length clear, and then increasing the length and power of his pull, Cole in the next dozen strokes dragged himself right in front, and off Craven Cottage took his opponent's water, Messenger being dead astern of him. The next dozen or twenty strokes only served to increase Cole's lead to about three-quarters of a clear length, this being the most he ever headed his opponent throughout the race. "Look at his fine long stroke! he's serving Messenger just as he did me," ejaculated Coombes, the ex-champion. And so it really looked for full two minutes more, but then things began to wear a different aspect. Honest John, not relishing the notion of his man's rowing dead in the wake of his opponent, and with a very laudible desire to cheer Messenger's spirits with a sight of his opponent, gave him the office to pull his right hand, and thus retake his original position, and had Cole done in this race what he did in the first contest with Robert Coombes, he would, by pulling his right hand at the same moment as Messenger, have deprived him of the opportunity of knowing how far he was astern. He however, did not, and John Phelps having got his man out of the wash of the other's sculls, kept him quietly at work until the upper part of Barn Elms Reach opened, which was rough owing to the wind setting dead against the tide. "Give it him Jim!" "Go it Tom!" rent the air on every side, mingled with the more gentlemanly expressed enconium, "Well pulled, Messenger!" "Well pulled, Cole!" At this time Messenger was at full-length work in his beautiful and really untiring style, which consists of a very straight skim of the water, and position admirably adapted for a repetition of this pull without depressing the boat in any degree or checking her way by dipping. C— dually Messenger began to overhaul his opponent, whose boat began rock as wager boats do when their occupiers become distressed. was rowing precisely in his usual form, but was unsteady from exha tion, consequent upon the severity of the pace at which they had co and consequently unable to apply his labours so effectually, while h

determination made his pull a little rounder at times than general, but his rowing here and throughout was desperately game. At the Crabtree, Messenger's nose was about level with the other's outrigger, and then both made the shoot, and Cole, pulling his right hand, he came so near his opponent that a foul was momentarily expected. Phelps shouted a word of caution to Cole, and, although Messenger also sheered a little at the moment, Cole pulled more with his left, their sculls overlapped each other for three or four strokes, and umpires and referees looked carefully on to see what might be the result. At this the very trying moment of the race, we must observe that, owing to the too near approach of one of the steamers, Cole's cutter was shut out from him, and the man left in his difficulty for two or three minutes. Although it could not have altered the fortune of the day, the thing was calculated to give great dissatisfaction generally, to give Cole individually fair cause of complaint, and should be most carefully guarded against for the future. The labour of each succeeding minute began to tell more upon Cole, and while his boat became more unsteady, and his strokes less powerful, Messenger was as upright as a dart, and working more freely than he had done in the first half mile, and, consequently, darted ahead of his opponent, the latter labouring hard with the left hand, and crossing his opponent's stern almost within a yard of it. Messenger passed through Hammersmith-bridge at 2h. 13m. 28s., five seconds ahead of his opponent, which, considering the state of the tide, the heavy one-handed labour, the lumpy water, and head wind of the upper part of the reach, was fine work. The pace continued unabated to above Chiswick Eyot, and then for a moment, as if by mutual consent upon the petition of Dame Nature, both men eased for a minute or two, Messenger being at that time almost two clear lengths ahead. It was but a short respite, for Cole began to push forward with such power that Messenger had no time for relaxation. As the water was beautifully smooth, Cole's friends, considering that he had exhibited great superiority in the start, and early part of the race, where it was so, began to entertain hopes that their man could yet win the race, and his repeated and gallant exertions abundantly testified the fact that he tried his utmost to do so. His pace was so fine again for a minute or two in the middle of Carney Reach, that he shortened the gap between himself and his opponent to half a length, but after remaining in that position for about a minute, he was overpaced by Messenger, who then resumed his former lead. Again and again Cole made a spurt of the most vigorous description and at the railway bridge rowed with such desperate energy as still to revive the almost expired hopes of his party, but his exertions met with

precisely the same result as before. At 2h. 24m. 28s. Messenger passed under the railway bridge with his opponent scarcely a clear length astern: once more, even within sight of home, Cole again made a fine spurt, and although with no chance of success from the desperate condition of the man, continued his exertions to the very finish. The winning post was marked by the Endeavour state barge, formerly the Goldsmith's, but now Henry Styles's, and this Messenger first passed at 2h. 28m. 20s. thus occupying 24m. 45s., and being ahead of his opponent, until he relaxed at the end of the barge, five seconds. Messenger was greeted with loud cheers, and so was his opponent, for, although a loser, and although he had cut up sooner than was expected by a great many, yet he had rowed so extremely gallant a stern race that men could not withhold their praise at his plucky although unsuccessful exertions.

We understand that Messenger has expressed his intention of resigning the championship to John Mackinney, unless Cole should be desirous of trying his fortune in a second race.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACES.

The University four-oared races commenced on Friday, November 10th. The second Trinity having scratched the same morning, the other seven boats started as follows:—

1	3rd Trinity	5	Caius and Corpus
2	King's and Sydney	6	1st Trinity
3	Trinity Hall	7	Lady Margaret
4	Emmanuel		

In the Spout, King's and Sidney got the nose of their boat up to a quarter of a length of 3rd Trinity, but the latter drew a distance and a half away in a very good spurt, when King's and Sidney got unsteady, partly owing to the wash of 3rd Trinity, and were upset between Grassy Corner and the Plough. The racing between the other boats was very good, Lady Margaret being out of the distance of 1st Trinity, but the others were more or less near one another.

Saturday, November 11th.—The order was:—

1	Trinity Hall	4	3rd Trinity
2	Lady Margaret	5	Emmanuel
3	Caius and Corpus	6	1st Trinity

The Johnians were bumped by Caius and Corpus as soon as they round Grassy Corner. 3rd Trinity drew half a distance away from Emmanuel, who were pressed very hard by 1st Trinity, the latter being within a of them at Ditton Corner.

Monday, November 13th.—The five remaining boats started in the following order.

1	Emmanuel	4	1st Trinity
2	3rd Trinity	5	Caius and Corpus
3	Trinity Hall		

Immediately after the start, 1st Trinity began to gain fast on Trinity Hall, when unfortunately, their hopes were blighted by one of the crew catching a "fish," which caused them to upset, Caius and Corpus being at the time nearly their distance away. 3rd Trinity spurted into Emmanuel as soon as they got into the Plough Reach, Trinity Hall being at the time slightly within their distance.

Tuesday, November 14th—The boats were now reduced to three, and they started in the following order:—

1	3rd Trinity	3	Trinity Hall
2	Caius and Corpus		

No bump was made. Caius and Corpus rowed very hard at 3rd Trinity, and in the spurt, were within half a length of their stern-post, but, at the finish 3rd Trinity drew away from them. Trinity Hall, who were at first a long way behind, came up the Long Reach in capital style, and got almost unpleasantly near Caius and Corpus, between the houses.

Wednesday, November 15th.—The order was changed, but again no bump ensued.

1	3rd Trinity	3	Caius and Corpus
2	Trinity Hall		

Trinity Hall were driven on to the 3rd Trinity, getting within half a length of them in the Plough Reach, and again at the Willows. From that point, however, the 3rd Trinity spurted out of their distance; Caius and Corpus got within a yard of Trinity Hall at Grassy Corner, but could not effect a bump.

Thursday, November 16th.—Another bumping race was rowed, and this time a bump was the result:—

1	Caius and Corpus	3	Trinity Hall
2	3rd Trinity		

At the First Post Corner, Caius and Corpus had gained half a distance on 3rd Trinity, and Trinity Hall was coming up to them, and were within a length at Grassy Corner. After that, however, 3rd Trinity began to gain, and going up the Long Reach with a rush, *stopped* Caius and Corpus just before they got to the first house, Trinity Hall being nearly out of their distance.

Friday, November 17th.—The final heat of a four-oared race, being a time race between 3rd Trinity and Trinity Hall, was rowed this day. Trinity Hall won the toss and took the first station; a good start was effected, Trinity Hall drawing away gradually, and in the Spout it was said that they were about eight yards ahead. At Grassy 3rd Trinity got unsteady and lost still more, but in the Plough Reach they gained a little, and when they were

round Ditton they went up the Long Reach at a great pace, spurting nearly all the way, and finally coming in winners by about two seconds, and doing the distance in eight *minutes and* fifty-five *seconds*, which is unusually quick, and was partly owing to the favourable breeze. Thus these races, which caused unusual interest, and were well contested throughout, were brought to a close. The crews that rowed in the time race were—

	3rd Trinity	st.	lb		Trinity Hall.	st	lb.
1	J. L. Garden	10	5	1.	O·Salim	10	11
2	F. C. Alderson	10	10	2.	R. C. Healey	12	2
3	H. F. Johnson	11	9	3.	E. H. Fairree	12	7
4	H. R. W. Jones	10	11	4.	H. W. Schreiber	11	12
	V. Green (cox)	8	9		F. Fitzroy (cox)	9	9

Third Trinity rowed in a boat built by Salter of Wandsworth.

THE COLQUHOUN SCULLS.

The first heat of these races came off on Tuesday, November 14th, and, although the day was very unfavourable, there was a large number of spectators on the bank.

The following is the order of the start, and the brackets denote the bumps.

Blake, Corpus
Brandreth, 3rd Trinity } Richards, Caius

Baker, Jesus
Smith, 1st Trinity } Leathes, Lady Margaret
Kennedy, Caius } Salter, Trinity Hall
Wright, Lady Margaret

Richards spurted into Brandreth soon after the start; Leathes made his bump about half-away up the Post Reach; Kennedy was bumped by Salter in about 200 yards; Wright bumped Baker over four places soon after Ditton.

Wednesday, November 15th.—To day the order was drawn thus, and only one bump took place:—

Salter } Wright

Blake
Richards
Leathes

Wright bumped Salter after a hard race, at Ditton.

Thursday, November 16th.—The following was the order, and two bumps were made:—

Richards } Leathes } Blake } Wright

Blake bumped Leathes half-way up the Post Reach, and Wright bur Richards over two places, soon after Plough.

Friday, November 17th.—The time race between J. Wright, Esq., of John's and H. Blake, Esq., of Corpus Christi, was won by the former by seconds. Time of the race, 9m. 16s.

MEMORANDA OF CLUB MEETINGS.

ROYAL MERSEY YACHT CLUB.

The monthly meeting of this club was held at the Club House, Duke Street, on Tuesday evening, the 7th of November, and was well attended. It was resolved to hold the annual ball on Monday, the 4th of December; and a proposition was made, which was carried unanimously. "That the proceeds be given to aid the Patriotic Fund for the Joined Services." We do not remember anything being more warmly supported. Application has been made for the very handsome ball room, &c., of the Town Hall. The new mayor, who has just been elected, is Mr. J. A. Tobin, a member of the club. Several models of clipper ships were exhibited, from designs of Mr. Jonathan Grindrod.

ROYAL WESTERN YACHT CLUB.

The proceedings of this spirited yacht club since the close of the season, and the removal of their club yacht the Owen Glendower to her winter quarters has been carried on at their Club House, Grafton Streeet, Dublin.

A considerable accession of members has taken place since our last amongst whom we notice the following:—Major J. Bonner, Capt. Lyon, Capt. Nicholson, Lieut. Elliott, R.N., Messrs. Davis, T. H. Gillman, F. Smyth, C. Hodgson, J. Ridgway Bridson, E. Moore, W. J. Conlan, Edward Denny, T. H. Gelston, M. Hayes, T. Hayes, Walter Sweetman, C. Mc Kenna, M. De Morin, J. J. Matson, George Philip Stanhope, James Barry, Thomas Jacob, Charles Putland, Arthur Jackson Greer, 21st North British Fusiliers, John Wardlaw, G. D. Stephens, T. Long, David Beathy, Edward Stock Hill, John Neligan, W. B. Huggins, John S. Mills, J. Plunkett Bushe, Thomas Barnes, Arthur Dunn, James Barklie, William Johnston, John Jones, B. Kernahan, Robert Turbett, J. Patten, M.D., W. Hyndes, A. Arcedeckne, W. D. Roberts, Henry Lynch, Arthur Bastable, T. K. Levers, J. L. Litton, and W. D. Alton.

It was resolved at the last committee meeting that the secretaries should put themselves in communication in order to effect the sale, or exchange upon suitable terms, of the club yacht Owen Glendower, with the view of securing a larger vessel, a schooner, as club vessel, for the season of 1855.

Several presentations of books, pictures, &c., were submitted, amongst which were the fine engraving of the "Queen's departure" by Kendrick, presented by a member, and a very beautiful lithograph portrait of the Novice, schooner, presented by A. Arcedeckne, Esq., Vice-Commodore of the Royal Harwich Yacht Club. The Hakluyt Papers by Mr. Smith, Voyages and Travels, by the Vice-Commodore, &c.

Several new candidates were announced for ballot; and various new craft have been spoken of as about to be added to the fleet in spring.

The last new craft was the Foam, twenty-five tons, a very handsome, and racing cutter, built by Wanhill of Poole, for Captain William Longfield; she greatly distinguished herself in the Clyde, beating some of the fastest clippers of the Northern Waters.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB.

The monthly meeting of this club was held on Monday, 20th of November, at the Caledonian Hotel, and was numerously attended.

The business commenced with the reading and confirmation of the minutes of the last meeting, and Mr. R. P. Monk then made a very able and eloquent appeal to the club, on behalf of the Patriotic Fund, and proposed that the club should subscribe the sum of ten guineas towards it, which proposition was received with enthusiasm, and having been seconded by Mr. Richard Tress, was carried *nem con.*

Mr. J. W. Stanbridge proposed, seconded by the Commodore, that the annual ball of the club should take place on Thursday, the 15th of February next, which was carried *nem. con.*

Vice-Commodore Arcedeckne, of the R.H.Y.C., presented the club with a portrait of his schooner yacht the Novice, for which a vote of thanks was passed to him, and which he acknowledged in his usual humourous style.

It was then proposed, according to annual custom, that the members who had not paid up their subscriptions for the present year, should be struck off the list of members; but some of the gentlemen present being of opinion that sufficient publicity had not been given to the names of the defaulters, it was proposed as amendment, and carried, that their names and addresses should be exhibited in a frame or board to be placed over the club mantelpiece, for three successive club meetings, previous to their being struck off.

The sixteen members proposed at the last meeting were duly elected, and a number of others put on the list for ballot at the next meeting.

The annual dinner, took place, agreeably with our previous announcements, at Willis's Rooms, St. James', on Thursday, and was certainly one of the most *recherche* aquatic *reunions* we have ever seen, the numbers amounting to nearly two hundred, and comprising a vast number of the leading yachtsmen of the United Kingdom; Mr. Sheriff and Mr. Under Sheriff Crossley, in their state dresses, besides other influential men of the city of London.

The Lord Mayor and Mr. Alderman Muggeridge, had intended to have done the club the honour of a visit, but were unfortunately prevented by circumstances over which they had no control.

The long room at Willis's, selected for this banquet, was tastefully and elaborately decorated with flags. The centre-piece, above the chairma (James Goodson, Esq., the Commodore) head representing the club dev emblazoned in gold upon blue silk, surrounded with a wreath of laurels, surmounted with two blue ensigns and the commodore's flag, around wh were the flags of France, England, and Turkey. Ackers' signals, in th

numerical order, were suspended from the balcony; and the whole of the decorations combined reflected great credit upon the stewards, by whom they had been arranged. A very excellent selection of vocalists had been made in the Misses Messent and Felton, Messrs. George Genge, Kenny, and Farquharson, and much pleasure was afforded throughout the evening by their excellent singing.

PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB.

The monthly meeting of this club was held on Friday, the 3rd November, at the Club House, Freemasons' Tavern, Vice-Commodore Knibbs in the chair, in the absence of the newly elected Commodore, who, we understood was absent on an interesting cruize, "where the stormy winds do *not* blow," in the good ship Honeymoon. A large muster of members took place, in consequence of a long list of notices of motion given at the last meeting by Mr. Legge, which were to be submitted to the ballot. After the six gentlemen last proposed had been unanimously elected, Dr. Bain brought forward the motion he had given notice of, to create the office of Rear-Commodore in the club; and, as a mark of esteem for the late Commodore, to bestow the office on him during his absence from this country. Many gentlemen objected to this course being adopted, though desirous of showing a mark of respect, and, on the motion being submitted to the ballott, there were—ayes nineteen, noes thirteen. It was consequently lost, the motion requiring double the number of votes in favour to carry it. This was afterwards submitted to the club by notice of motion, in another form, and will no doubt be carried *nem con* at the next meeting, viz. "That the club have power to confer brevet rank on retired officers, and that the late Commodore be elected to the brevet rank of Rear-Commodore in the colonies." The notices of motion given by Mr. Legge were then severally put to the ballot, and lost. The chief objects sought by the proposed alterations were—the abolition of previous notice for the election of any new officer; the reduction of the annual subscription; the abolition of uniform; making it optional to hoist the club colours, when the Commodore is afloat; and depriving the Commodore of all authority as to discipline, afloat or ashore; a series of resolutions that would have materially contributed to lower the character of the club. The annual ball was fixed for Thursday, the 11th January, at the Freemasons' Tavern.

The annual dinner took place on the 9th of November, when the worthy Commodore (who had just returned from the Continent, where he has been passing the honeymoon) once more filled the chair, and was received most enthusiastically, and he certainly looks none the worse for his trip.

LONDON MODEL YACHT CLUB.

The monthly meeting of this club was held Tuesday, November 7th, at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet Street, Commodore Tuckwell in the chair. Mr. W. B.

Crabb, the Hon. Sec., having read the minutes of the proceedings of the last meeting, it was unanimously agreed that the vote of censure which had been passed on the Commodore, should be erased from the books. Messrs. A. Ford, W. Reed, and Alfred Moore, were elected members of the club. The Commodore acknowledged the receipt of several sums of money to the funds of the club. The Secretary expressed a wish that members would have the kindness to send him directed envelopes, and then they might be sure of having their monthly circulars properly addressed. This, and several other matters, were referred to the Sailing Committee. Messrs. Hewitt, Tuckwell, and Biddle were then severally put in nomination as Commodore, to be ballotted for at the December meeting. Mr. Gordon was re-elected Rear-Commodore; Mr. Herbert Williams, Cup Bearer; Mr. Clemow, Treasurer; Messrs. T. H. Wilson and B. Luxon, Auditors; Mr. Armitage, Librarian; and Messrs. Gibbons, Parnell, Armitage, Gardiner and Ham, to form the Sailing Committee. It was next agreed that the Sailing Committee should always meet an hour previous to the general meeting; and the annual dinner was fixed to take place at Anderton's, on the 5th of December.

STARCROSS AND EXE REGATTA.

This annual regatta took place at Starcross, under the most distinguished patronage, and was one of the most successful that has been witnessed there for many years. Delightful weather prevailed, and the prospect of a pleasant afternoon drew together an immense assemblage of persons of all classes. Crowds of visitors poured forth to the scene of action from the neighbouring towns and villages, the "faithful city" of Exeter sending no mean proportion of its populace. An excursion train started from Exeter at two o'clock, or should have started at that hour, but the rush of ticket-seekers was so great that the train was not despatched till considerably after; and the railway authorities were obliged to adopt forcible and unceremonious means to repress the anxiety of the "million." No sooner were the doors open than pushing commenced in good earnest, the interior was speedily filled, and there appeared no slight chance of those who occupied it being driven on to the platform, and into or against the carriages more hastily than desired. The door was closed to prevent such a catastrophe, to the imminent danger and risk of the noses of some of the leaders of the movement. Another opening was succeeded by another rush, and thus matters continued till all who had the bump of "go a-headism" had pushed th way in. The excursion train conveyed about 900 persons, and "ordinaries" took far more than their usual number. The town Starcross presented a gay and animated scene, and nothing that coul add to the beauty, the harmony, or the enjoyment, by which the ger

folks had decided that the day should be characterised, had been omitted. Triumphant arches, adorned with evergreens, had been erected, flags gaily floated in the breeze, and the loyalty of the place was suitably manifested by a display of numerous national banners. Creature comforts were in abundance, indeed there was no lack of anything which was calculated to "please the fancy and improve the mind." The Marine band from Plymouth, by the kind permission of Colonel Coryton, was in attendance, and added materially to the pleasures of the day.

The Devon and Exe Silver Cup, to be sailed for by yachts not exceeding twenty-eight feet, was won by the Lily of the Vally, (Shears,) beating the Romata, (Carnell,) and Julia, (Moss.)

The Stewards' Purse, to be sailed for by boats not exceeding eighteen feet keel, was won by Vision, (Mitchell,) beating E. L., (Topham,) and Dozeod, (Perham.)

The Ladies' Cup, to be rowed for by amateurs, was won by the Amateur, (Exeter Amateur Boat Club,) beating the Fly, (Exeter Fly Club Boat,) and Undine, (Turner.) The Nymph, (Mackenzie) also commenced this race but was quickly distanced.

The Exleigh Cup, to be rowed for by two-oared watermen's boats; three to row or no race; first boat £2 10s., second £1 10s., third £1., fourth to save the entrance. Won by the Fairy, beating Eliza and Lucy.

The Starcross Purse, to be rowed for by four-oared boats not kept for pleasure, and not exceeding twenty-seven feet keel; first boat £3 10s., second £1 10s., third to save the entrance. Waft first, Saucy Jack second, and Mystery third.

Pair of Silver Sculls, to be rowed for by amateurs in two-oared boats kept exclusively for pleasure. Fanny first, Vision second, Probe third, Defiance fourth.

The Model Race, for a silver anchor, was awarded to Mr. Matthews of Exmouth.

An ordinary took place at the Courtenay Arms, which was numerously attended.

CULTRA REGATTA.

Under the patronage of R. Batt, Esq., Commodore, and members of the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, this regatta came off on the Belfast Lough, and our correspondent assures us it was a first rate affair, but of this we might be certain, when it was arranged by the glorious Westerns.

The first race was for a Silver Cup, value £25. For this the following started:—Cormorant, Mr. J. Charley, the Sprite, Mr. J. M'Gee: Breeze Mr. A. M'Connell; Fairy, Mr. M'Cullough; and Vestris, Mr. T. Petty.

After a tolerably good race, the Cormorant came in first, beating the Sprite by 20m. and the others by a much greater distance.

The second race was for pleasure boats not exceeding five tons, for a prize of £10 It was won by the Jenny, beating the Anna by one minute, and the Cloud by one minute and a half.

[Our friends will confer an additional favor if they, when forwarding the account of matches, would add the times of starting and arrival.—*Ed. H. Y. M.*]

Our Editor's Locker.

Royal Mersey Yacht Club Prizes.

November 21*st*, 1854.

Sir.—May I ask through the medium of your valuable Magazine whether it is for want of management or funds that a yacht club like the Mersey, which ought to be one of the first in the kingdom, give so little encouragement to small craft of from ten to twenty tons? It certainly is not for want of yachts, as few clubs have so many clippers of the abovenamed tonnage, there are the Mirage, Stanley, Surprise, Ranger, Constance, not to mention the Dublin boats, which doubtless would run over were sufficient enducement held out. There is only one prize offered by this wealthy city for small yachts, and this cup to be run for by yachts under *thirty-five* tons!

There are I know some good yachtsmen in the Mersey, or one would certainly not think so to find all yachts under thirty-five tons classed together, as any one who knows any thing of yachting, is well aware that yachts of from ten to fifteen tons however speedy, in any thing of a breeze, have little chance with even a slow boat of thirty-five tons, and considering that a slashing breeze generally favours the Mersey matches, is the more surprised to find such a classification in that river. It cannot be imagined that in such a city it is want of funds, and one has but the lamentable conclusion to arrive at, that the Mersey matches are made by those who know nothing of yachting.

I am, &c.

To the Editor of H.Y.M. A Member.

Yacht Building.

Mr. Editor.—There are many of your aquatic readers who have doubtless been perplexed in the extreme, when, moved by sundry good sufficient reasons, they have decided upon the bold measure of ordering new yacht to be laid down. At first sight no difficulty whatever appears the thing is simple enough; a builder is chosen, the order given, and in course the columns of *Bell* announce that another fine yacht has glided

the waters of the Solent or elsewhere, as the case may be. It is a mere question of supply and demand, purchase and payment, or whatever the political economists choose to call it. To a philosopher who can walk the deck of his new craft and complacently see everything or anything afloat fly past him, these remarks do not apply. The real yachtsman is no philosopher, at least in this sense; he naturally feels considerable interest in his craft, and wishes to know in what sort of vessel he is to be sent afloat; and accordingly, before ordering his yacht, cast about for some builder who will undertake to guarantee him certain results for his money. In the search it not unfrequently happens that he gets cast upon the shoal of amateur constructors; if so his case is hopeless and his fate certain. Escaping this, he may strike on the rock of some "rule of thumb" builder, a good practical man, one who has no notion beyond producing a vessel after a certain established pattern, who says plainly that he will build a vessel like such a one, and does it. Here, at least, the yachtsman has no one but himself to blame; he saw danger, and took no steps to avoid it, and consequently cannot complain if he gets such a rap on the bows as compels him to lengthen his craft the next season. But here the path is beset with danger; in escaping this Scylla there is no choice but to run on the Charybdis of scientific ship-building; a veritable quicksand, the more dangerous on account of its hidden and insidious nature, lying ready to swallow the unwary in its specious though fatal embrace.

My object in addressing you is two-fold—first, to show that a monstrous deficiency exists amongst yacht constructors generally; and, secondly, to seek advice of some of your readers, who may be better informed than myself. Some time since I determined to have a new yacht, and thereupon took counsel of my friends as to what sort of craft they would recommend. I found that one and all knew more of yacht-building than of anything else or than anyone else. Each had his particular crotchet, generally demonstrated by an amorphous piece of wood, two inches by one inch. The whole thing was in a nutshell; sails were scarcely required; each friend would prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that his peculiar idea was the only correct form of least resistance, and the propelling medium was wholly unnecessary to produce a moderate speed of 10 miles an hour. Finding that so many conflicting notions prevailed, and fearful of adopting any one, lest the projectors of the others should feel aggrieved, I had recourse to a celebrated builder, giving him some idea of what I required. A short time after the interview a model was shown me—none of your little pieces of firewood, but a *bona fide* block model, scale half an inch to a foot, painted and polished like a coach panel, and looking so fresh and beautiful that I was afraid to breathe in its presence least any part of its gloss should suffer from the profanation. "Mr. Builder," said I, "will you be good enough to inform me how you are able to form such an elegant model, and how am I to be assured that the vessel will be built to correspond?" "Why, sir I have been for twenty-five years successfully engaged in building yachts.

I built the Flyer, Rattler, Wrangler, and other fast vessels, and, with my vast experience, I am able to shape a model by eye, and afterwards cut the actual timbers by eye quite as well as any scientific builder can do by the best drawing ever made." Here was a new opening. I had never thought of a drawing, and therefore determined to apply to a high authority in such matters. Accordingly I paid a visit to H. M. dockyard at ——, and was graciously received by the scientific man, who expatiated so fluently on centres of gravity, displacements, areas, velocities, &c., that, perfectly bewildered, I requested him to furnish me with plans for a yacht, and withdrew resolved to study the noble science of naval architecture, and thus ascertain how I might best extricate myself from my perplexing dilemma. Armed with Lord R. Montague, Fincham, Creuze, Inman, &c., I sharpened up my mathematics, and set to work. Page after page I read, noted and compared, but after some weeks of severe labour I was only floundering deeper into the labyrinth. Practice and theory, or at last such shallow theory as the books afford, are widely at variance, each author maintaining stoutly that nothing but a full bow can attain a high velocity. My lord says, "As the speed is increased the bluntness of the bow has less effect in increasing the resistance;" and again, "For high velocities the dividing lines of the bow may be made fuller." Mr. Fincham goes still further, and brings facts in practice to prove the importance of a full bow for a yacht, Creuze and Inman are more general in their conclusions, but evidently never dreamt of a finer water line forward than had been customary with the men-of-war of which they particularly treat. Even while Lord R. Montague was penning the above passages, the Mosquito was carrying all before her with her knife-like cutwater, and the ink was scarcely dry on Mr. Fincham's page, when the America was weathering a hurricane which made the underwriters and owners of the bluff-bowed ships tremble at their desks. While pondering over these anomalies, I chanced to take up a *Hunt's Yacht List*, and turning to one of its instructive pages I found no less than eighty-five yachts set down as having been lengthened since built; and, pursuing my inquiries, I further learned that of these eighty-five at least fifty had been lengthened at the bow, and that these fifty include some of the fastest yachts afloat—Alarm, Arrow, Coralie, Phantom, Osprey, &c. Disgusted with the scientific bluff bow, I returned to my friend the practical builder, remembering with what triumph he enumerated the various clippers built by him; but the fatal page 88 of Hunt's List showed that more than one of his celebrated racers had undergone the lengthening process. In fact, no builder, that I am aware of, can confidently point to the yachts he has built, and say that they have not been cut about and altered. Where do we find a new schooner able to compete with the lengthened Alarm, or a cutte run against the lengthened Arrow? To a man about to build, appar nothing remains but to take his chance of what his builder may turn find out the errors of his vessel, and then correct them according tc best of his judgment—a truly practical method of proceeding, which I t some of your readers will enable me to avoid by giving their erro-

and views on the question. I had almost forgotten to mention one feeble struggle made by science, *parturient mohtes*, &c. After years of pompous announcement, the "wave system" produced a *ridiculus mus*, in the shape of Titanias Nos. 1 and 2. If this is all that science can do for us by way of a sharp bow, we are indeed adrift.—Yonrs, &c., UNION JACK

SIR.—Allow me to call the attention of your correspondent, "Union Jack", to the third chapter of "Practical Notes on Yachts and Yachting," by a Member of a Royal Yacht Club, recently published in *Hunt's Yachting Magazine*. He will find it at page 174, *et seq*, of the third volume of that periodical. The question of full bows *v* fine ones, especially at high velocities, and Lord Robert Montague's peculiar views on the subject, are there treated at some length; and the author draws conclusions not unsimilar to "Union Jack's," while he pronounces the recent experience of the yachting world to be utterly at variance with the principles laid down by the older writers on yacht building in respect to speed. Your correspondent's perplexity as to a builder may possibly originate in his not having made up his mind as to what he wants to do with her when he gets her. If he wishes merely a fast vessel, any yacht builder in the kingdom will give him that, if he does not hamper him as to length of bow, or size of spars; but if he wants a comfortable sea-going craft, combined with great speed, he seeks what I believe to be impracticable; and will find, whatever lines he may adopt, or whatever promises he may get, that he will be disappointed. However pleasant it may be to get 14 or even 15 knots an hour out of your craft in smooth water, you will discover, when too late, that the fine bows, and the huge sticks that give you this speed, are not the most agreeable companions in a gale of wind or a heavy head sea. Again, with regard to alterations in yachts, it has undoubtedly happened that some lengthened vessels have proved very fast; but, to get a swift vessel, it by no means follows that you must alter her. The three swiftest cutters we have seen—the Mosquito, the Volante, and the Cymba—have, in no material respect, been altered from their original form.—Yours, &c, G. K. M.

MR. EDITOR.—I can fully sympathise with your correspondent, "Union Jack," in his difficulties in obtaining a first-rate yacht; but they are occasioned in part, I believe, by the present absurd law of tonnage, which renders it imperative to get the longest possible vessel with the shortest possible keel, (thus getting a large vessel with small tonnage, to the detriment of her form and power of sailing,) and, in part, to employing men to build yachts who, as your correspondent himself admits, are unable to combine scientific with practical knowledge, in constructing and building the vessels. If "Union Jack" is really in earnest in his intention to build a new yacht, he had better apply to any of our first-class London or other ship-builders, who have constructed those magnificent steamers and sailing vessels which are the pride of our mercantile marine, and der it inferior to nothing, except, perhaps the most modern vessels in the yal Navy. In confirmation of the above opinion, I shall only point out the squito, constructed in London by one of the gentlemen above alluded to, who, ugh trammelled by the laws of tonnage, produced, at the first attempt, a y superior vessel, equal to anything of her class now afloat. Can this have n the result of chance.

Brighton, November 20th. COMMON SENSE.

To the Editor of B.L.

YACHTS FOR SALE.

Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.
Owen Glendower.....	cutter	123	Undine.....	yawl	13
Snake	schooner	41	Pearl.....	cutter	30
Fay-away	cutter	12	Zuleika.....	cutter	20
Viola.....	cutter	25	Gnat	cutter	4
Olivia	cutter	25	Secret	cutter	25

HIGH WATER TIDE TABLE FOR DECEMBER.

	High Water Lon. Bridge morn.		after.		The time of high water at the following places may be ascertained, by adding to, or substracting from, the time at London Bridge.					
	h.	m.	h.	m.			h.	m.		h.	m.
1	11	36	—	—	Aberystwith.....	add	5	23	Aberdeen..... sub	0	56
2	0	2	0	25	Alderney.....		4	38	Aldborough.....	3	23
3	0	46	1	7	Bantry Bay.....		1	39	Belfast.....	4	2
4	1	29	1	48	Bridlington.....		2	23	Brighton.....	2	29
5	2	8	2	27	Carmarthan.....		4	3	Carnarvon.....	4	47
6	2	45	3	3	Cork Harbour		2	23	Cowes	3	22
7	3	20	3	37	Dartmouth.....		3	58	DublinB ar.....	2	55
8	3	56	4	11	Dudgeon Light.....		5	23	Dungeness.....	3	17
9	4	30	4	50	Eddystone		3	8	Folkestone.....	3	37
10	5	9	5	28	Exmouth Bar.....		4	18	Foreland, North.....	2	22
11	5	50	6	12	Falmouth.....		3	8	Foreland, South.....	2	47
12	6	34	7	0	Flamboro' Head.....		2	23	Gravesend	0	37
13	7	29	7	59	Guernsey Pier.....		4	23	Greenwich.....	0	20
14	8	32	9	7	Hartlepool.....		1	38	Harwich	2	37
15	9	41	10	11	Humber Mouth.....		3	23	Howth Harbour	2	59
16	10	42	11	13	Kinsale Harbour.....		2	23	Ipswich.....	2	7
17	11	37	—	—	Lands End.....		2	23	Kentish Knock	2	37
18	0	4	0	26	Leith Pier.....		0	15	Lowestoft.....	3	37
19	0	49	1	14	Lynn Regis.....		4	38	Margate.....	2	2
20	1	36	2	0	Plymouth.....		3	26	Nore Light.....	0	58
21	2	26	2	52	Swansea.....		3	48	Portsmouth.....	2	27
22	3	16	3	40	Torbay.....		3	58	Sheerness	1	28
23	4	6	4	29	Waterford		3	43	Southampton	2	27
24	4	56	5	23	Weymouth.....		4	23	Spithead	4	37
25	5	49	6	17	Whitby..... ..		1	38	Yarmouth Roads....	5	27
26	6	44	7	12	Amsterdam.....		0	53	Calais	2	19
27	7	41	8	9	Antwerp		2	18	Dieppe	3	2
28	8	42	9	15	Bourdeux.....		4	45	Havre de Grace.....	4	15
29	9	49	10	21	Cherbourg.....		5	23	Ostende.....	1	12
30	10	55	11	25	Hamburgh.....		3	53	Honfleur	4	37
31	11	54	—	—	Brest.....		1	39	New York.....	5	7

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The sketch of the CYMBA and portrait of Robt. M'Kay were receive for this month.

All communications for the Editor must in future be addressed to YACHTING MAGAZINE OFFICE, **291**, STRAND.

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